

THE QUEST

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THE QUEST.



THE CREED OF MY HEART.

I.

THE night was heavy with sorrow : I heard the splash of its tears
I caught the breath of its sighing : I felt the gloom of its fears.

* * * *

II.

The storm has died into silence ; but its voice is awake in my
soul ;
And through me, in sad procession, the plaints of its anguish roll :
“ Why do we strive and suffer ? Why do we work and weep ?
We live, and our days are numbered. We die, and dark is our
sleep.
Who reaps the fruit of our travail ? Who gains the meed of our
toil ?
For whom do we drive life's furrow ? For whom do we sow
life's soil ?
Or is Chance the ruler of Chaos ? Are we duped by our heart's
fond dreams ?
Is it false that a Will has framed us ? Is it false that a Love
redeems ?
Are we born of the clash of atoms ? Do we pass into dust and
clay ?
Though the years of a man be sunshine, is darkness the end of
day ? ”

III.

From the gloom of the night no answer is borne to my doubting
heart ;
But the breath of the morn is wafting the clouds of the night
apart,—
The herald breath of the morning, light-winged and wandering
wide,
The first low tremulous whisper of the day's advancing tide.

IV.

Slowly the West grows purple ; slowly by hands unseen
The fringe of the East is brodered with coral and gold and green.
Though deep in the valley linger the phantom shadows of night,
From summit to summit flushes the dawn's ineffable light,—
The dawn's ineffable glory, the pure pale roseate glow
That lights with fugitive splendour the death-cold wastes of snow.
White mists float up from the meadows : faint murmurs, borne by
the breeze,
Rise from the gliding river, fall from the rustling trees.
All else is enthralled by silence, a silence deeper than song,
A silence of expectation, a silence eager and strong.
The season of sadness is over, the season of tears and sighs :
There is joy in the breath of Nature, and the light of hope in her
eyes.
A sense of exultant longing possesses the watchful earth,
As the flush of the morning heralds the sun's predestined birth.

V.

A flame in my heart is kindled by the might of the morn's pure
breath ;
A passion beyond all passion ; a faith that eclipses faith ;
A joy that is more than gladness ; a hope that outsoars desire ;
A love that consumes and quickens ; a soul-transfiguring fire.
My life is possessed and mastered : my heart is inspired and filled.
All other visions have faded : all other voices are stilled.
My doubts are vainer than shadows : my fears are idler than
dreams :
They vanish like breaking bubbles, those old soul-torturing themes.

The riddles of life are cancelled, the problems that bred despair :
I cannot guess them or solve them, but I know that they are not
there.

They are past, they are all forgotten, the breeze has blown them
away ;

For life's inscrutable meaning is clear as the dawn of day.

It is there—the secret of Nature—there in the morning's glow ;

There in the speaking stillness ; there in the rose-flushed snow.

It is here in the joy and rapture ; here in my pulsing breast :—

I feel what has ne'er been spoken : I know what has ne'er been
guessed.

VI.

The rose-lit clouds of morning ; the sun-kissed mountain heights ;
The orient streaks and flushes ; the mingling shadows and lights ;
The flow of the lonely river ; the voice of its distant stream ;
The mists that rise from the meadows, lit up by the sun's first
beam ;—

They mingle and melt as I watch them ; melt and mingle and
die :

The land is one with the water : the earth is one with the sky.

The parts are as parts no longer : Nature is All and One :

Her life is achieved, completed : her days of waiting are done.

VII.

I breathe the breath of the morning. I am one with the one
World-Soul.

I live my own life no longer, but the life of the living Whole.

I am more than self : I am selfless : I am more than self : I am I.

I have found the springs of my being in the flush of the eastern
sky.

I—the true self, the spirit, the self that is born of death—

I have found the flame of my being in the morn's ambrosial breath.

I lose my life for a season : I lose it beyond recall :

But I find it renewed, re-kindled, in the life of the One, the All.

I look not forward or backward : the abysses of time are nought.

From pole to pole of the Heavens I pass in a flash of thought.

I clasp the world to my bosom : I feel its pulse in my breast,—

The pulse of measureless motion, the pulse of fathomless rest.

Is it motion or rest that thrills me ? Is it lightning or moon-lit
peace ?

Am I freer than waves of ether, or prisoned beyond release ?

I know not ; but through my spirit, within me, around, above,

The world-wide river is streaming, the river of life and love.

Silent, serene, eternal, passionless, perfect, pure ;—

I may not measure its windings, but I know that its aim is sure.

In its purity seethes all passion : in its silence resounds all song :

Its strength is builded of weakness : its right is woven of wrong.

I am borne afar on its bosom ; yet its source and its goal are mine,

From the sacred springs of Creation to the ocean of love Divine.

I have ceased to think or to reason : there is nothing to ponder or
prove :

I hope, I believe no longer : I am lost in a dream of love.

VIII.

O soul of the soul of Nature ! O life of her inmost life !

The saints of the earth have sought thee with toil and sorrow and
strife.

O only well-spring of being ! O only fountain of force !

The wise of the earth have laboured to trace thy stream to its
source.

O circle that art all centre ! O world-deep infinite Whole !

For one mysterious moment thy face hath flashed on my soul :—

A moment that is no moment, a timeless atom of time ;

For the spell of the dawn is over and the sun has begun to climb :—

But the moment is mine for ever, it lives and works in my heart :

Though thy face be veiled by its splendour, I have seen thee, O
God, as thou art.

In that thrill of wonder and glory thy message came from afar,

As light is flashed through the ages from a bright, invisible star.

With high imperial summons thy voice hath rung in my ears :

I go ; for thy love hath called me from beyond the encircling years.

I go ; for thy love constrains me ; I feel the stress of its might :

It draws me inward and upward with chains of ethereal light.

I have come from thee—when I know not—like mist from the
ocean's breast ;

But the mist shall feed the river, and the river at last find rest.

I wander afar in exile, a wave-born flake of foam ;

But the wheel must 'come full circle,' and the wanderer wander home.

I have come from thee,—why I know not; but thou art, O God! what thou art;

And the round of eternal being is the pulse of thy beating heart.

Thou hast need of thy meanest creature: thou hast need of what once was thine:

The thirst that consumes my spirit is the thirst of thy heart for mine.

What though with will rebellious I thwart thy omnipotent will,

Through purgatorial æons thy spirit will draw me still;—

Draw me through shame and sorrow and pain and death and decay;

Draw me from Hell to Heaven, draw me from night to day;

Draw me from self's abysses to the self-less azure above;

Draw me to thee, Life's Fountain, with patient passionate love.

IX.

Shall I fear to be lost for ever—a drop in thy shoreless sea?

Does the heart-sick fear to be happy? Does the captive fear to be free?

Did I fear, when the flame-flushed summits had caught the glow of thy grace?

Did I fear, in that mystic moment, the thrill of thy heart's embrace?

Shall I fear when my life is buried 'neath the surges of life Divine, In the ocean depths of thy spirit to find what is real in mine?

Shall I fear to unseal the fountain whence all things beautiful came?

Shall I fear to be rapt and ravished by love's all-conquering flame?

* * * *

X.

The sun is high in the heaven: the flush has faded away:

But my heart is aflame for ever with the dawn of a larger day.

Let the years bring joy or sorrow: let Fate send glory or gloom:—

I fear no shadow of darkness: I fear no presage of doom.

I have guessed the secret of being: I have probed the meaning of death:

I know why we wake from slumber: I know why we draw life's
breath.

I have read the riddle of evil,—the riddle of passion and pain:

I know that no heart has striven or sighed or suffered in vain.

I am clasped to the breast of Nature: I glide where her waters
glide:

And I feel, as each ripple rocks me, the swing of the world's one
tide.

* * * *

XI.

The sun has climbed to the zenith, but his light has died from the
skies:

There is fear at the heart of Nature, and a mist of tears in her
eyes:

Dark as despair the storm-clouds in sad procession move:—

But my heart is aflame for ever with the dawn of the light of love.

THE AUTHOR OF 'THE CREED OF BUDDHA.'

THE LIFE OF JESUS CHRIST IN HIS MYSTICAL BODY.

REV. FR. ROBERT HUGH BENSON, M.A.

IT is a platitude to say that the supreme mystery is that of Life. From whatever point we regard it, it evades and baffles us. We can analyse matter with such certainty that, given certain conditions, we can infallibly predict certain results ; we can combine elements with complete confidence that a certain effect will follow ; yet, immediately that we approach that which in any sense or on any plane can be called ' life ' we are met by mystery. We know it in a few of its manifestations ; we can, generally, detect its presence or absence ; we know some small fraction of its laws ; we know, in part, its circumstances and conditions ; in time we may know them all—but never itself.

(1) Consider, first, the wide range of apparently divergent modes of existence to which we give the name. The central force of a vegetable, of a beast and of man, is called life. The particular set of circumstances in which by choice or necessity we live, is called ' our life.' We speak of the artistic, the literary, the professional life. It is employed to denote the mere lapse of time, regarded from a certain point of view. We use the word, even apart from religion, of our relations to morality—our moral or ethical life. Finally it is used also for the supreme end of our being—eternal life. Neither is it a mere convention that causes us to use

the same word of so many various spheres of existence, since we are conscious that underneath them all there is something common to them all, *viz.* a central consciousness or entity—more mysterious than them all or, rather, the mystery of them all—which we call self, and that this self expands and expresses itself, really, not simply phenomenally, under these diverse modes. Let us put it in a concrete form. There is a certain man—a Christian artist—let us say. First he is himself, a sentient being conscious of his own existence; with the vegetables he shares the power of growth; with the beasts, sensations on which he can reflect; as a man he possesses a rational soul. Next, this complex being follows the profession of an artist—leads the artistic *life*—that is to say, he extends and expresses his real being so far as his skill will allow him in a certain kind of use of certain material things; if he cannot be said to ‘live’ strictly in his pictures—since these pictures are, by process of painting, separated from himself—yet he actually lives, *i.e.* expresses or promulgates his self, in the painting of them. Next, by following a course of Christian morals, by refraining from some actions and performing others, he expresses that same self on another plane altogether. Lastly, by his relations to God—relations themselves shadowed out faintly and coarsely in his exterior actions—he already enjoys that ‘eternal life’ which is ‘to know God,’ and looks forward to the consummation of his entire self in another mode, analogous to yet different from his earthly activities, in a future world. In all these spheres, therefore, the man as we say ‘lives’; yet as to what life itself really is, we are as ignorant now as our fathers were a thousand years ago. In not one of those departments are we appreciably nearer to

the solution of the central mystery, though we have a hundred more labels for it and its operations; for no approximation towards a more perfect understanding of mere phenomena brings us really nearer to the knowledge of that which transcends (though it is also immanent in) such phenomena. Even if we understood perfectly, *e.g.*, the essence of vegetable or animal life, we should be no better off than before; since we apply the same word to professional, to moral and to spiritual life. We cannot say what it is that is common to all these; yet we know that there is something common to them all, since we apply the same word to them all. We merely evade the difficulty by labelling this mystery 'self.' One thing only is clear, that there is an unknown quantity or quality behind these phenomena, and that this unknown thing, immanent in these phenomena, yet transcends them. It shapes and informs them, it expresses itself in their terms; yet it is as utterly apart from them as Creation from the Creator. It expresses itself in these half dozen modes, yet itself is One.

(2) Consider next the same principle from the exactly opposite point of view. The man as a whole, so far that is as he can be viewed from outside, is composed of all these elements altogether. You do not 'know' the man, if you leave out any of these (or of many other similar) ranges of being. You cannot—as some shallow materialists pretend to do—reduce him to any one of these categories, and claim to have laid your finger upon himself. You cannot say: Man is merely an animal. He is not; he is quite as emphatically an artist, a moralist, a Christian. You have no conceivable right to say that he is primarily one of these things, and only secondarily others—that he is,

for example, an animal first, and an artist second. There is, even in this very limited world, a range of opinion—among artists for instance—in which exactly the opposite thesis is maintained. Neither is there any force in the statement: All artists are animals but not all animals are artists; therefore animality is more fundamental than art. For there may be without the faintest reason against it (in fact there almost certainly is) a range of unembodied existence in which the reverse is true. The obvious truth, to cut the argument short, is that a man is all these things, and a great many more; and you cannot claim to know him unless you take them all into account. You have no more right to say: He is first an animal and lastly an immortal soul, than I have a right to say: He is firstly an immortal soul and last an animal. Both these statements are equally one-sided. The truth, so far as phenomena tell us anything, is that he is both.

(3) It is plain, then, that man exists on more than one plane at the same time. He lives, really and truly, quite as much in art, as he does in his bed or his dining-room—quite as much in his interior relation to God as in his exterior relation to man. All these planes, and others, combine to make up his 'life,' to shape, that is, the outline in which his real self—that supreme mystery of all—really dwells. They unite at a point without parts or magnitude, and it is that point which baffles us. Let us take a scientific illustration. Every organic body consists of a number of cells, each of which has a life of its own; yet it is not unless these independent cells merge their identity in the identity of the body that the body lives. This is shown plainly by the phenomena of death. At death the unity of the body is lost; the dog, we say, is 'dead.'

Yet the cells are not dead; only they have lost the uniting vital principle which we call the life of the dog. A certain period passes, during which the cells still live; then the cells too die—for, “except they lose their life [in the identity of the body] they cannot save it.” Two names are given to these two events. ‘Legal death’ is the death of the uniting principle that constitutes the animal life of the dog; ‘somatic death’ is the ceasing of even the individual lives of the cells.

So much by way of preface. Let us pass on, with these points in our mind, to our particular subject.

I do not wish for the present to say anything as to the Christian dogma of the Divinity of Christ, though I shall refer to that at the end. It is enough for the present to assume that He lived a supremely holy and spiritually energetic life upon earth, as is recorded in the Gospels.

(1) First, let us notice that He claimed—and I imagine that no one present here¹ would disallow that claim, at least in some sense—that the object of His coming was to give ‘life.’ “I am come that they may have life, and that they may have it abundantly”; “Ye will not come to Me that ye may have life”; “Come unto Me . . . and I will refresh you”; “I am the Way, the Truth and the Life.” (He alone, as St. Augustine remarks, of all teachers, points to Himself. “I have read,” he says, “all the sages of the world, and not one of them dares to say, ‘Come unto Me.’ ”)

(2) Next, all His miracles—as well as countless passages in His recorded teaching—support this claim to confer, to restore or to refresh life in some form or

¹ The paper was read at a meeting of The Quest Society, at Kensington Town Hall, on February 10.—Ed.

another. He restores sight to the blind and hearing to the deaf that men, deprived of these planes of the lives in colour, form and sound, may enjoy them again. He casts out devils that the central life of the possessed may reassert itself from under the dominion of another personality; He refreshes and restores even the lowest life of man in His feeding of the hungry and His raising of the dead; and He expressly links on at least two of these actions to a higher plane of life. "I am the Bread of Life," and "He that believeth in Me shall never die."

(3) Next, it is necessary to remind ourselves that in virtue of His supremely spiritual life—or, as Catholics would say, in virtue of the perfection of His Sacred *Humanity*—He Himself lived as fully as it is conceivable that man should live, since the nearer one is to the centre of a wheel, the nearer to all the radiations from it. He lived by bread, but not by bread alone; nor by mere intellectual grasp of things, nor by mere emotional drawing towards this or that. The sum of His energies and experiences, that is, the range of the various elements of His 'Life,' exceeded that of all others so far as His unity with God exceeded theirs. So great was this range and variety and depth, that of Him alone His friends have dared to say: "In Him *was* life, and the life was the light of men," and "To me to live is Christ"; and He alone has dared to say of Himself, "I am . . . the Life." It was this 'life' then that He claimed to give.

Now among those who, as professing Christians, seek life in the fullest sense from Jesus Christ, there are two main theories as to the manner in which that life is given and sustained. I used to think that the

dividing line fell between sacramentalism and non-sacramentalism, but I think so no longer; for the sacramentalist believes in non-sacramental grace, and the non-sacramentalist in at least some sort of sacraments. The divergence between these parties is largely the result of simple misunderstanding. It seems to me now that a far more significant classification may be made on the lines of what I may call *Individual* and *Corporate Religion*. Let me explain more closely.

(1) The Christian individualist—and, in lesser degree, the non-Christian admirer of Jesus Christ—believes that Jesus Christ was born on earth, lived a perfect life there, effected some supreme spiritual act by His death, and ultimately passed back again to the unseen world. The Christian individualist goes on to believe that this Saviour of mankind stands to each person who accepts Him and seeks for union with Him, as a single unit full of grace and truth, from which each may draw that life which he needs. He is, to use one of His own metaphors, the Fountain of living water to which each thirsty soul comes to draw. Whether the Christian believes that this union with the Source of life is effected by faith only (that is, by interior adherence) as was believed by many in the XVIth century, or by works only (that is by exterior imitation) as is believed by most non-Catholic professing Christians of to-day, or by an act of baptism, as is believed by many other non-Catholics, or by faith and works and baptism and sacraments—makes no difference to my classification, so long as the believer regards the Person of Christ as merely the sum of His own earthly life, or merely as one in a supreme position in the unseen world to whom each soul comes direct. The point of the position I am trying to define is this: that Jesus

Christ is believed by those persons to have finished His earthly life at the Ascension, and now to be living in a heavenly life—and no more. Further, that each soul that is united with Him, and drawing life from Him, is only secondarily united with other souls in the same position.

(2) Corporate Religion, however, is an almost exact reverse of this. The Corporatist—if I may coin a word—holds that Jesus Christ is indeed all that the Individualist believes Him—the Way, the Truth, the Life—and the rest; but that He is to be approached and assimilated not merely as one Person by another, but through means of a Society of men with whom Jesus Christ is identified. It is this belief that I myself strongly hold, and it is for the examination of this belief that this paper is designed.

We have already seen how the word 'life' can be extended in an almost infinite number of directions. One man may truly 'live' as a moralist, a dogmatist, an artist, a husband, a father. Each 'life' is detached in a variety of ways from all others; no one 'life' is necessarily more fundamental than another, for in the world of ideas, any may be treated as the keystone of the rest. Each has its own origin, its duties, responsibilities, joys, sorrows and rules. Each is a superficies, complete so far as it goes, of the solid thing within which we call self. As an artist the man lives and expresses himself in his painting, he commits 'crimes,' he practises 'virtues,' he effects results; and these are at least as real within their own sphere, as parallel crimes, virtues and results in morality, domesticity or materialism.

Now is it possible, in any but a derived sense, for

a Person to *live* in a Society, in such a manner that the Society is Himself? Can we extend the word 'life,' simply and literally, that is (not metaphorically or illustratively) so far as to include this? I cannot see why not.

We have seen, in fact, already, that all organic life *must* be of this character. There is no organic life that is not, in its lowest aspect, the sum of cell-life—though it also transcends it. In the only parallel that we can scientifically approach, we find the law absolute—that the higher the development of the material life, the more complex the cell-system, and the more complete the unity. Life—as we know it—is not higher, the more simple are its elements, but the more complex; though with this complexity must go, of course, an increasing rigidity in the unity of the resulting (or the immanent) and controlling (or transcendent) principle.

Next, we have seen that, in ordinary human life, superiority as a whole comes not from simplicity but complexity. A specialist, so devoted to his study that he neglects all other functions of his life except those necessary to his efficiency in his subject, is not so perfectly developed a man (though he may be more expert in one branch of science) as one who is balanced—sane in body, restrained in morals, accomplished in affairs. To specialise, in the ordinary sense, that is to simplify, is not progress for the specialist as an individual, though it may be for the race as a whole.

Now, applying that to spiritual life, it seems at any rate exceedingly probable, if not certain, that the more highly developed the life is, the more complex must be the system of cells in which it extends itself. It is the whole instinct of all dominant life to express

itself in this manner, to absorb into union with itself a multitude of such cells, and to retain them in that union. To conceive of spiritual life—even in the ordinary individual—as being a simple unit, is to withdraw it from the wide range of law as known to us in other departments. Turning, then, once more to Jesus Christ, it seems certain that exactly so far as He is believed to be the Life and Light of the world, so far must He gather into union with Himself all those individual souls capable of the assimilation—an union of such a nature that each, by losing its personal independent identity—and yet retaining it in such a sense that detachment from Him is yet conceivable—is merged into a higher state of existence. And that this Life which Jesus Christ—as the Self of the Body—lives, is as truly—and more truly—His own Life, as that which He lived in His individual earthly existence.

Turning to His words as recorded in the Gospels, this is precisely the claim that He makes—a claim simply unthinkable in terms of the ordinary human knowledge of His time.

“If any man will save his life, let him lose it, for My sake.”

A sentence like this is apt to appear merely a forcible and paradoxical statement to the effect that devotion to Himself must be whole-hearted. Yet it becomes no more than the most elementary truism—once the idea of a cell-system is understood. He is stating, of spiritual existence, a law which we have only quite recently discovered to be literally true of ordinary organic and material life. So long as the cells are content to be lost in the unity of the whole, so long do the cells survive. The instant a cell asserts its independence, its doom is certain, though not immediate.

A still more startling sentence is found in the words, "I am the Vine, you the branches." To the Individualist this means practically nothing; or is, at the best, an exceedingly clumsy and misleading illustration. For what is the Vine but the sum of branches transcended by something else? What is the branch—as *branch*—except an integral part of the Vine, in which the Vine-life itself truly lives, and by which it is expressed. But for the 'Corporatist' the sentence is a direct and simple statement of an elementary law. It is scarcely possible to conceive of a form of words that could declare more plainly Christ's claim that His Life is truly lived on earth through those that adhere to Him—that He is not a mere unit approached or assimilated by units, but an abiding Self informing and expressing itself in a medium which consists of the very lives of those that are united to him.

Finally, the most eloquent of His immediate followers expressed the truism in one vivid sentence: "I live—yet no longer I: it is Christ that liveth in me." I live—that is, I am indeed a cell, capable of a certain kind of transient independence; but that life of mine is but personal and mortal in itself. The life for which I was designed and into which I throw my energy is the Transcendent Unity of Him whom I believe to be the Life of the World. I lose myself, to find myself. It is true, as He said, that he that believes in Him shall never die.

A number of conclusions follow from this theory, if true, so inevitable that I am almost ashamed to state them, yet conclusions that are, for all that, commonly held to be 'difficulties' instead of striking corroborations of the Corporate idea. May I mention one or two of them?

(1) If the Life of the Mystical Body be indeed the very Life of Jesus Christ, it will manifest His characteristics—such, for example, as are enumerated in the Gospels, so far as we believe those to be a true record of His life. The Society in which He dwells and expresses Himself will attract and repel, on exactly the same lines, the same kinds of minds which were attracted and repelled by Him in His earthly life.

He will, for instance, 'speak with authority' and not as the scribes who believe that Truth is best promulgated by merely adding together opinions from various schools of thought, or by taking their least common multiple. And this claim to authority will attract and repel respectively various types of mind. He will utter the Truth in paradoxes, and therefore apparently mutually exclusive accusations will be brought against Him. He will be thought to teach a morality impossible to human nature, and yet to be too friendly to sinners—to those to whom conventional morality seems to mean nothing. He will be accused of preaching peace and effecting war; of being too worldly and too unworldly; of uttering impossibly spiritual dogmas and making blasphemously august claims, and yet of gathering round Him the simple and unlearned. It will be the same kind of accusation brought against Him now as then; and it will be on these charges, that He claims Divinity and yet mixes Himself too much in worldly affairs, that He will be arraigned in all ages before the Caiaphases and Pilates of the time.

(2) He will exhibit also in His life to-day, acting through the unity of the cells in which He lives, the same powers as those described in the Gospels. There will be, for example, no break in the continuity of

miracles ; and these miracles will be explained by His enemies in the same manner now as then. Either they did not happen, or they happened through some sinister energy other than that of God. Yet He will still, by His friends, be seen to open blind eyes and deaf ears, to cast out devils and raise the dead. And still to His enemies these things will seem no conclusive argument at all. It will be verified, now as then, that " they will not believe though one should rise from the dead." He will be set, now as then, for the rise and fall of many ; for He will be able, now as then, to draw out towards Him in His Mystical Body that same personal adoration or loathing. On one side will go up the cry : " Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God " ; and, on the other : " Not this man but Barabbas."

(3) Finally, He, dwelling in His Mystical Body, will experience the same incidents now as then. There will be the element of hiddenness predominating—a continual thirty years' retirement and nights of prayer. There will always be, that is to say, in His Mystical Body, certain cells whose work this is. For His perfect Life will be lived—as we shall notice presently—not by this or that individual, but by the Body as a whole. There will be a public ministry, and a hidden life ; there will be the element of popular triumph, and of no less popular rejection and scorn. He will suffer alone for dark hours ; He will be charged before worldly authorities and condemned by them all. He will wear a title written in the three languages of the world, and will be crucified in Hebrew as a blasphemer, in Latin as a law-breaker, in Greek as an artistic outrage. And in that hour, all but His deepest consciousness of all will be obscured, and He will think Himself forsaken by that very Person in whose Name He lives and dies.

Finally His last sentence will be pronounced ; life will be declared extinct, and Jew and Greek and Latin alike will co-operate in the rolling of the stone of the sepulchre. And yet He shall rise again. There will be but one conclusive sign of His significance now as then—the sign of the Prophet Jonas.

Such then are a few of the characteristics that He will exhibit. If it is a fact that Christ's claim to live continuously in the world in a Body formed of individuals united with Himself through whom He speaks and acts, is a true claim—His disciples will experience as a whole—not at all necessarily as individuals—the same relations with the world as He Himself experienced, not merely because they imitate Him—since notoriously they do not, and cannot, as individuals, imitate adequately a life of such range and magnitude—but because the Society or Body as a whole is the Body in which He actually dwells. The infallibility of such a Body—if the claim is true—stands or falls with His own. It is not the infallibility of a majority of men voting together—it is not, that is, simply authority exercised through numbers ; but it is the expression of His own actual Mind uttering itself in this manner.

In this connection, too, another point must be mentioned, in which Individualism once more seems to display a fatal weakness.

It is said by Individualists that the imitation of Christ, by the individual, is the true Christian life. Each soul must reflect, so far as possible, the life recorded in the Gospels. Now the thing is an impossibility, and results in unreality.

The circumstances of ordinary life make it utterly impossible for more than one individual in a million to pretend to show forth anything that can be called an

imitation of Christ. How can a hardworking father of a family imitate His leisurely meditation or His nights of prayer? How can a wealthy man with responsibilities—if he is to observe them at all—imitate Christ's poverty? How can the naturally obscure imitate His publicity? How can a popular idol imitate His rejection? Among Individualists therefore we see an absolutely inevitable tendency to either unreality or fanaticism; we see the pious Christian, like Mrs. Jellaby herself, tempted to neglect obvious duties ready to hand, in order to assume an appearance of an imitation of Christ which can never be more than superficial. The ardent Individualist tends to become a kind of clergyman or district visitor, or to feel vaguely uncomfortable if he cannot. We saw a few years ago a deplorable though well-meant attempt to realise in fiction the Individualist theory of religion in the book *What would Jesus do?* We were asked there: What would Jesus do in the person of a newspaper editor, or a young society woman?

Now to the Corporatist this problem presents no difficulty at all, for he does not for an instant believe that the Life of Christ as a whole is to be reproduced in any individual whatever. Instead, he believes that it is the function of the whole Body and not of any one cell. This is what is meant by Catholics, of course, when they speak of *Vocation*. By this doctrine of Vocation—for I can call it nothing else—the individual is relieved from an impossible ideal, and bidden to seek not for circumstances in which he can, for example, preach, *and* work with his hands, *and* meditate, *and* convert sinners, *and* instruct the ignorant, *and* dine with publicans, *and* be crucified and raised again—but rather to find a position in the Body which his circumstances

make possible. This man, for example, has to reproduce the element of the carpenter's shop. He has been set in this world to labour in silence at the most ordinary tasks. It is not his affair to lead thousands into the wilderness, or to speak burning words, or to face priests and princes. And another, on the other hand, is called to do one or other of those things; and another to specialise on bodily pain, another on mental, another on spiritual. And this man has strange abnormal powers which he must use in Christ's service; and another has eloquence and another tenderness. Individuals, in other words, are to occupy the same positions in the Mystical Body, which various cells occupied in the natural body. It was not every cell that was bruised by the scourge, or vibrated in speech, or shone in the eyes of love. As it was the whole natural body that enacted the natural life of Christ, so it is the whole Mystical Body that enacts His Mystical Life. "The eye cannot say to the hand I have no need of thee"; for both eye and hand are necessary to the perfection of the whole.

There are two or three further thoughts, or rather applications of what has been said, worth considering in this connection.

(1) There is a great demand at the present day for *more religious freedom*. 'More liberty' is the cry, rather than 'more light,' for it is thought, and quite rightly, that light can only come to those who already enjoy liberty. Systems of authority therefore are decried, as tending to obscure freedom and, therefore, truth. We are told that authority was necessary for the childhood of the race, but injurious to its maturity. And of course the Catholic Church, which alone claims authority in the fullest sense (and, in my private

opinion, alone is capable of claiming it) is above all other Societies denounced as the enemy.

Now if the thesis of this paper is tenable, this modern complaint is not only unjustified, but exactly contradicts the facts. If the modern claim is examined it will be seen that it is based upon the tacit assumption that the individual and not the Society is the norm. 'Freedom' on modern lips means 'individual freedom.' If it is true, however, that individuals stand to the Divine Society in the relations in which cells stand to the body, individual liberty means not light but darkness. And liberty in the true sense can only be attained in proportion as the individual loses himself in the Society, ceases to exercise any judgment apart from the judgment of the Society—loses himself, as has been said, in order to save himself. In childhood a certain amount of individual liberty seems necessary to health; the child must be loose-limbed, nervous and even incoherent if he is to grow into a capable man. But maturity means the gradual loss of the individual freedom of the limbs and cells, and the gradual increase of obedience to and control by the central will. 'Free-thinking' on the part of a limb or a cell is another term for St. Vitus' dance or paralysis.

(2) A parallel mistake is to be found in the modern demand for *simplicity*. ('Back to Christ' is in modern Christianity a parallel to 'Back to the Land' in modern politics.) If, however, again, the thesis of this paper is tenable, it is not by simplicity that we reach simpleness, but by complexity. It is not by separating theology and religion that we arrive at truth, but by understanding that theology—and a very complex theology too—is absolutely necessary if religion is to exist. To wave aside theologies as being from their

very complexity the foes of simple truth, is as if a man were to wave aside education as a cumbersome obstacle to knowledge. The ideally wise man is not he who puts aside all that which is external to himself, but he who assimilates it—who is content to go through long and complex processes of mental mastication and digestion, that he may finally co-ordinate all the complexities into simplicity. Simpleness in religion can, as a matter of fact, then, only be attained by first forfeiting it; just as the man who would learn to love his neighbour as himself, must begin (in Christ's pregnant and startling phrase) by "hating his father and mother." All this modern tendency towards 'liberty' and 'simplicity' seems then to be founded upon a complete misapprehension of the facts. Its fallacy is admirably illustrated by the characteristic modern phrase 'Charity begins at home'; whereas every true Christian knows that it does not. Charity begins with God—with the remotest confines of the universe; it only comes home after many days. These things may sound perverse and paradoxical, yet they are the simplest truisms to those who believe that the Society comes first and the individual second. Their widespread rejection is but one more instance of the modern tendency towards individualism—itself another name for disintegration, death and corruption.

(3) While each cell has its own individual part in the life of the Body—a part that must be so utterly merged in the unity of the whole as to lose completely in one sense, while retaining completely in another, its own identity; yet it will be the inevitable tendency of the cells to rest in groups with a common object, which object is yet a part of the plan of the whole. In the Catholic Church, for instance, so far as this is believed

to be the Body of Christ, the Religious Orders must be understood in this sense. Strictly there is no more competition between this and that Order—between the Contemplative Carmelites or the busy sisters of St. Vincent, say—than there is between the membrane of the eye and the hardened skin on the palm of the carpenter's hand. There is bound to be, if analogies are worth anything—or, rather, if the laws of spiritual life are in the slightest degree along the same lines as those of organic life—this formation into groups for purposes of specialisation. It is a strong argument, I think, of the Corporatist against the Individualist, that in this manner individual proclivities and powers are met and provided for in a way in which the Individualist cannot compete with him. An abundance of Religious Orders and of Religious Vocations would seem to be a sign of intense vitality and health. When this is so, it shows that there is no approximation to that languor of the Body as a whole which is always a prelude to the dissolution into cell-life once more.

(4) It would seem, too, as if the solution of the problem of pain must be looked for in this direction. So long as the individual is considered merely as an individual, the problem is not only unsolved but insoluble. If we are no more than individuals, intended to be perfected as individuals, then the suffering of an innocent child who dies before reaching the age of reason, is exactly against all that we know as justice. There is not, in such a case, even the possibility of a willing individual acceptance of the pain which might reconcile us to the fact. It is merely a blind and hopeless state of affairs. But if the point of view is widened and we see the child not as a mere unit, but as a cell of a suffering and a blissful Body, whose corporate will

accepts and welcomes suffering as a whole, we begin to see that the problem is soluble, if not solved. It is not an *intellectual* difficulty to me that my finger should suffer pain, if my will holds it out deliberately to the lancet. The pain becomes negligible, in fact the darker side of pain *ipso facto* ceases, *if I can accept it*. A torrent of suggestions which we have not time to follow up, bursts on to the mind that can perceive this. The Christian doctrine of the Atonement, for instance, becomes a great deal more than the crucifixion on Calvary. It is not merely that a sinless Individual substitutes Himself for us; but this sinless Individual is, so to say, the very Will of the Suffering Body throughout all ages. That "pain is sweet, If Thou my Lord art here," is no longer a poetical sentiment describing the *human* sympathy of Christ; it becomes an actual truism. It is '*sympathy*,' indeed, since it is He who in His Mystical Body bears the Cross of the little child. Or again, asceticism—the discipline and the hair-shirt—these things are no longer manifestations of fanaticism, or the morbid playthings of uncivilised children; they become at once instruments of God's Passion, to be venerated with the Nails and Lance and Crown of Thorns—to be venerated, and to be used. Certainly asceticism is madness if the individual is all—at least in many cases; but it become the sheerest sanity if there is a Suffering Society through whose stripes we are healed. For even partly unwilling suffering may be of avail—the partly resentful and shrinking will of the individual may be merged in the greater Will of the Lamb of God. The finger may instinctively start back from the lancet, yet if the Will can but hold it there, the whole Body, as well as the finger, is purged from poison.

We have seen then that 'Life' is a word of almost infinite application. It is manifested to us in a number of planes and modes, each of which deserves the title. The life of a cell is the lowest form; organic life consists of a co-ordination of cell-lives in which the identity of each is both lost and retained in a higher form. Morality, art, domesticity, study, are other planes on which life moves. Eternal life is the final simplification and union of them all, all raised to the highest pitch of intensity.

We have seen further that it is not only conceivable, but highly probable, that the highest form of life on earth is that of an ideal Society in which human persons are the cells, and of which the immanent and transcendent consciousness is that of the Founder and Centre of the Society.

In some degree this is true of every society. Anarchy is the result of a dissolution of the cells from their unity; Socialism (in the opinion at least of its enemies) falls short of perfection in that its tendency is to resent differentiation between the cells. A perfect Monarchy, perhaps, is the best illustration on the secular plane of the cell-lives of citizens united in one State. The ideal Sovereign can say in reality, *L'État! c'est moi*. For in the ideal Monarchy we have a single person in whom all culminates; yet we have too a differentiation between the individuals united in him.

In all religious societies, so far as they are more than mere collections of units, we have at least a shadow of the mystical Corporate Life which I have attempted to describe; for each must have a Founder, a common spirit, and a union of individuals for a common end. We have the same facts indicated in even so homely a body as that of a British jury.

Twelve men united for a common end are entrusted with powers which not one of the twelve would be justified in using alone.

But I am not aware that in any society, sacred or secular, except one, has even the claim been made to the extent to which it was made by Jesus Christ—still less has it been even faintly justified.

It is Christ alone—as I remarked a while ago—who appears to have such confidence in Himself as actually to call men to Him, and to declare that they, if they would rise to Eternal Life, that is, to the co-ordination of all the lives of which they are capable, must share in His personal life. Other teachers have said, There is Life; do this, refrain from that and Live, but in not one has there been a Consciousness of sufficient intensity to make him say, I am the Life, still less: “Except ye eat the Flesh of the Son of Man and drink His Blood, ye have no life in you.” It is His first unique claim.

Secondly, as has been excellently said elsewhere by a man—Napoleon Buonaparte—who, above all other men, at any rate in modern days, has had the capacity of eliciting personal devotion—it is Christ alone who has succeeded in keeping alive that same devotion to His person after His disappearance from the world. Buddha, Confucius and Mahomet have their disciples—those who look back to them with reverence; but it has been reserved for Christians to be lovers and brides of their Master, to enjoy Him in the present as ardently as those who saw Him face to face on earth.

Thirdly, it is Christ alone who has even claimed for His Society that it should be to Him a Body in which He should live and speak—a growth of branches and He the Vine.

These things are unique. Is it too much to deduce from them that the Personality of Him who said them and has succeeded in impressing them upon the world, is unique also—is not merely the Personality of one elevated from below, but descended from on high—the Son, not *a* Son, of God?

For it is this dogma of His unique divinity that is needed to explain all. A man, in a sense, might form a society of which, after his departure from the world, it might be said that it enshrined himself; in fact men have done so. But in such societies the union would seem to be that of shrine and image, rather than of body and soul. In such societies the appeal is continually made to the past. This or that new opinion must be tested by the records and the words spoken in the past. But is there any society but one in which the present consciousness is so divinely arrogant as to utter her Founder's very words: Come unto Me. . . I am the Way, the Truth and the Life? And can one who could have founded such a Society be anything but that which He claimed to be—though largely in hints and parables? Could anything short of a Transcendent and *Divine* Consciousness have even made the attempt?

One last word, and I have finished. What I have to say is of the nature of a personal explanation. You who have been kind enough to listen to me, know to what religious Society I belong, and what therefore are my personal convictions. You will have understood therefore that throughout the course of this paper I have had in my mind one Society, and one alone, which in my opinion fulfills the conditions necessary for a coherent Body in which the Life of Christ is to be perpetuated. But I have deliberately refrained from

advancing any arguments in support of this position. I am perfectly aware that many who believe in the necessity for such a Society, find it elsewhere. I would ask you therefore to remember that I have not attempted any arguments in support of specific Catholic claims. This is not the time or the place for these. I have only endeavoured to show (1) that the word 'life' means a great deal more than the animal life of the individual; (2) that the 'life' of Jesus Christ means more than the earthly life as recorded in the Gospels, and more than His Heavenly Personal Life; (3) that it demands a Society in which its fullness may be expressed, and that this Society itself demands certain laws and conditions for its effectiveness; (4) that the individual soul therefore that would share in the life of Jesus Christ, must seek it not merely from the Personage as regarded as living in the pages of Scripture, but from Him as living in history at the present day, and re-enacting in that Society which He identifies with Himself, those characteristics which the Gospel records. The identification of that Society I have not attempted.

ROBERT HUGH BENSON.

THE SIKH RELIGION.

M. A. MACAULIFFE, B.A., I.C.S. RET.

I PRESUME that the Society before which I have the honour of lecturing this evening,¹ is called the Quest Society because its members are in quest of some philosophical or theological system which presents the least difficulties of comprehension and the least anomalies or inconsistencies.² Some great philosophers such as Schopenhauer and Schleiermacher, apparently dissatisfied with the existing forms of Christianity, have found a refuge or solace in Buddhism, and large bodies of thinkers in Germany have occasionally debated whether Buddhism could not be substituted for Christianity as a national cult. An article which appeared a few years ago in the *Vossische Zeitung*, dwelt on the enormous spread of Buddhism in Germany as a potent influence beginning to permeate large sections of the population. It drew attention to the decay of interest throughout the country in missionary and Bible societies and to the decrease in their incomes. And not long ago the Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt gave a commission to a sculptor to erect a large statue of Buddha under the trees of his garden. This was held not to be a mere satisfaction of an æsthetic impulse, but significant of the profound alteration of public sentiment in matters of faith and dogma.

¹ May 12, 1910.

² The objects of the Quest Society are well known to our readers, and its purpose cannot be described as the search for a 'system'—ED.

Now Buddhism, at any rate at its inception, was a system without a God and without a soul, though some of the countries to which it emigrated found it essential for their political welfare to adopt these very important supplementary beliefs. Indeed it has often appeared to me that Buddhism may be considered rather as a system of ethics than a religion in the true sense of the word. It has four acknowledged mysteries, one of the most abstruse being the manner in which the Karma, or acts done in human life, can be borne on to the next stage of existence, without a soul as their vehicle and concomitant. In making these brief remarks I hope I shall not be held to decry the study of Buddhism in Europe. Such study will always be useful as providing intellectual gymnastics for ladies and gentlemen dowered with a large amount of leisure and surplus mental energy. I am engaged here to-night in offering to your attention a religion which has a God and a soul, which presents no mysteries, and which embraces an ethical system such as has never been excelled, if indeed it has ever been equalled—I mean the Sikh religion.

Sikhism, like other great religions, did not present itself all of a sudden as a complete divine gift to the world. Reform and dissatisfaction with existing systems are generally in the air for many years, it may be centuries, before they ripen by the genius of some great man into a consistent form of belief. As he whom the most advanced races of the world call the Messiah, had precursors in the persons of Simeon the Just, Jesus the son of Sirach, Hillel, John the Baptist, and others, so Guru Nānak had as predecessors Jaidev, author of the *Gītā Gobind*, which some of you have read, if not in the original Sanskrit at any rate in the

exquisite translation of Sir Edwin Arnold, Nāmdev the Marāṭha saint, Rāmānand, and the enlightened Kabīr, one of the greatest and most daring thinkers that India has ever produced. At the same time Guru Nānak, the founder of the Sikh religion, rose superior to all by his own original genius, his unalloyed piety, and his conspicuous success in establishing a pure religion which guides, or ought to guide, some three millions of human beings.

Guru Nānak was born as late as the year 1469 of our era, and his religion, while in many respects superior to all others, lacks the glamour of antiquity which so engages the attention of the archæological student. Guru Nānak's people belonged to what would be called in this country the farming class, but his father was also a village accountant, a very useful and helpful official in Indian administration. His village, now called Nankāna, in honour of the great man to whom it had the honour of giving birth, lay deep in a vast and lonely forest in the south-western corner of what is now the British district of Lahore.

Guru Nānak's birth was heralded by no prophecies or portents, though Sikh poets have asserted that the choirs of Heaven sang pæans of gladness at his incarnation. He acquired some book-learning in a humble village-school, which would now be spurned by the high educational authorities in India. This consisted principally in a knowledge of the Hindī and Persian languages, to fit him to succeed to his father's duties. To the retirement of the neighbouring forest thronged anchorites and holy men from various parts of India from whom he sought and received spiritual information.

Nānak was born a Hindu, but from his earliest

years he declared himself a foe of Hindu superstitions. A Hindu child is inducted into his religion by the ceremony of putting on a sacrificial thread over the left shoulder and across the body transversely. Until this ceremony is performed he is deemed lowest in the social scale. Nānak pointed out to the officiating priest that a thread did not restrain human passions, and he accordingly dispensed with what to the Hindus is a most solemn and indispensable ceremony.

When his father required help to till his land he addressed Nānak in the hope of eliciting a favourable response. Nānak at once assumed the rôle of preacher to his own father. He said :

Make thy body the field, good works the seed, irrigate with God's Name.

Make thy heart the cultivator ; God will germinate in thy heart, and thou shalt thus obtain the dignity of Nirvāṇ.

His father then tried to turn his attention to shop-keeping. He replied :

Make the knowledge that life is frail thy shop, the True Name thy stock-in-trade ;

Make meditation and contemplation thy piles of vessels, put the True Name into them.

Deal with the dealers of the True Name, and thou shalt gladly take home thy profits.

The advantages of dealing in horses were next urged on his attention, but this avocation too did not find favour with him. He insisted that the hearing of sacred books should be a horse-dealer's stock-in-trade, truth the horses he took to sell, and virtue his necessary travelling expenses.

Nānak had a brother-in-law in the service of the Lodi Emperor. Nānak's father suggested that he

should through the influence of his relative seek an appointment under the government. Young Nānak derided state service and said :

Make devotion to God thy service, faith in Him thine occupation ;

Make the restraint of evil thine effort, so shall men congratulate thee.

Thus Nānak manifested a complete indifference to what are generally deemed practical pursuits. He became subject to trances, and unsympathetic persons declared that he had forfeited his intelligence. His behaviour was naturally a source of the greatest concern to his mother. She requested him to suspend his devotions for a few days, and show himself in the village that it might appear he had recovered his reason. Nānak replied with a panegyric on God.

A physician was then sent for to diagnose the youth's disease and prescribe a remedy. Nānak would not have his pulse felt. He stood up and told the physician that his malady was mental, produced by separation from God, the result of having forgotten Him in the pursuit of pleasure. He refused to accept any treatment from the physician.

When further pressure was put on him, he accepted government service for a time, but soon relinquished it with the object of pursuing what he felt was his divine mission, and giving currency to his ideas and religious aspirations. He boldly declared that there was no Hindu and no Muhammadan, by which he meant that neither Hindus nor Muhammadans were guided by the principles and practices of the founders of their religions. He felt himself called to establish a purer religion, and henceforth devoted himself solely to this

great enterprise. For the future we shall call Nānak the Guru, a word which in the original Sanskrit meant 'great,' but which in course of time was used to designate a great religious teacher. He laid the foundation of a religion of the heart, embracing the necessity of truth and honesty, the equality of all men, and a disregard of idle ceremonial. His injunctions were generally in verses which he sang himself, and he engaged a minstrel as his accompanist. He visited the Hindu places of pilgrimage in order to preach to the multitudes there assembled. When he visited Hardwar on the Ganges, he saw Hindus throwing water towards the east for the relief of the *manes* of their ancestors. He joined his hands so as to form a cup, and began to throw water to the west. The crowd was astonished, and inquired what manner of man it was who, contrary to all ancient custom, threw water towards the setting instead of towards the rising sun. He told them he was throwing it to irrigate a field he had sown in his native village. The spectators thought he was crazy, and told him the water could never reach his field, which was too far away. He replied that their departed ancestors were much further away, and the water he threw was more likely to reach his field than the water they threw was to reach their ancestors. "Ye call me a fool," he said, "but ye are much greater fools yourselves."

The Guru then began to inveigh against worship for idle ostentation. He told the Muhammadans that when they took rosaries in their hands they never thought of God, but allowed their minds to wander towards vain worldly objects. He maintained that the sacrifices and burnt-offerings of Hindus ought to be devout worship and a practice of humility. The Guru

continued his journey, preaching often with a fine sense of humour against Hindu superstitions.

At one place he fell in with a company of Jogis. They pressed him to join their order, and he should then find the true way and obtain the merits of religion. He replied :

Religion consisteth not in a patched coat, or in a Jogi's staff, or in ashes smeared over the body ;

Religion consisteth not in earrings worn, or a shaven head, or in the blowing of horns.

Abide pure amid the impurities of the world ; thus shalt thou find the way of religion.

Religion consisteth not in mere words ;

He who looketh on all men as equal is religious.

Religion consisteth not in wandering to tombs or places of cremation, or sitting in attitudes of contemplation ;

Religion consisteth not in wandering in foreign countries, or in bathing at places of pilgrimage.

Abide pure amid the impurities of the world ; thus shalt thou find the way of religion.

The Guru found himself alone in a wilderness and it is recorded of him, as it is of Christ and Buddha before him, that he was there tempted by Satan. The Evil Spirit is said to have offered to build him a palace of pearls, and inlay it with gems, to bring him very beautiful women, give him the wealth of the world, and confer on him the sovereignty of the East and of the West, if he would abandon his mission. The Guru replied :

Were a mansion of pearls erected and inlaid with gems for me,
Perfumed with musk, saffron, fragrant aloes and sandal to confer delight ;

May it not be that on beholding these objects I may forget God and not remember His Name ?

My soul burneth without God.

Were the earth to be studded with diamonds and rubies and my couch to be similarly adorned ;

Were fascinating damsels whose faces were decked with jewels to shed lustre and enhance the pleasure of the scene ;

May it not be that on beholding them I may forget Thee, O God, and not remember Thy Name ?

Were I to become a monarch on my throne and raise an army ;

Were dominion and regal revenue mine,

May it not be that on beholding these things I may forget God, and not remember His Name ?

When Guru Nānak visited the temple of Jaganāth he was invited by the High Priest to join in adoration of the great idol. The lamps were lit for evening worship, and offerings to the gods were laid on salvers studded with pearls. Around the temple were placed flowers, and a fan was employed to excite the flames of incense, generally an accessory of idolatrous worship. Hereon the Guru extemporised the following :

The sun and moon, O Lord, are Thy lamps ; the firmament, Thy salver ; the orbs of the stars, the pearls enchased in it ;

The perfume of the sandal is Thine incense ; the wind is Thy fan ; all the forests are Thy flowers, O Lord of light !

Nānak found himself in the city of Saiyidpur, now called Eminabad, in the Gurdaspur district of the Panjāb. During his stay it was sacked and destroyed by the Mughal Emperor Bābar. The Guru composed the following threnody on the fate of the female inhabitants of the city :

They who wore beautiful tresses and the partings of whose hair were dyed with vermillion,

Have their locks now shorn with the scissors, and dust is thrown upon their heads.

They dwelt in their private chambers ; now they cannot find a seat abroad.

When they were married, they appeared beautiful near their spouses ;

They came in their sedans adorned with ivory ;

Water was waved round their heads, and glittering fans over them.

They had hundreds of thousands waiting on them sitting, and hundreds of thousands waiting on them standing.

Eating cocoanuts and dates they sported on their couches ;

But now chains are on their necks, and broken are their strings of pearls.

The wealth and beauty which afforded them pleasure have now become their bane.

The order was given to the soldiers to take and dishonour them.

If they had thought of God before, why should they have received punishment ?

But they had lost all thought of God in joys, in spectacles, and in pleasures.

When the Guru was taken prisoner and brought before Bābar he was pressed to embrace Islām. The Guru indignantly refused. The Emperor, instead of being incensed at the out-spoken language he used on the occasion, invited him to ask a favour. Nānak replied :

It is the One God who hath commissioned me.

Everyone partaketh of His gifts.

He who looketh for human support,

Loseth both this world and the next.

There is but one Giver, the whole world are beggars.

They who forsake Him and attach themselves to others lose all their honour.

Kings and Emperors are all made by Him.

There is none equal to Him.

Saith Nānak, Hear, Emperor Bābar,

He who beggeth of thee is not wise.

The Guru in his wanderings visited Ceylon, popu-

larly supposed to be a Buddhist country, but which in reality, according to a recent writer, contains several districts where Hinduism and ancient nature- and demon-worship still prevail. He subsequently decided to visit Makka and Madina, the holy cities of the Muhammadans, hallowed by the residence of their prophet. Long conversations and discussions between the Guru and the Muhammadan priests are recorded. I shall here merely give his reply to the Makkan high priest's questions regarding the composition of matter, God's nature, and the essence of religion :

Know that according to the Musalmāns everything is produced from air, fire, water, and earth ;

But the pure God created the world out of five elements.

How great shall I call God ? to whom shall I go to enquire regarding Him ?

He is the greatest of the great, and great is His world ; men depart in their pride.

I have consulted the four Veds, but these writings find not God's limits.

I have consulted the four books of the Muhammadans, but God's worth is not described in them.

I have consulted the nine regions of the earth ; one improveth upon what the other saith.

Having turned my heart into a boat, I have searched in every sea ;

I have dwelt by rivers and streams, and bathed at the sixty-eight places of pilgrimage ;

I have lived among the forests and glades of the three worlds and eaten bitter and sweet ;

I have seen the seven nether regions and heavens upon heavens.

And I, Nānak, declare that man shall be true to his faith if he fear God and do good works.

The Guru, having accomplished his mission in the West, resolved to return to his native country.

When he arrived in Multān, the local high priest presented him with a cup of milk filled to the brim. By this he meant it to be understood that the city was full of holiness already, and that there was no room for another religious teacher. Nānak, in no wise discontented, took the milk and laid on it an Indian jasmin flower. The cup did not overflow. This typified that there was still room for the Guru in the midst of the Multānis, as there is still room for the ever-flowing Ganges in the ocean.

The Guru briefly voiced his creed :

There is but one God whose name is True, the Creator, devoid of fear and enmity, immortal, unborn, self-existent, great, and bountiful. He is, was, and ever shall be.

This, which the Guru called the spell which is the essence of all religion, he gave to a man called Lahina, whose devotion he had tried by a terrible ordeal. He changed Lahina's name to Angad, and in supersession of his own sons nominated him his successor.

The Guru on seeing the Muhammadan prelate of Multān prepared for death, and pondering on his own approaching dissolution composed the following :

Wealth, youth, and flowers are guests for only four days ;
They wither and fade like the leaves of the water-lily.
Enjoy God's love, O dear one, in the freshness of youth.
Few are thy days ; thou art wearied and the vesture of thy
body hath grown old.

My merry friends have gone to sleep in the grave.
I too shall depart in sorrow, and weep with a feeble voice.
O my soul, why not attentively listen to this message ?

Bhai Gur Dās, an orthodox Sikh of a subsequent generation, wrote a panegyric of the Guru which it would be too long to quote *in extenso*. A few sentences

only can be given. God conferred supernatural attributes on Guru Nānak. He bestowed on him the supreme wealth of devotion and humility. The Guru pointed out to men the straight way. There was but one God, the primal and omnipotent. Having railed against the iniquity of caste, he placed the monarch and the beggar on a spiritual equality. He preached to all a religion of real devotion as distinguished from a cult of external form and unavailing ritual. And what at that time was, if not an absolutely new doctrine, at any rate one long forgotten, he declared that man might duly worship God while in the bosom of his family and engaged in his worldly avocations.

The Sikhs believe in the transmigration of souls, and hold that the spirit of Guru Nānak entered Guru Angad. The latter generally preached the same doctrines, but it has been remarked that he did not insist on the same servile obedience to a human Guru as did his predecessor.

It is well known that the Sikhs are among the bravest of our Indian races and have been our most loyal subjects. Guru Angad probably gave the keynote of their subsequent performances. A soldier named Malu Shāh, orderly of a Mughal officer, sought for spiritual advice which would be profitable to him here and hereafter. The Guru counselled him, if ever the necessity of battle arose, to fight for his master, and not consider whether his side was in a numerical minority or not.

Prior to Guru Angad's time the compositions of the saints and reformers were for the most part written in the Sanskrit alphabet. He, deeming that the compositions of Guru Nānak were worthy of a specially written character of their own, adopted and modified

a Panjābī alphabet, afterwards called Gurumukhi, to give expression to what fell from the Guru's lips. This was furthermore a gain on the score of simplicity, for it contains but thirty-five letters, while the Sanskrit alphabet has fifty-two.

Guru Angad appointed as his successor, not his own sons, in whom he did not discern filial piety, but Amar Dās, who was absolutely devoted to him, and filled with the spirit of unquestioning faith and obedience. Guru Amar Dās lived on coarse food and observed the most ascetic habits. Having been born a Hindu, he used sometimes to consult the sacred books of the discarded religion. He again arrived at the conclusion that though they defined good and evil, they could afford no information regarding God. He used to preach in the following style :

It is not proper for saints to take revenge. Nay, there is no greater penance than patience, no greater happiness than contentment, no greater evil than greed, no greater virtue than mercy, and no more potent weapon than forgiveness. Whatever man soweth that shall he reap. If he sow trouble, trouble shall be his harvest. If a man sow poison, he cannot expect ambrosia.

Guru Amar Dās had a highly religious daughter who became the wife of a well-favoured youth then known as Jetha. He also, as the essence of devotion and obedience to his father-in-law, was appointed his successor under the name of Guru Rām Dās. He used to give such exhortations to his Sikhs as the following :

Let him who calleth himself a Sikh of the true Guru, rise early and meditate on God ;

Let him exert himself in the early morning, bathe in the sacred tank,

Repeat God's Name under the Guru's instruction, and all his sins and transgressions shall be erased.

Let him at sunrise sing the Guru's hymns, and whether sitting or standing meditate on God's name.

The heart coveteth gold and women, and sweet to it is worldly love.

Man turneth his mind to palaces, mansions, horses, and other pleasures.

O my Lord God, how shall I be saved who think not on Thee?

Thou, O God, who possessest excellences and art compassionate, mercifully pardon all my sins.

No beauty is mine, no high birth, and no manners.

What dare I without merits say in Thy presence since I have not uttered Thy Name?

Lay aside lust, wrath, falsehood, and slander; renounce mammon, and cease to be proud.

Renounce worldly love, thus shalt thou obtain the Bright One in this dark world.

Renounce ideas of honour or dishonour; renounce greed and desire, and fix thine attention on God.

He in whose heart the True One dwelleth, shall by means of the true Word be absorbed in God's Name.

M. A. MACAULIFFE.

(The conclusion of this paper will be given in the January number.—ED.)

THE SACRED DANCE OF JESUS.

G. R. S. MEAD, B.A.

NONE, therefore, of the things that they will say about me did I suffer ; nay, even that Passion which I showed unto thee and to the rest in the Dance, I will that it be called a mystery.—*Acta Ioannis*, 101 (15).

1. To-morrow shall be my dancing day ;
I would my true love did so chance
To see the legend of my play,
To call my true love to my dance.

Sing, oh ! my love, oh ! my love, my love, my love,
This have I done for my true love.

2. Then was I born of a Virgin pure,
Of her I took fleshly substance ;
Then was I knit to man's nature,
To call my true love to my dance.

Sing, oh ! etc.

3. In a manger laid and wrapp'd I was,
So very poor, this was my chance,
Betwixt an ox and a silly¹ poor ass,
To call my true love to my dance.

Sing, oh ! etc.

4. Then afterwards baptized I was,
The Holy Ghost on me did glance,
My Father's voice heard from above,
To call my true love to the dance.

Sing, oh ! etc.

¹ Meaning 'simple.'

5. Into the desert I was led,
Where I fasted without substance ;
The Devil bade me make stones my bread,
To have me break my true love's dance.
Sing, oh ! etc.
6. The Jews on me they made great suit,
And with me made great variance,
Because they lov'd darkness rather than light,¹
To call my true love to the dance.
Sing, oh ! etc.
7. For thirty pence Judas me sold,
His covetousness for to advance ;
Mark when² I kiss, the same do hold,
The same is he shall lead the dance.
Sing, oh ! etc.
8. Before Pilate the Jews me brought,
When Barabbas had deliverance ;
They scourg'd me and set me at nought,
Judged me to die to lead the dance.
Sing, oh ! etc.
9. Then on the cross hangèd I was ;
Where a spear to my heart did glance,
There issued forth both water and blood,
To call my true love to the dance.
Sing, oh ! etc.
10. Then down to Hell I took my way
For my true love's deliverance,
And rose again on the third day
Up to my true love and the dance.
Sing, oh ! etc.
11. Then up to Heaven I did ascend,
Where now I dwell in sure substance
On the right hand of God, that man
May come unto the general dance.
Sing, oh ! etc.

¹ Better : ' For they lov'd darkness more than light.'

² Presumably ' whom.'

At first sight the words of this delightfully quaint and perhaps unique Christmas carol will probably surprise the majority of readers, and in some cases even give a shock to their sense of propriety; indeed, at this late hour, when so much has been forgotten, the association of dancing in any shape or form with the sacred person of Jesus cannot but appear to most puritanical minds as little better than an outrage. The purpose of this study, however, is to show that other days had other views, other customs, other traditions; that, in fact, the idea of a sacred dance—a heavenly carol or chorus—of utmost holiness goes back to the earliest times of Christianity.

Our carol was still sung by the peasants in W. Cornwall, when recorded by William Sandys,¹ some eighty years ago. Sandys apparently knew nothing of its tradition or origin, and so far I have myself been unable to obtain any information on its more immediate ancestry.²

It is very evident that this carol cannot be dismissed as a folk-creation pure and simple; it bears all the marks of a nobler genealogy. Apart from the question of its origin proper, I would venture to conjecture for the first stage of its descent into folk-form, the intermediary of the mediæval minstrels, jongleurs, troubadours, etc., who are indeed said to be the very inventors of the name *carole*,³ the thing itself being far more ancient as we shall see later on. Now the Trou-

¹ *Christmas Carols, Ancient and Modern* (London, 1833), pp. 110-112; reprinted in his *Christmastide, its History, Festivities and Carols* (London, ? 1852), pp. 266 ff.

² Information has been asked for in *Notes and Queries* (Mar. 10, 1910), in *Folk-lore* (xxi. i, Mar., 1910), and also in the last number of *THE QUEST*, but so far without result.

³ *Carole* was "the name given by the Trouvères to a dance in which the performers moved slowly in a circle, singing as they went."—Lilly Grove, *Dancing* (London, 1895), p. 181.

vères, or Troubadours, we have good reason to believe, adapted, and so preserved in popular form, many scraps and fragments of old mystery-traditions still floating about in the middle ages, the history of the descent and the origin of which still baffles the ingenuity of scholars.¹ The original meaning of *carol* is given by all the authorities as a (? sacred) 'ring-dance,' men and women holding each others' hands; its derivation, though in much dispute,² is most probably from the Greek *chorós*, and what that signified we shall see as we proceed.

Setting aside, for the moment, the denunciations and prohibitions of disorderly lay dancing at the sacred festivals and even in the divine offices, by fathers, councils and synods, from the post-Constantine period onwards—that is, beginning about the middle of the fourth century, we know that with the Renaissance the idea of sacred dancing re-emerged in great strength, and we find Dante making free use of it. In a recent lecture Mr. Edmund G. Gardner has surmised that the symbolical dancing in the *Paradiso* may have been suggested by the *Dieta Salutis* (or *Life of Salvation*), traditionally ascribed to S. Bonaventura, but to be attributed with greater probability to another Franciscan, Gulielmus de Lavicea or de Lanicia. In those days, however, the links with the past were more numerous than they are to-day, and it would be unwise to lay too much stress on any particular of the fragmentary indications now accessible being the source of Dante's inspiration. Nevertheless the *Dieta* deserves

¹ I have suggested a similar back-ground for the variants of the curious carol 'Over yonder's a Park' or 'Down in yon Forest'; it seems to link up by means of the Troubadours with the German cycle of Graal-literature, in which the sacred hallow is the Stone of Alchemy, and this Stone "that is no stone," was, as we are told by Zosimos, the Alchemist and Poemandrist, at the end of the fourth century, no other than the prime mystery of Mithras. See the Folk-Song Society's *Journal*, iv. 14 (June, 1910).

² See Murray's Oxford Dictionary.

to be quoted, for it marks out the bed of one of the streamlets of that great river of mystical tradition which watered the plains of mediæval theology, and which was incorrectly labelled with the pseudonym 'Dionysius the Areopagite.' The Renaissance brought back to the West more than the memory of secular classical learning; it also awoke in the Occidental Church the reminiscence of some sacred things that had long been forgotten.

In its last chapter,¹ the *Dicta Salutis* treats 'Of the Joys of Paradise,' and describes "the most delightful company abiding there, in celestial glory, in the Divine Presence." This '*amantissima societas*' is characterised as (1) a company too vast to number, (2) in endless circling (*i.e.* dancing in rhythmic revolution with the heavenly spheres), and (3) singing a ceaseless song of praise too glorious for mortal comparison. "Blessed in sooth is that dance (*chorea*), whose company is infinity, whose circling is eternity, whose song is bliss."

Firstly, in that celestial dance we must think of a company, an army infinite,—that is to say, known not to us but unto God alone. For there is Christ the King,—as though sole sovereign excellent, and august Cæsar. There also is the Queen with all her maidens,—Virgin of virgins, Mary with all her saintly maids. The Angels too are there,—as highest nobles of the Kingly house. There are the Patriarchs and there the Prophets,—as though ranked next the Angels, and Counsellors of the King, to whom as elders of a cabinet not privy to Him, He doth reveal His ministry. There also the Apostles,—as the King's seneschals, store-keepers of the plenitude of piety. The Martyrs too are there,—as the most active warriors of the King. There also are the holy Pontiffs, and Confessors and the Doctors.

And, secondly, in that celestial dance we must think of a

¹ Cap. l. The latest edition accessible to me of this *Golden Booklet* (*Aureus Libellus*), as the sub-title names it, was printed at Venice, in 1518; see ff. cxv. ff.

circling without end. For ever will there be among the Blest an entering in, a going forth and a return,—an entering in to contemplate His godhood, a going forth to see the various phases of our Saviour's manhood. . . . And as in other dances there is one who leadeth the whole dance, so doth the Christ [this sacred circling] ; 'tis He who will be leader of the dance, leading that company most blessed and preceding it. . . .

Thirdly, in that celestial dance we must think of a wondrous ceaseless song. And therefore mark, that as Christ leads in dance (*gressu*), so doth He lead in song. And first of all unto His Virgin Mother will He sing, etc.

Christ, the Chorus-leader, the Tenth or Perfect Number, sings to all nine choirs in turn, and they sing back to Him their chants of praise in antiphon. Whence came this tradition of the Christ's most sacred dance? Before we can answer the question, we must review briefly the attitude of the post-Constantine official Church to dancing, and point out that in the very denunciations and prohibitions of Pagan dancing and of dancing-abuses among the Christians themselves at sacred festivals and in the sacred buildings, by later fathers, councils and synods, there was ever the recognition of a spiritual dance, led by the Saviour and shared in by archangels and angels and powers, and all the companies of saints, while some of the early fathers bear direct testimony to institutional rites connected with this mystery. To show the need of a more thorough-going treatment of the subject, however, we will preface this review with the following inadequate and (as to early history) misleading summary of Chambers,¹ as the best so far available.

¹ Chambers (E. K.), *The Mediæval Stage* (Oxford, 1903), i. 161 f. Mrs. Lilly Grove is nearer fact in the first part of her statement, but mistaken in the last part of it, when she writes (*op. cit.* p. 8): "In the first centuries of our era the Church allowed dancing within the sacred walls; then came a period of degradation of the art, till it found its renaissance in Italy in the sixteenth century. Thence it was introduced to the French court by Catherine de' Medici."

The dance had been from the beginning a subject of controversy between Christianity and the Roman world;¹ but whereas the dances of the East and South, so obnoxious to the Early Fathers, were mainly those of professional entertainers, upon the stage or at banquets, the missionaries of the West had to face the even more difficult problem of a folk-dance and a folk-song which were among the most inveterate habits of the freshly converted peoples. As the old worship vanished, these tended to attach themselves to the new. Upon great feasts and wake-days, choruses of women invaded with wanton *cantica* and *ballationes* the precincts of the churches and even the sacred buildings themselves, a desecration against which generation after generation of ecclesiastical authorities were fain to protest.² . . . The struggle was a long one, and in the end the Church never quite succeeded even in expelling the dance from its doors. The chapter of Wells about 1338 forbade *choreæ* and other *ludi* within the cathedral and cloisters. . . . A seventeenth century French writer [*sci.* Ménéstrier] records that he had seen clergy and singing boys dancing at Easter in the churches of Paris, and other astounding survivals.³ At Seville, as is well known, the six boys, called *los Seises*, dance with castanets before the Holy Sacrament in the presence of the Archbishop at Shrovetide, and during the feasts of the Immaculate Conception and Corpus Christi. At Echternach, in Luxembourg, there is an annual dance through the church of pilgrims to the shrine of St. Willibrord,⁴ while at Barjols, in Provence, a 'triple dance' is danced at Mass on St. Marcel's day.

¹ A very imperfect list of patristic references is appended.

² There follows a well-referenced note on the decrees of councils and synods against these abuses, which may, however, be supplemented by Böhme (F. M.), *Geschichte des Tanzes in Deutschland* (Leipzig, 1886), i. 15 ff.

³ Cp. the anonymous writer of *Le Livre de Philon, de la Vie contemplative* (Paris, 1709): "The dance is not forbidden in itself; it is only the bad use that has frequently been made of it," which has brought it into disrepute. "The Jews and early Judæo-Christians . . . regarded it as authorised by the greatest Saints of the Old Testament" (p. 251). "Indeed we see that the Roman Church, so careful to exclude from the churches everything unworthy of Christian gravity and modesty, allows the united Armenians certain usages closely resembling those of the ancient Meletians, and that, too, in Rome under the very eyes of the Pontiff. I saw these rites myself" (p. 255). Then follows a description of them. As Meletius was quite orthodox, the reference must be to the general custom of the churches (both Athanasian and Arian) at Antioch, of which Meletius was bishop; this we shall see more clearly later on, p. 57.

⁴ Add to C.'s references here 'Dancing in Churches,' by Rev. John Morris, in *The Month* (Dec., 1892), lxxvi. 342, pp. 498-513.

I have searched in vain through the literature of the history of dancing,¹ for the proper patristic indications of liturgical dancing in the Early Church. Without exception the historians of dancing base themselves, in this particular, directly or indirectly, on the curious work of the Jesuit Father Ménestrier (Paris, 1682), who was a great enthusiast for symbolical dancing, and arranged a number of such ballets for the French court. It will, therefore, be *à propos* to translate a few passages from this rare and interesting work; for P. Ménestrier states his views so categorically that they must have been not only in keeping with the learned opinion of his day, but also favourably regarded by his ecclesiastical superiors. His historical and archæological statements, however, can neither be used with confidence nor dismissed with prejudice; the whole subject requires thorough revision. In his unpagged Preface Ménestrier writes:

The divine office was made up of psalms, hymns and canticles,

¹ I append the pertinent items of my bibliographical notes to save others from a like fruitless search: Vuiller (G.), *A History of Dancing* (Eng. Trans., London, 1908), ii. 46-49, 'Religious Dancing'—copies Ménestrier; Benson (R. H.), *Papers of a Pariah* (London, 1907), pp. 106-126, 'On the Dance as a Religious Exercise'—associates it with the ceremony of the Mass, but gives no references; Lilly Grove, *Dancing* (London, 1895), p. 96—copies M.; Desrat (G.), *Dictionnaire de la Danse* (Paris, 1895)—follows M., there is a useful bibliography at end; Böhme (F. M.), *Geschichte des Tanzes* (Leipzig, 1886)—copies M., contains a good bibliography; Voss (R.), *Der Tanz und seine Geschichte* (Berlin, 1869)—copies M.; Czerwinski (A.), *Geschichte der Tanzkunst* (Leipzig, 1862), pp. 33 ff., 'Kirchentänze'—copies M.; Barthélemy (C.), *Rational . . . des Divins Offices de Guillaume Durand* (Paris, 1854), ii. 438-444, 'La Danse au point de vue Liturgique'—lifted verbally from De Calusac without acknowledgment; B. translated the thirteenth century Bishop Durandus' *De Divinis Officiis*, and appended notes, there is nothing in D. himself on liturgical dancing; Baron (A.), *Lettres . . . sur la Danse* (Paris, 1824), pp. 19 f., 'De la Danse religieuse chez les Juifs et les Chrétiens'—draws on M.; Castil-Blaze, *La Danse et les Ballets* (Paris, 1832), ch. ii., 'Danses des Chrétiens'—lifted from M. with mistakes; De Calusac (M.), *La Danse ancienne et moderne* (La Haye, 1754), i. 41 ff., 'De la Danse Sacrée des Chrétiens'—copies M.; Ménestrier (F. K.—S. J.), *Des Ballets anciens et modernes* (Paris, 1682). Desrat says that Ménestrier drew some of his material from Paradin (G.), *Le Blason des Dances* (Beaujeau, 1566—reprinted by Firmin-Didot in 1830); but there is, unfortunately, no copy of this small work in the British Museum.

for the praises of God were recited, sung and danced. . . . The place where these religious acts were performed in divine worship was called the choir,¹ just as with the tragic and comic *chori* of the Greeks. In Latin the prelates were called *præsules*,² from *præsiliendo*, according to Scaliger, for in the choir, at the divine office, they played the same part as the leader of the dances in the public games, who was called by the Greeks *choragus*.³

In course of time, Father Ménéstrier continues, owing to abuses these sacred dances, together with the love-feasts and the custom of the kiss of peace, were abolished. In the body of his treatise, he returns to the name *choir*, which, he says (p. 12), still marks out the place where "our priests sing and perform their ceremonies." In ancient times, however, he continues, the choir was separated from the altar, and raised up so as to form a theatre, being enclosed on all sides by a breast-high screen, and in confirmation he points to the ancient choirs of this form still to be seen in the churches of SS. Clement and Pancras at Rome. I have in vain searched the histories of ecclesiastical architecture for further information; nothing at all seems to be known of church-structure prior to the second half

¹ From Gk. *chorós*. The earliest meaning of *chorós* in Homer is a closed space for processional or circular dancing, later called *orchēstra* (Reisch, art. 'Chor,' in Pauly-Wissowa's *Real-Enc.*); it was used at an early date for the dance itself, for a band that danced and sang, and for poems so sung (Castets, art. 'Chœur,' Darenberg and Saglio's *Dict. des Antiqq.*); the Dithyrambic *chori* were cyclic, while the Tragic and Comic were square (Stephanus, *Thesaurus*, s.v.); according to Suidas, *choreia* was dancing accompanied with song, whereas *orchēsis* was silent dancing (J. C. Suicerus, *Thesaurus Ecc.*, 2nd ed., Amsterdam, 1728, ii. 516). But in course of time *chorós* grew to mean any company of people, or guild or fraternity, gathered together for a religious or even a secular purpose; by the Church fathers it was used for the angels, etc., for the disciples and the various orders of Church dignitaries, and for monastic brotherhoods, etc.; while Eusebius rhetorically transfers the ecclesiastical use to the various grades of the court of the Emperor Constantine.

² The priests of the ancient Roman dancing guild of the Salii were so called because they led the dance (*præsiliere*) in public.

³ This should be *coryphæus*; *chorēgos* was the patron or manager who undertook the cost of the chorus.

of the fourth century, when, after the 'cæsarising' of the Church by Constantine, the Pagan temples began to be destroyed and magnificent Christian structures replaced them. That, however, there was some connection between the plans of church and theatre is indubitable; for the custom of the Early Church was loudly to applaud the preacher as at the play, while our English 'parson' is nothing but the Latin *persona* (a 'mask,' hence 'actor'), and our 'pulpit' is the Latin *pulpitum* (or 'stage').

If now we turn to the indications in the fathers, working backwards (and reserving to the end the important testimony of Eusebius, the enthusiastic singer of the praise of Constantine and the father of church history), we find that the patristic denunciations of irregular dancing break out in a flood precisely about the same critical period, the second half of the fourth century.

Theodoret (c. 390 — ? 455), writing of the angels, says that they are immortal incorporeal beings, whose nature transcends sex; their work is "dancing in heaven and hymnody of their Creator."¹ Here the distinction between dancing (*choreía*) and singing is clearly drawn. So also, in writing of the martyrs, he advises his readers to follow them, that they may share in "their dance in the indestructible æons";² for unto them that believe hath been promised "the kingdom of the heavens, and life that hath no end, and light intelligible, and to dance in company with those free of all body."³ Elsewhere speaking of Paul ("I know a man," etc.), Theodoret continues, "for he had seen the beauty of Paradise, and the dances of the holy ones therein, and the voice of

¹ *Græc. Affect. Cur.* iii. ('De Ang.'), Migne, iv. 892 B.

² *Ib.* iv. ('De Mart'); M. iv. 1033 B.

³ *Ib.* xi. ('De Fine'); M. iv. 1121 c.

their hymnody and perfect harmony";¹ and referring to the Song of the Blessed Children ("*Benedicite . . . angeli Domini Domino*") in *Daniel*, he says that "they summon to the dance both heaven, and the waters above the heavens, and the powers that circle round the divine throne";² not only so, but the flames of the burning fiery furnace were turned into dew, "so that those Blessed Children danced the dance in their midst, and sang the hymn."³ The sacred dance is a dance of the virtues in harmony with the powers above; and so Theodoret tells us of Pelagius, that he caused Continence and her sister-virtues to stand up in him and danced with them.⁴ In general it may be said that the idea of the sacred dance dominated Theodoret's thought and strongly influenced his vocabulary; he speaks of the *choreia* of the stars and of the seasons, of the *choroi* of the disciples, apostles, patriarchs, prophets and martyrs, and of the ecclesiastical grades, while in treating of the ascetic life he frequently uses *chorós* as the technical term for the body of brethren of a monastic order. His most striking phrase is the 'general dance,'⁵ of which our carol (11, 4) is curiously reminiscent.

On the other hand, Augustine (354—430) is more intent on inveighing against "frivolous and unseemly" dances, on the suppression of which, he tells us, all bishops were agreed,⁶ then in informing us what kind of dancing was permissible. He does not, however, object to dancing at the sacred festivals altogether, but to the "wanton and unseemly songs (*cantica*) . . .

¹ *Int. II. Ep. ad Cor.* xii.; M. iii. 448 D. ² *In. Vis. Dan.* iii. 57; M. ii. 1337.

³ *Int. Jonæ Proph.* Arg.; M. ii. 1721. ⁴ *Ecc. Hist.* iv. 12; M. iii. 1148 B.

⁵ *Serm. in S. Io. Chrys.* Proœm. (Auct. ex Phot. Bib. 278); M. iv. The general references will be found in the index to Migne.

⁶ *C. Ep. Parm.* iii. 6; M. ix. 107.

and dances (*ballationes* and *saltationes*)" before the very doors of the church; these are all Pagan customs, he avers.¹ Not only so, but the same abuses had crept into the ceremonies held at the tombs of the martyrs; the greatest scandals had occurred at the tomb of S. Cyprian († 258), on whose feast-day singing and dancing were kept up the whole night. Augustine's is the spirit of a reformer and not of an historian; and so we find the traditionalists supported the custom by quoting against him the saying of the Lord (*Matth.* xi. 17 = *Lk.* vii. 27): "We have piped unto you and ye have not danced," which most of the reforming fathers are at great pains to interpret in a more spiritual sense. Thus Augustine avers that "the piper is the teacher; the dancer he who carries out what is taught"; that Cyprian heard Christ "piping, and let himself be seen as dancing not with his body, but with his mind."²

Chrysostom (c. 347—407) chiefly inveighs against disorderly dancing and singing at marriages; marriage is a sacred mystery, he says, the type of a still greater mystery of supreme love, as Paul declares (*Ephes.* v. 32): "The mystery is great: but I speak in regard of Christ and the Church."³ There was, however a holy dance and song. In the church at Antioch, he tells us, there was a sacred all-night festival, a *chorostasía*, in imitation of the angelic dance and ceaseless hymnody of the Creator. "Above, the angelic hosts sing hymns of praise; below, in the churches, men in-choired faithfully mimic them with the very same praise-service. Above, the Seraphim chant forth the hymn Trisagion; below, the mortal crowd re-echo it above. Of those in heaven

¹ *Ser.* cclxv. 4; *M.* v. 2239.

² *Serm.* cccxi. vi. 6 (iii. 'In Nat. Cyp. Mart.');

³ *Cap.* iv. *Hom.* xii. ('In Ep. ad Coloss.');

and those upon the earth a unison is made,—one general assembly, one single service of thanksgiving, one single transport of rejoicing, one joyous dance.”¹ But there was much excess and abuses of a revivalistic nature; even at the holy eucharist the faithful still gesticulated with their hands, danced with their feet, flung the whole body about, and spoke with tongues (glossolaly), so that Chrysostom upbraids them with introducing the manners of mimes and dancers at the holy table itself.² This must have been the custom of the church of Antioch from the very beginning, the tradition being kept up unbroken in the face of Paul’s admonitions; Chrysostom was apparently the first to endeavour to reform it. There evidently was much heart-burning over the question, for the traditionalists quoted against the reformers, *Ps.* lxx. 1 (“Send forth cries of joy to the Lord, all the earth!”), where the first word of the LXX. translation is *alaláxate*, and was evidently used by the traditionalists (through the word-play *á-lalos*) to support their *glosso-lalía*. Chrysostom replies that he does not prohibit sensible words and decent gestures, but meaningless cries and unseemly motions;³ while elsewhere at great length he explains that it was David who first established the chanting of psalms with music, dancing and singing.⁴ He points to the church-pictures which represent David “surrounded with his *chori* of prophets, who in manifold modes and figures represent the passion and resurrection of the Saviour’s humanity. . . . These are the *chori* of the prophets led by David, with divers instruments sing-

¹ *In illud, vidi Dom.* Hom. i. 1; M. vi. 1. 97; for *chorostasia* as a service of dance, cp. Basil, i. 76 c. (B. ed.).

² *Ib.* 2; M. 99. ³ *Ib.* 3; M. 101.

⁴ *Proem. in Pss.*; M. v. 532 f.; it is, however, somewhat doubtful whether C. wrote this interesting treatise.

ing and playing and dancing to the glory of God, the cl. psalms inspired by the Holy Spirit." Addressing the churches of Antioch, in another treatise, Chrysostom contrasts their mode of keeping the New Year's spiritual festival with what he calls the Pagan feast of Satan; they, the Christians, he says, had spent the best part of the day "drunk with a drunkenness replete with continence, dancing with Paul."¹ They had danced spiritual dances in decent order, had shared in the cup overflowing with spiritual doctrine, and made themselves pipes and harps for the Holy Spirit to play on.² This can hardly be simple rhetoric, seeing how he elsewhere upbraids the Christians for excess in these matters, but rather points to an attempt to regulate what had become disorderly; and so, in yet another attack on Pagan dancing, Chrysostom says that God has not given us feet for such dancing, "but that we may dance with the angels."³

Equally so the reformer Ambrose (bishop, 374—397) warns his flock at Milan against adopting the general interpretation of the saying "We have piped unto you"; the saying is common, but not so the mystery. The dancing desired of the Lord is the dance of David before the Ark. Dancing should not be the companion of 'delight' but of 'grace.'⁴ Again, Gregory of Nyssa (c. 325—395) has precisely the same interpretation of this saying, and the same reference to David; dancing signifies "intense joy," and David "by the rhythmic motions of his body thus showed in public his inner

¹ A number of sayings of Paul as to 'running,' etc., were used by the traditionalists in support of liturgical dancing; cp. Böhme, *op. cit.* p. 15.

² *Hcmm. in Lazar.* i.; M. i. 963. ³ *In Matth.* Hom. xlviii. 3; M. vii. 494.

⁴ *De Pœnit.* ii. 6; M. 508; cp. p. 66 below concerning 'Grace' in the 'Hymn of Jesus.'

state of soul.”¹ So also Gregory of Nazianzus tells us that the dance is a mystery; the dance of David before the ark, he thinks, typifies the dancing of “that swift course of revolution manifold ordained by God.”² And lastly Basil, of the reformers, bids a fallen virgin remember the “angelic dance round God, the spiritual life in the flesh, and the celestial constitution on earth”;³ he also refers to the saying “We have piped unto you,” and tells us that every sacred prophet is symbolically called a ‘pipe,’ because of the inspiration of the Holy Spirit; the words of the prophets “induce in us the rhythmic working of holy prophecy, which is called dancing.”⁴

Such are the indications of what we may call the reform-movement of the fathers of the fourth century. Turning now to the third century, we find Gregory Thaumaturgus (c. 233—270) declaring on the Feast of the Annunciation: “To-day Adam is renewed and dances with the angels, soaring to heaven”; and again: “The Kingdom above hastens to call the heavenly minded to join the divine liturgy of the incorporeal choirs”—where the *chori* must refer to dancing. For he speaks of Eve, the first virgin, dancing alone in Paradise before the *logos* of the Serpent, the Origin of evil, entered into her; and of the babe leaping in the womb of Elizabeth (*Lk.* i. 40, 41) as a symbol of the wonder of the dance.⁵ He further puts in the mouth of John the Baptist the following address to the Jordan: “Dance with me Jordan river, and leap with me, and set thy waves in rhythm; for thy Maker has come to thee in body. Once didst thou behold Israel

¹ *In Eccles.* Hom. vi. 4; M. i. 709 c. ² *Or.* v. ('C. Jul.' ii.); M. i. 309 f.

³ *Ep.* xlv. 2; M. iv. 372. ⁴ Hom. in Ps. xxix.; M. i. 321.

⁵ Hom. i. ('In Ann. S. V. M.'), M. x. 1145, 48 A, D, and ii., M. 1165 A.

passing through thee, and thou didst divide thy waves and didst stand waiting till the people passed."¹ In the same century, Origen (c. 185—? 254), in his criticism of Celsus, says that the Christians sing hymns to God and His Alone-begotten as do "sun and moon and planets," and the whole heavenly host. This divine *chorós* sings praise together with the righteous on earth;² the *chorostátēs* of the Christians is Christ, "who sways his whole world with the word of his teaching."³ That this *chorós* refers to dancing as well as singing is clear from his second reference to the "sun and moon and choir of stars";⁴ while elsewhere Origen prays above all things that we may have made active in us that sublime power—namely, the mystery "of the stars dancing in heaven for the salvation of the universe."⁵ Moreover, Origen interprets the dancing of the daughter of Herodias allegorically, as the dance of that evil opinion which dances with the world of generation and pleases its ruler (Herod), and so kills the prophetic life, that holy dance referred to in the saying: "We have piped unto you."⁶

The same language is also used by Clement of Alexandria (c. 155—? 211), Origen's teacher, when he writes: "For that which is still blind and dumb, that is without understanding and the fearless piercing vision of the soul that joys in contemplation, that vision which the Saviour alone imparts,—just as those who have not yet been initiated in the mysteries or

¹ Hom. iv. ('De Christi Bapt.'): M. x. 1134 c; cp. the dance of the Theraputs in memory of the passage of the Red Sea, below p. 63.

² *C. Cels.* viii. 67 (Koetschau, ii. 283). ³ *Ib.* v. 33 (K. ii. 36).

⁴ *In Mart.* xii. (K. i. 13). ⁵ *De Prec.* vii. 5 (K. ii. 816).

⁶ *Com. in Matth.* x. 22; M. iii. 893 B.

have no taste for dance and song,—so that which is not purged as yet, nor worthy of pure truth, but is still dissonant, unrhythmical and material, must still stand out from the divine *chorós*.”¹ This “spiritual and holy *chorós* is the Church symbolised as [the Holy] Body.”²

Finally, I am persuaded by the cumulative evidence of the above patristic passages, that what von Renesse calls “the most obscure passage” of that early (? second century) document *The Didachè* in all probability refers to the ‘dancing’ of the prophets, that order which ranked so high in early Christian circles but which was subsequently suppressed as individual inspiration and liberty declined. It runs as follows :

“Every prophet once approved as genuine, if he act according to *the cosmic mystery of the Church*, and refrain from teaching [others] to do what he does, shall not be judged by you; for he has God as judge. For in like fashion also the ancient prophets acted.”³

But the most important evidence in favour of sacred dancing as a traditional institution in the early church, is that of Eusebius (c. 260 — ? 339); for the father of church-history squarely affirms that Philo’s description of the Therapeuts agrees in all points with Christian customs, so much so that he claims the Therapeuts as the earliest Christian church in Egypt. If the received date of Jesus is approximately correct, this is of course historically impossible, for Philo’s treatise *On the Contemplative Life* was written about 26 A.D.; the true historical importance, however, and too much stress cannot be laid upon it, is that what

¹ *Strom.* V. iv. 19 (Dind. iii. 17). ² *Ib.* VII. xiv. 87 (D. iii. 328).

³ *Did.* xi. 11 (Harnack, pp. 44f.).

Eusebius knew at first hand and by tradition of the customs of the Church, agreed in all respects with Therapeut institutions. For we find him asserting that, in Philo's description, "are most manifestly (*evidentissime*) embraced all the institutions of the Church, both as then traditionally established and also preserved to the present day";¹ Philo, he tells us, moreover enumerates "many other things [besides their manner of using scripture] which are practised by us either in our churches or in our monasteries" (§14), so that there can be no doubt on the matter even among the most sceptical (§ 17); even the solemnity of the great all-night festival is precisely the same as that of the Church (§ 21); in fine, Philo has woven into his description the beginnings of Church institutions and the original form of the apostolic and evangelical tradition (§ 23).

But if Eusebius, who was on the spot, and who had first-hand knowledge of the rites, ceremonies, customs and traditions of many of the churches and monastic foundations, could see no difference, it is hardly competent for us at this late hour to say he was utterly mistaken, solely to clear the field for what are no better than 'preposterous' theories of Early Church history dictated by present-day theological exigencies. Eusebius is clearly wrong in calling the Therapeuts Christians, but not wrong in his knowledge of still living Church-customs and traditions of his day. Now, as we have seen, the first historian of the Church refers especially to the custom of the all-night festival, and tells us that the observances of the Therapeuts on this occasion and of the Church as known in his own day and as tradition had handed them down, were identical.

¹ *Ecc. Hist.* II. xvii. 1 (Schwartz, II. i. 140 ff.).

In making this statement Eusebius had the following passage¹ of Philo before him :

“After the banquet they keep the sacred all-night festival. And this is how they keep it. They all stand up in a body, and in the middle of the banqueting-place they first form two *choroí*, one of men and the other of women, and a leader and conductor is chosen for each, the one whose reputation is greatest for a knowledge of music; they then chant hymns composed in God’s honour in many metres and melodies, sometimes singing together, sometimes one *chorós* beating the measure with their hands for the antiphonal chanting of the other, now dancing to the measure and now inspiring it, at times dancing in procession, at times set-dances, and then circle-dances right and left.”²

Philo, ever ready to authenticate a custom by a scriptural quotation, says that this festal dance was a memorial of the spontaneous dance of triumph of the Israelites after the miraculous passage through the Red Sea, “when both men and women together rapt in divine ecstasy, forming one *chorós*, sang hymns of joyful thanks to God the Saviour, Moses the prophet leading the men, and Miriam the prophetess the women.”³

I am myself convinced that for the history of the introduction of the tradition of the sacred dance, as of so much else, into early Christian customs and

¹ *D. V. C.* xi. ; P. 902, M. 484; Conybeare (Oxford, 1895), pp. 127 ff. It is to be noted that it was Conybeare’s magnificent critical edition of this treatise which gave the death-blow to the Grätz-Nicolas-Lucius Pseudo-Philo theory.

² These are all technical terms for the dances of the dramatic chorus.

³ Conybeare, in his convincing *testimonia*, quotes many passages from the rest of the Philonean tractates, which prove unquestionably that the contemplative circles with which our religio-philosopher was in contact, were thoroughly imbued with the idea of a sacred dance. It is to be noted further that for Philo (*V.M.* 2, 172) Moses stood for the ‘perfect mind’ and Miriam for the ‘purified sense.’

theology, the writings of Philo are a priceless source, and that all attempts to treat of the origins of Christianity which ignore the tractates of this great Alexandrian Jewish exegete and historian, are doomed to failure. If the received date of the origins of Christianity is right, Eusebius, the first church-historian, was thus very wrong in claiming the Therapeuts as the first Christian church of Alexandria, but he was not wrong in finding in the Therapeut community of Philo a prototype of many a custom of the Church; while as to the sacred dance itself Eusebius' own language abounds with references to it.¹

We have now sufficiently disposed of the objection that the Early Church used such phraseology in a purely figurative and metaphorical sense. The Early Church was taught as much by 'prophetical' practice and by ceremony, as by exhortation, philosophising and moralising. The direct evidence of such ceremony is now almost entirely lost, but kind fortune has quite recently placed in our hands a priceless fragment of the early archives in the so-called 'Hymn of Jesus,' incorporated with the Leucian (second century) collection of the *Acts of John*.²

In his letter to the Spanish Bishop Ceretius, Augustine, who so relentlessly persecuted the Priscillianists and destroyed their scriptures, says that this 'Hymn' was widely used by many of the heretical schools, besides the followers of Priscillian, that is to

¹ See the index in Heikel's ed. (Berlin, 1902), under *choreia*, *chorciō* and *chorós*. Sometimes the use is metaphorical signifying a band, company or assembly, but there are frequent references to the dance of the stars, while in *V.C.* II. xix. (H. 49, 3) we are told that "dances and hymns taught them of God the sovereign supreme."

² For an introduction, commentary and notes, see the writer's *Hymn of Jesus (Echoes from the Gnosis)*, vol. iv., London, 1907, and for the text, Bonnet (M.), *Acta Apost. Apoc.* (Leipzig, 1898), II. ii. 197 f. (§§ 94-97). The text is very corrupt.

say by those who did not come up to Augustine's standard of orthodoxy. I have carefully analysed this marvellous 'Hymn,' and have shown that it is no hymn, but an ancient mystery-ritual of Early Christendom, indeed by far the earliest Christian ritual with which we are acquainted. It is nothing else but the sacred dance of the *unio mystica*, wherein the new-born disciple is united with the Master, the repentant and purified human nature with the Divine Presence, in the mystery of spiritual at-one-ment. The introductory narrative in the *Acta*, is put in the mouth of John, who tells us that Jesus gathered the band of disciples together before going forth to His betrayal, and sang this last hymn with them.

"Then bidding us make as it were a ring, by holding each other's hands, with Him in the midst, He said: Answer 'Amen' to Me. Then He began to hymn a hymn."

This is of course historically a pious subterfuge to authenticate for the people the inner mystery of the spiritually elect. Throughout the whole ceremony the *chorós* of the twelve slowly circle round in the sacred dance, thus cutting off the sacred place, the holy ground, from the turmoil of the world; within this mystic circle the holy office proceeds; at each declaration and each response (amœbæan and antiphonal) of the *neophytēs*, or new-born (personifying the Sophia), and of the *hierophantēs* or initiator (representing the Christ), within the circle, the *chorós* of the twelve intones the sacred word 'Amen.'

After the preliminary test-declarations, to show that the candidate is fitly prepared, and the comforting answers of the Saviour, the mystery passes into a deeper stage, and takes on an intenser mode, for in the

rubric we now read that "Grace danceth." 'Grace,' we learn from the liturgy is the Ogdoad,—the technical Gnostic term for the Sophia or Wisdom Above, the Virgin of Light, Pure Nature; she therefore personifies the Music of the Spheres, the One and the Seven.

Whereon the Master sings: "I would pipe; dance ye all. (Amen!) I would play a dirge; lament ye all. (Amen!)."¹

The 'cosmic mystery' begins to inspire the human dancers and singers.

"The Ogdoad harps with us as one harp. (Amen!) The Dodecad above doth dance [with us]. (Amen!) The Whole on high is a-dance. Who danceth not knows not what is being done. (Amen!)"

There follows a second set of mystic antiphonal declarations of the Sophia and the Christ. So far the candidate has stood motionless, but now he is bidden to answer to the dancing of the representative of the Master, the Logos, the Leader of the Divine Chorus.

"Now answer to My dancing. See thyself in Me who speak, and dancing what I do, keep silence on My mysteries; for thine is the Passion of Man that I am to suffer."

Then follows the mystery-dance of this Passion, the earliest Passion-play of Christendom. The neophyte is overwhelmed with the seeming horror of it, the setting at naught, apparently, of the sacred person of the Man of Sorrows; he loses courage, and is assured he cannot understand the real joy of it until he is finally perfected.

"If thou hadst known how to suffer, thou wouldst

¹ Cp. *Matth.* xi. 17=*Lk.* vii. 27. How this 'dark saying' haunted the memory of the Church we have already seen; surely it must have been the echo of an ancient sacred *drömenon* or mystery-act?

have had power not to suffer. Be content to suffer, and thou shalt not have to suffer. That which thou knowest not, I myself will teach thee. I am thy God."

Thereon follows the final prayer of the candidate: "I would be brought into time and tune with holy souls"; and then the final revelation of the mystery: "'Twas I, the Word (*Lógos*), who did sport in all [the dancings], and was not made sport of at all. Thou shouldst so understand, and understanding say: Glory to Thee, Father! (Amen!)."

Surely we cannot doubt that here we have the final link with the true prototype of our carol; the chain hangs from the height. Both choral hymn and carol sing of the heart's "true love," and of the sacrament of the sacred union of the perfected human life with the Divine Mind.

In this paper I have confined myself solely to the ground of Christian tradition; but as the mystery is truly 'cosmic' it has many forms and modes among men, and may be traced in the inner rites of many faiths, both primitive and highly developed; but that would require a volume even for a summary.

G. R. S. MEAD.

HAFIZ: A NOTE.

OTTO ROTHFELD, B.A., I.C.S.

IN the artistic world the mode is still all for the beginnings of things and the stiff conventionalities of primitive expression. The gladness of healthy youth and the loveliness of maturity are hushed and obscured for the prattle of children and the ugly artifice of the unskilled. By an inept confusion of the relations of thought to varying material, beauty has been subordinated to ethics; and the work of art judged not by its harmony of form but by its attitude to life, by its 'sincerity,' as the current jargon runs. And perhaps the easiest test of sincerity is crudity of form.

But not of such company are the odes of Hafiz. Not merely does he end an epoch of perfected art, but in himself he resumes it, gives it final expression, as it were, once for all, to send its voice down the ages in clear melody through his lips. Others had laboured; and the harvest was reaped, full and golden, by his hands. Others had planted and watered and pruned; but they are his fingers that pluck for all time the supreme nosegay from that garden of wonderful hyacinths. In the Persian phrase, he was the seal on the ring of the age. Not in vain did the blood-stained flood of the Mongols sweep over Irān; for Hafiz had had time finally to express the devastated civilisation of five glorious centuries, and for the future were predestined other thoughts and different modes of effort.

For five centuries the completest utterance of the life of beauty had been heard in the Moslem world.

Colour and form and luxury, thought that transcends matter and the appearances of matter, life that perceives much and conceives all things, such had been the appanage of Islām. In her girdle were the keys of all the world; and in her coffers the heritage of East and West. Judæa and Chaldæa, and the fabled wealth of Syria, the pure contours of Greece and the prolific splendour of Rome, the renunciation of the Christian and the opulence of the Byzantine Emperor, all had passed to the civilisations of the Nile and the Euphrates. While Europe was riven by barbarian hordes, and savage barons and crueller priests struggled for subsistence or plunder, dreadfully clawing at each others' throats, the universities of Islām and the palaces of her kings gave a home to Art and to Philosophy. For not only East is East but the West also draws ever again her inspiration from the East, or seeks a refuge for her best in the older Eastern world. So once again in Islām had the East preserved idealism and kept burning the lamp of the Spirit.

But in each age, it would seem, is one art that, more fully than any other, in itself incarnates the national or temporal idea of beauty, expresses, one might say, more nearly to completion the idea of the age concerning the perfect relation of human thought and sensuous perception. To the Greek preëminent was the shaping in marble or bronze of the ideal forms of man and woman, noble and free from care and perfect in harmony of faculty and excellent performance of function. And the art of the statuary displayed in a form final in the creation of beauty, the idea that Greece had conceived of the perfect relation of the human spirit to the material circumstance of life; and the gods that the sculptor shaped still live with the

thought of Greece. In the riot and joyous rout of the Italian Renaissance, it was in colour and the splendour of rich hues cast in exuberant fancy on the canvas that the spirit of human activity found its expression; and the fine humanity of Raphael and the vivid splendour of Titian and the opulence of Paul of Verona are the worthiest freight of their adventures. So for Islām the supreme utterance of art was the design of the master-builder; and the Mohammedan world produced palaces and houses of adoration beside which the Doric temple is cold and lifeless and the Ionic capital a soul-less elegance. The courtyard, with its decorative wall, the pillared fane, the dome airy or grandiose, the soaring minarets, the involved arches of the door, were all harmonised in a convention, symmetric but not hampering, spiritual and yet human, satisfying to man and yet filled with the divine. The arch expanded its meaning and became more eloquent, more fanciful; the shapes of the prism and the stalactite enriched porches and were trained to support edifices; stone windows were carved to wonderful patterns, wherein the hexagon and the octagon met the dentated leaves of mysterious plants; the arabesque sprang forth in accomplished grace and freedom. And architecture achieved this excellence, not only because it was the typical expression of beauty to Islām, but still more because it had the wisdom to choose a perfectly appropriate convention. It was all stylistic, but the style was the unifying form carefully selected by the architectural thought. Radiant in colour, supreme in harmony, it achieved decorative value and imaginative worth in a beautiful formula.

Akin to this architecture—so graceful and so free, yet so strictly regulated—are the odes of Hafiz. Before

he wrote, Persia had already appropriated all the art-life of Islām, and had enriched the sterner utterance of the Arab with a freer fancy and a richer colour. It had adorned its mosques with enamelled tiles wherein the green of ocean caves rivalled the deepest blue of lapis lazuli. Wood-panelling with wood-carving was at its height in the XIIIth century and, inlaid in the carven wood, ivory cubes traced the patterns of foliage and the figures of the sacred alphabet. The steppes of Asia had been ransacked for the richest tapestry wherein fine stitches drew white patterns of beauty upon jasper silks. In Meshed or Ardabil, nomad tribes of Kurds or Turks wove wool or silk into wonderful rugs and carpets, of which the soft dyes blend quietly into rich decorative patterns. Painting had reached its first epoch of bloom, under the influence of Chinese painters brought by conquering Mongols through Samarkand and Bokhara to their southern province. Still a little rough and dashing, large in conception and bold in execution, it was already mixed with the spirit of the Arab illuminators, noble and almost hieratic in style. And to this age Hafiz brought the supreme gift of poetic expression. And the expression that he brought was also necessarily stylistic, elegantly formal, with a thoroughly mastered technique and an easy facility of form, but rich in colour, warm with appropriate emotion, laden with the burden of past thought, a little fatigued perhaps at times, at least a little disappointed that achievement had borne so little fruit. It is the poetry, not of the past, for the time was still pleasant and the jasmine bushes were still sweet in the garden; not of the future, for the ivory doors of all hidden chambers had been opened and there was no sleeping secret left to be

sought, and hope had been killed in fulfilment ; but of the present only is it the voice with all its disappointments and its regretful glance back upon past illusions, and with it all some pride in the bitterness of limitations, now achieved and finally proclaimed. In the decorative richness of the odes, with their careful grace and formal elegance, are encasketed the lessons of past effort and the failure of past hopes, and the pleasures of sweet joys and the pleasures of forbidden fruitions. And it is all perfect because, with no restrictions save of a mastered form, the poet expresses thoroughly and completely the temperament that he had been given, and the thought to which, somewhat wearily, he had grown. As a man he was of his age ; as an artist, like all great artists, he was above it and beyond, caring not for kings or priests or people, but for himself only and the words in which he was to realise his fullest self.

When Hafiz wrote, Arabic philosophy had already retired, flagging, from the battle of the Schools. Rationalism had had its day and scepticism had come and gone, and the controversy of the Nominalists and Realists had been ended in discomfiture. But in 986 the *Risala* of Al-Qushairi had sought knowledge above the understanding in the Universal Thought ; and the Ṣūfīs had arisen to look for light in the emotions of humanity or living love. Christian ideals they assimilated and the speculations of the Gnostics and the contemplation of the Hindu *yogīs*. Not intellect, they taught, was enough nor conduct ; rather was it for man to attain a state of grace, an ecstasy of selfless desire, in which love should comprehend all things and with them attain unity and the happiness of absorption. Mirrored by its very nature in the universe,

Beauty alone was real and eternal; and only in love was Beauty active and visible. Self-realisation, this teaching showed, was not in the transformation of will and the conformity of conduct to external commandment; rather was it to be sought in the attainment of Beauty, in the perfect harmonising of the whole mind through love with the Universal Thought that inhered in all things. This at least it taught, and taught thoroughly, that the important thing in a man was not what he had nor what he did, but rather what he thought and above all what he felt. Good or bad, conformer or rebel against the world's law, if he had but sympathy with all things, if above all he felt the divinity of the beautiful universe within him, loved only Beauty, sought only to be one with the form of Beauty, and to express himself within its terms, all was yet well with him.

"All mankind," says Hafiz in the celebrated ode '*Aib-i-rindān makun*,' "all mankind seeks the Beloved, whether through sobriety or madness; and every place is the house of Love, whether it be mosque or church. For me, I lay my head in resignation at the tavern-door; but if the bigot fail to understand, tell him the syllogism of the stick and broken head. Seek not to make me despair of Judgment Day. How canst thou tell me what, behind Life's curtain, is counted evil or good? Rely not so much on good works, respectable gentleman. Who shall tell what the pen of creation has inscribed beside thy name?"

Or again, of the contrast between understanding and right feeling, he writes thus in the ode that begins '*Darīn zamāna*.'

"For lack of good works not I alone am blamed; the professors of learning also are censured for know-

ledge without works. Look with the eye of understanding upon this obscure riot of life; the world and its activities are all without substance or identity. Yet was my heart filled with a boundless hope of absorption in Thy countenance, though I knew that on the path of commandment lurks fate, the robber of hope. Whose fate is black by eternal decree, his face cannot be made white by any scouring or scrubbing—this is the moral of life. Seize then the locks of the Beloved, resplendent like the glory of the moon; and leave good or bad fortune to the stars' consideration. Every edifice around thee is doomed to destruction, save only the house of Love. That indeed is unmixed with doom."

To serve the Universal Will, to be absorbed in it and by it, to live only for a fuller utterance of the ultimate Unity through whatever temperament has been granted, this is all that can be required. And yet it is much that is required. For it involves heedlessness of censure and praise, the shirt of good repute torn open to the storm, self-abandonment and self-oblivion, the world well lost for the sake of constant love, incessant yearning. "Where Thou art," he somewhere says, "there is no I beside Thee; only Thou really art, only Thou." And for all who thus can love, for all that truly realise their temperament, whatever it be, fearful only of limitation, shy only of the prescriptions of this world, for all such is forgiveness of sins and unity with the Divine. "Bring me the forbidden wine," he cries, "for yesterday a voice from the hidden world gave me the divine message that the grace of His forgiveness is general."

But hard upon enthusiasm had followed despair, and doubt had supplanted love and the ecstasies of the

mystics. Disillusion had fallen upon the age, and the XIIth century, fatigued, had strayed into agnosticism. Here again, in the art of Hafiz, is resumed the thought that had passed and the thought that was still living. Mysticism, we often feel, is perhaps not so very near to him after all, is at most rather the beautiful language of a recurring mood, not a blazing fire of passionate faith. Almost it has become an artistic convention, true because perfectly phrased, beautiful because expressive of one phase of temperament, yet viewed by the writer critically for artistic selection. The savour of present faith is gone. Doubt of all things, resignation to a blind contrivance, that is a mood more fully vibrant.

"The caravan has marched," he says, "and thou art still asleep with the wilderness before thee. Where shalt thou go? Whence canst thou ask the way? What shalt thou do? How wilt thou feel?" And these are questions to which the poet has no answer—except only the anodyne of wine and perfumes, in that wonderful garden where the roses bloom and the violet humbly nestles in the grass, and the love-sick bulbul pours out its heart in a thousand warbled lays. Fortune is rebellious—'*sarkash*'—twisting the head like a restive horse, impatient of curb-chain and bit. Therefore, "for the day or two days that remain count the rose as the spoil of war. If a lover thou must be, rejoice in the candour of the cup-bearer." And again, he says: "My years have passed without fruit in vain yearnings. Give me, boy, the cup of wine, lest thou too shouldst be doomed to eld."

'Pluck the fruit of the day'—the old teaching of Horace, the teaching of the Alexandrians—ultimately that becomes the dominating note in Hafiz. Love is

best, but all is uncertain, all except only sense and the pleasures of sense. It is in the mood of the false Anacreon that the poetry of Hafiz is at its highest, and it attains this height of imagery and this wealth of colour perhaps from the fact, that the Divine and the very human are so close, so difficult to disentangle. In the moment of sensuous pleasure is some hint of the Divine; and the aspirations of the soul are clothed in rich raiment and perfumed with nard and laden with jewelled imagery by the touch of earthly love and the kinship of earthly passion. Anacreon has never been more swift, more vivid; yet the art is as much nobler and richer than Anacreon's as the full moon hung over a tropic sea exceeds in radiance the crescent of a western sky. Passion and fire and swiftness, all these are in the wonderful ode, '*Āmad nāgahān dildāram imshab.*'

"Praise to the Lord! what wealth I have this night. But now my mistress came to spend with me this night. I fell in adoration when I saw her lovely face. The Lord be thanked! my actions are all piety this night. . . . O thou, that art to me dispenser of all favours, from thee I claim the alms of beauty. And my claim is justified this night."

No less spirited is the ode '*Rūza yaksū shud.*'

"The fast-days are over; the feast-days are come. All hearts are uplifted; at the tavern the wine is in a ferment and must be ordered. The day of sour-faced puritans and pious impostors is past; the hour has struck for mirth and lewd jollity. Who shall blame those that, like ourselves, drink wine? That is no fault, no sin in a rollicking lover."

Yes; 'careless of to-morrow, eat fully of to-day,' ultimately this is the *credo* of Hafiz. But the to-day

that he pictures is made wonderful with a hundred mystic hues in the close-knit elegance of his verse. Odes they are not in the shade of meaning that we usually throw upon the name. Nothing there is in them that is wild or formless or irregular, nothing of liberated rhythm and broken pulsation. Symmetric like an architect's plan, they bear their double or their treble rhymes gracefully on a pliant but recurrent measure, which, like the acanthus motive on a pilaster, curves delicately through the long lines. Rather they remind one of the stanzas of old Provence, of the ballade perchance, or of the Italian sonnet. Odes if they are, they resemble the odes of Horace, with the added assonance of full-flavoured rhymes. But they are the vehicle of a fancy which is always smooth and graceful, though it fly to the farthest constellations or probe the mysteries of the soul and the secrets of the Sacred Traditions. The recurrent theme is of wine and garlands of sweet flowers and the love of slender youthful figures, moving lithely through the dim circle of carousers, but the treatment is varied by a thousand tropes of speech and the reflections of a learned, even a metaphysical, intellect. And as we leave the book of Hafiz, finest flower of that rose-grown Shīrāz that he loved so well—"Welcome Shīrāz," he cries, "and thy unequalled fashion; preserve it, God, for ever from all ill"—we take with us, let us hope, something of the joy of life, something of fine emotion, something of ripe resignation to fate and of yearning for sympathy with the all-absorbing Universe. And from the book, as it is laid down, rise the vague perfumes of the burning censer and some faint echo of the bulbul's song, and of tender voices singing, gently, of love amongst roses in an old-world garden.

OTTO ROTHFELD.

THE FISHING OF MEN IN EARLY CHRISTIAN LITERATURE.

ROBERT EISLER, PH.D.

BEHOLD, I will send for many fishers, and they shall fish them.

Jeremiah, 16:6.

THE student who scans for the first time Monsignore Wilpert's collection of Christian paintings in the Roman catacombs, will certainly be perplexed to see that no representation of the apostolic *fishermen with their nets* (as described in *Mk. 1:6, 18* = *Matt. 4:18, 20, 21, Lk. 5:2, 5, 6*, and *Jn. 21:6, 8, 11*; cp. *Ev. Pet. 14, 60*), is to be found throughout the whole volume. On the contrary, all the three extant images of the mystic fisher, both the one in the 'Flavian' gallery, which must be about contemporary with the Synoptic authors, and the two in S. Callisto, which are posterior even to the fourth gospel (cp. *Q. i. 639*), show him *angling*, according to the unique passage in *Matt. 17:27*, where Jesus says unto Peter: "Go thou to the sea and cast an hook¹ and take up the fish that first comes up." This is all the more astonishing, because the connection of the fisher-glyph with a eucharistic meal of *seven* disciples² in S. Callisto seems to presuppose vv. 2 and 12f.

¹ Even in this case it is not impossible that the Eastern Church once read a text with the words: "*bale amphiblēstron*" (cast a *net*) instead of "*bale ankistrōn*." See the comment in Ephraem, p. 161: "So when Simon . . . took his *net* and went to cast it into the sea," etc.

² We must not lay too much stress on this detail, for in other representations also of the eucharistic meal, which are characterised as illustrations of the pericopē or section on the feeding of the multitude, the partakers

of *Jn.* 21, that is a pericopē, where the greatest emphasis is laid upon the unbreakable *net* of the Church (v. 11).

To assume that the angler-type of the Catacombs was fixed under the prevalent influence of the legend about the '*statēr*' in the fish's mouth, which is mentioned also in the earliest funeral orations (*Const. Apost.* 57) would not be absolutely impossible. For, according to a characteristic detail in this parable, which will be pointed out below,¹ the 'penny'-story must have been composed some time during the reign of Domitian (81-96 A.D.), a date which could easily be brought into accord with that of the painting in the Domitilla catacomb (cp. *Q. i.* 646). Yet it is hardly credible that a passage which uses the symbolism of the fish and the fisher only occasionally and as an already fixed and well-known figure of esoteric speech,¹ should have so completely obliterated from the memory of the Christian artists the picturesque details of the much more important pericopē of the 'calling' in *Mk.* 1:17 = *Matt.* 4:18, if this story had already been written down in its present form, when the iconographic type of the Christian fisher was first created. On the contrary, if we assume that the custom of decorating Christian graves with the image of the mystic fisher was adopted already in the period when the new community did not yet possess anything more than a tradition—whether oral or written is of slight importance—about the mere 'sayings' of Jesus, we

are seven in number. S. Augustine (Migne P.L. 35:1966) explains the number seven on this occasion as a figure for the universal Church ("*nostra universitas*"), and this corresponds indeed to a very ancient oriental use of the number seven as an expression for a totality, which occurs in cuneiform inscriptions (cp. Hehn, *Siebenzahl u. Sabbat*, Leipzig, 1907, pp. 5ff.). Accordingly the 'seven' of these pictures and in *Jn.* 21 are nothing else than a variant of the more frequently occurring 'twelve' disciples.

¹ Cp. below, pp. 92f.

can easily suppose that the angler-glyph of early Christian art is due to the influence of the same *prophetic passages in the Old Testament* which gave birth both to the allegories about the net-fishing in the four above-quoted texts and to the unique mention of the mystic hook in *Matt. 17:27*—passages which have been unduly neglected until now both by the expositors of the Gospel and by the archæology of Christian origins, although they alone contain the characteristic metaphor of the angler and his fish-hook side by side with the parallel idea of the fisher's draw-net.

Three different prophecies are to be dealt with for our present purpose, since the later Jews, or perhaps the disciples and followers of Jesus exclusively, appear to have interpreted all three of them as describing a single important event of the Messianic age:

The first prophecy is *Amos 4:2*:

The Lord Jahvè has sworn by his holiness, that, lo, the days will come upon you, *when you will be taken away with hooks and your posterity with fish-hooks.*

The second, *Habakkuk 1:14ff.*:

. . . And thou wilt *make¹ men like the fishes of the sea.*
 . . . All of them he takes up with the hook, and catches them in his net, and gathers them in his drag [*LXX. sagênê*, the same word as in *Matt. 13:47*!] . . . Therefore he sacrifices unto his net and burns incense unto his drag; because by it . . . his meal is plenteous, etc.

The third, a *later* but for our purposes most important, *addition²* to the text of *Jeremiah* (16¹⁴⁻²¹):

¹ I translate the verbs in the future as they stand in the Greek version.

² Up to v. 13, that is in the genuine text of J., the people of Israel is addressed directly ("I will cast you out of this land," etc.). It is, therefore, impossible to connect (with some critics) 13 and 16; 14f. is not copied from, but earlier than 23f. (cp. Nathanael Schmidt, *Enc. Bibl.* 2385); the psalm-like vv. 18ff. have no more connection with the original text of Jeremiah than the insertion 14-17; they may be the work of the same interpolator or of another scribe, who bethought himself of *Isaiah* 14:1. See below, p. 83; v. 21 is not a separate last gloss, but 18 must be read between 20 and 21, as

(14) Behold, the days come . . . that it shall no more be said, Jahvè liveth, that brought up the children of Israel out of the land of Egypt; (15) but Jahvè liveth that brought up the children of Israel from the land of the North, and from all the lands whither he had driven them: and *I will bring them again into their land, that I gave unto their fathers.*

(16) Behold, I will *send for many fishers* saith Jahvè, and *they shall fish them*; and after will I send for many hunters, and they shall hunt them from every mountain, and from every hill, and out of the holes of the rocks. (17) For mine eyes are upon all their ways: they are not hid from my face, neither is their iniquity¹ hid from mine eyes.

(19) Jahvè, my strength and my fortress and my relief in the days of afflictions, the Gentiles shall come unto thee from the ends of the earth, and shall say, Surely our fathers have inherited lies, vanity and things wherein there is no profit. (20) Shall a man make gods unto himself? for *they* are not gods.

(18) But first I will recompense their iniquity and their sin *double*; because they have defiled *my land* [too], they have filled mine inheritance with the carcases of their detestable and abominable things. (21) Therefore, behold, I will this once cause them to know, I will cause them to know mine hand and my might, and they shall know that my name is Jahvè.

Amos, the "shepherd of Tekoa," and Habakkuk both threaten their audience with an invasion of the terrible man-hunting enslavers from the north-land, the Assyrian and Chaldæan armies. The phrase of "making men (helpless) like the fishes of the sea" is clearly dependent on a typical metaphor of the deluge-stories (cp. Q. i. 319). Just as the Assyrian kings themselves² compare an attack of their troops with an

it does not aim at Israel, but at the Gentiles, who shall be punished twice, first for their own idolatry, secondly for having brought their false gods into Jahvè's land. The whole of vv. 14-21 belongs probably to the Maccabæan period.

¹ Originally "their dwelling," יָרֵם; מְעוֹנָם, "iniquity," is a significant scribe's correction (*tikkun sofirim*). Their voluntary "dwelling" abroad is "their iniquity" in the eyes of the corrector, whose 'improvement' of the text lay already before the Greek translators (cp. N. Schmidt, *l.c.*).

² See the texts in Jastrow, *Rel. Bab. und Assy.*, i. 223₂.

'*abubu*,' or storm-flood, sent by the thunder-god Adad, so the prophet foresees that the enemy will overpower Israel like a flood sent by the wrath of Jahvè, and that the helpless victims, the fish-brood swimming about, will be caught with net, drag or hook and led into captivity.

If the passages are quoted in the abrupt and even mutilated form in which they stand above—and this is the very method of allegoric exegesis practised by Philo, by Rabbis and Church-fathers—a Messianic interpretation can be forced upon them with little difficulty. In *Habakkuk* 1:5, he that takes up men with the hook, the net and the drag, must have been understood no longer as the Chaldæan, or as Assur, as others have suggested, but as the Christ. He that sacrifices unto the net in v. 16 is now no more the Babylonian worshipper of Bêl or Ištār in the form of the net-fetish,¹ but the believer who burns incense to his net as a figure or symbol of the Logos-Christ (cp. *Q.* i. 645); the "plenteous meat" and the "fat portion" must have been referred to the abundant feeding of the new believers with the eucharist, the celebration of which we have found reproduced side by side with the mystic angler in the painting of the Callisto-catacomb (cp. *Q.* i. 639, and p. 78 above).

As to the Pseudo-Jeremian prophecy, it presupposes the widespread,² and to a great extent voluntary, dispersion of the Jewish nation in post-exilic times. The writer knows, and deplores, that many among the children of Israel, especially those who are lost in

¹ Cp. e.g. the Sumerian hymn Rawl. iv. 2 27, no. 4, transl. by Jastrow, *Rel. Bab. u. Ass.* i. 190, where Bêl is invoked as the "catching-net, which overpowers the country of the enemies"; an invocation of Ištār as the "net" will be found *ib.* i. 541.

² Cp. the evidence collected by Hermann Guthe, in Cheyne's *Ency. Bibl.* 1108.

religious indifference, swear—as most modern Jews do—by the principle, *ubi bene ibi patria*; only by force could such exiles be “brought back into the land, that Jahvè gave unto their fathers.” Accordingly this Pseudo-Jeremiah, cherishing, as he does, ideals which would be called Zionistic in modern times, expects—not unlike the unknown author of *Isaiah* 14₂—that “*the Gentiles shall take them*”—namely, the dispersed ones of Israel—“*and bring them to their place*”; he is only slightly less a zealot than the other interpolator who prophesies to the Gentiles that, in return for this good service in furtherance of the Messianic plans of Jahvè, they shall be made captives of those whose “catchers” they had been, “the servants and handmaids” of the restored Israel; for our fanatic awaits only a “double” punishment of the heathen and their subsequent conversion to Jahvè. In any case there is no doubt that he speaks of the Gentiles as the “fishers” and “hunters” sent by Jahvè against his sinful people in the same plain sense as Habakkuk and Amos, the models of his style, had done many a century before. The only difference is that the Pseudo-Jeremiah certainly aims from the first at the Messianic age, while Amos and Habakkuk describe political events of a near future; but all three use the phrase “man-fishing” simply as an image for a violent and cruel captivity inflicted on the ‘Elect’ by their Pagan enemies, though with divine permission and according to the salutary plans of Jahvè.

Now the *parable of the draw-net* in *Matt.* 13₄₇ shows clearly how this last prophecy was understood in those later times, when the history of the whole civilised world had become dependent on the wise and steady policy of Rome. No one could then reasonably

expect any longer that the "Gentiles" would be foolish enough to do anything towards bringing the "lost sheep of Israel" again into the blessed land, which they had left, on worldly grounds, for Alexandria or Antioch, for Rome or Athens; and yet, according to the prophets, a final "gathering of the Elect" (*Mk.* 13₂₇ = *Matt.* 24₃₁), that is of the "chosen people," was to precede the longed-for coming of the heavenly kingdom.¹ What, then, could be more natural than to expect it by way of an immediate manifestation of Jahvè? Could not the Lord of Hosts easily dispose of the Pagan armies by sending forth legions of angels, if the Gentiles still further delayed the foretold "fishing" of the stubborn exiles? Thus Jesus, who was indeed "a master of scripture, instructed unto the kingdom of heaven" and "who brought forth like a householder out of his treasure new and old" prophetic sayings, which could be interpreted in a Messianic sense, describes, obviously in view of *Jeremiah* 16:6, the "gathering of the Elect" at the coming of the Messiah, in the following well-known words (*Matt.* 13₄₇):

The kingdom of heaven is like unto a net, that was cast into the sea, and gathered of every kind: which, when it was full, they drew to shore, . . . and gathered the good into vessels, and cast the bad away. So shall it be at the end of the world: the angels shall come forth—[fishing righteous and wicked with the great drag, as we must supply from the first part of the parallelism]—and sever the wicked from among the just.

Nothing could be a more typically Rabbinic interpretation of the alleged prophecy—which was certainly read or quoted as '*anagnōsis*' before the audience precisely as *e.g.* the Bible-text in *Lk.* 4_{17f.}—and

¹ Cp. *e.g.* *Targ. Jonathan* to *Deut.* 30₄: "When your dispersion shall have reached the ends of the sky, the Memrā (Logos) of the Eternal shall gather you all together through Elias the great priest," etc.

there is not the slightest reason to doubt that it is an *absolutely authentic* saying of the Lord.

Now according to *Matt.* 13₂, Jesus sat in a boat, by the lake-side, when he delivered this sermon; and indeed it is easy to see how well adapted the parable of the draw-net was to the understanding of the fishing-population inhabiting the Galilean coast. Therefore the present writer considers it a very plausible hypothesis that the "calling" of *the fishermen*, in *Mk.* 1_{17ff.} = *Matt.* 4_{18f.} was originally connected in the closest way with Jesus' interpretation of *Jeremiah* 16₁₆, as it is related in *Matt.* 13_{47f.} Most modern critics are well aware that the abrupt account in *Mk.* 1_{17ff.} cannot contain the full truth; indeed the evangelist evidently exaggerates the power of the divine call by foreshortening the sermon into one single sentence, to such a degree that we feel ourselves transported far away from the historic reality into the borderland of the miraculous. But even if we are ready to believe that these fishermen left all to follow an entirely unknown man on the inducement of one single phrase, we must not forget that the short saying itself was not only unintelligible, but also decidedly misleading for the hearers, if they had not been previously made acquainted with the Messianic interpretation of this Pseudo-Jeremian prophecy. For not only throughout the whole of the rest of the Old Testament, but also in all the parallels which may be collected from other literatures of a most diverse nature,¹ the phrase of the "fishing of men" has the

¹ In Babylonian incantations not only are the evil spirits, demons, sorcerers or witches frequently accused of catching men in their nets, but also the great gods use as a terrible weapon a world-wide net, which is sometimes spiritually interpreted as their all-potent word (*Q.* i. 645). Thus, in a prayer, it is said that Bēl catches the people of Nippur instead of hunting their enemies: "Father Bēl, thou throwest the net, and that net becomes a hostile net; . . . thou stirrest up the water and catchest the fish; thou throwest the net and catchest the bird." Similarly the god Ninib, in an

bad sense of ensnaring people by cruel violence or by sly deceit; so that a man invited without further preliminaries to "become a fisher of men" would much more readily think that he was expected to enroll in a gang of robbers, man-hunters or slave-traders, than that he was summoned to take an active part in the prophetically foretold gathering of the 'Elect' from the four corners of the world for the Messianic judgment. If, therefore, it is absolutely necessary that an explanatory sermon on that particular prophetic passage must have preceded those last decisive words of the Lord which won him the four Galilean fishermen as his first followers, the easiest course is to suppose that the special tradition embodied in *Matt.* 13₄₇ has fortunately preserved for us the beginning of this most important sermon.

At first glance it seems as if a weighty objection could be raised against this hypothesis. For in *Matt.* 13₄₇ apparently the fishing, as well as the severing of the good from the bad fish, is expected as a work of the host of angels who are here supposed to accom-

enumeration of his weapons, declares: "I carry a *fishing net* for the land of the enemies; . . . I carry a fish with seven fins." But the best analogy to the parable of the net in the Last Judgment in *Matt.* 13₄₇ and to the Christian idea of the Messiah as the "Fisher of men" will be found in the "Sama's"-hymns, where the net of the Sun-god is said to enclose all the lands of the earth; he who is the regent of everything below and the *shepherd* of everything above, is said to exercise justice by spreading his net, in order to catch wrong doers in it (cp. the texts in Jastrow's *Jel. Bab. u. Assy.* i. 433-435, 461, ii. 15, etc.). In the Egyptian *Book of the Dead*, ch. li., we read the description of a great net in the underworld in which the souls *fear* to be caught. Plato says of the "sophist" that he goes about through the "meadows of wealth fishing men in the rivers of youth," and compares his way of capturing people in the snares of persuasion with that of a slave-hunter, a warrior and a tyrant. Taking in a man with rhetoric or juristic stratagems was described in Greek as catching him with "nets" (*diktyaka*, cp. also the humorous fishing of philosophers in Lucian's dialogue *Piscator*); the word *griphos* meaning a "net" as well as a riddle or puzzle. The Grand Veneur of German superstition, a soul- and man-hunting demon, is also described as using a dreadful net. Cp. the "black fisher working at his tricks," in Campbell, *West Highland Tales*, vol. iii. no. lviii. p. 15. Even Christian authors, Cyprian, or the biographer of S. Maximin, for example, call the *devil* a fisher of souls. I know of no contradictory instance outside the special symbolic language of the Church, which forms the subject of our present inquiry.

pany the Messiah at his coming, as in other passages of the Gospel concerning the *parusia*; while in *Mk.* 1:7 = *Matt.* 4:18 the human fishermen of the audience themselves are identified with the fishers, whom God is about to send out, according to the prophet, to catch the dispersed children of Israel. Weak mortals are here expected to undertake the superhuman task of hunting all the exiles from every mountain and from every hill and out of the holes of the rocks in all the world, so as to bring them back before the face of Jahvè, where judgment is to be passed upon them, before the 'Kingdom' is finally established. But in reality there is no material contradiction between the two views, as can easily be shown by the kindred parable of the harvest and the reapers. In *Matt.* 13:11 the reapers are indeed the angels of the Messiah; but by their powerful interference they only finish a work which is to be begun by the few human messengers of the Lord, for: "Plenteous is the harvest, but the labourers are few"—namely among men. "Pray ye therefore,"—who belong to the few ready human workers—"to the Lord of the harvest, that *he* will send forth labourers"—these are, of course, the host of angels as in *Matt.* 13:41—"into his harvest" (*Matt.* 9:37f.; *Lk.* 10:2, from Q). The whole will become only the more clear if we remember that for the Jews '*malākh*' denotes a human 'messenger' as well as an '*angelos*' of God. This can, nay must, have been the connecting link between the beginning and the conclusion of these allegoric sermons, that men are not to expect with folded hands the coming of the Messiah, but are to promote as strenuously as they can the coming of the Kingdom. If they, themselves, act as 'messengers' or '*malākhim*' of the Lord, he will finish what they can-

not complete without his help, and will send forth the legions of his heavenly host, the 'angels' or '*malākhim*' of Jahvè; 'tis they who will reap the major part of the plenteous harvest, and will take with the great *drag* what the few human *anglers* of man have been unable to catch with the hook of their preaching.

According to the teaching of Jesus, little time is left before the coming of the Kingdom; it is to come before some of the younger among his audience will have tasted the bitterness of death. Accordingly (*Matt.* 10_{5ff.}) the messengers are not to go to the Gentiles and not to occupy themselves with the Samaritans; the most imperative task is to make known to the lost sheep of the house of Israel the glad tidings that the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand, and that, therefore, they should repent in time, and return to the presence of Jahvè, according to the word of the prophet. The reader will notice at once that this historic limitation of the Messianic mission—strongly contrasting as it does with the late and universally rejected sayings of the Risen Christ in *Mk.* 16_{15ff.} = *Matt.* 28₁₉—accords very well with the quoted Jeremian prophecy, where Jahvè sends the fishers and hunters solely after the stubborn and indifferent children of Israel, while the subsequent conversion of the Gentiles is to be the work of God alone, who "causes the worshippers of the gods which *are not*, to know this once, that his name is Jahvè"—*i.e.* the "existing one" (*Ex.* 3₁₄).

The second point of importance is that the parable of the fish-net and the story of the calling in *Mark* and *Matthew* no more contain the slightest allusion to the baptism than they aim at the conversion of the Gentiles. The function of the net, in *Matt.* 13₄₇,

may be thought of as a miraculous one, though it certainly operates in a physical and not in a mystical sense. Baptism, on the contrary, is from the first a rebirth, a condition and a means for salvation, and quite different from being caught in the drag of *Matt.* 13₄₇, which contains without differentiation both the elect and the reprobate, a feature of the allegory which would be impossible if the 'fish' were intended for the purified and sinless neophytes drawn out of the baptismal font. As to the mission of 'fishing men,' which is conferred on Peter and his comrades in the calling-story, there is no reason to think that they are ordered to *baptise* people. It is universally admitted by all modern critics that the tradition of the so-called "institution of baptism" (*Matt.* 28₁₉) was unknown to the Church when *Galat.* 2₉ was written, and even *John* 4₂ is still aware that nobody had been baptised by Jesus himself, although his disciples followed the example of John the Baptist. But even one who believes that Jesus instituted the Christian baptism in some more emphatic way than by going himself at the beginning of his ministry through the ceremony practised by the Fore-runner, will be at a loss to demonstrate with any conclusive argument that Jesus bade the disciples go and *baptise* in those precise words about the catching of men, since even in much later times an apostle of Paul's rank could bluntly say that he had been sent to preach and not to baptise. In any case, the text can perfectly well be understood without introducing the idea of the baptism, still less that of a baptism to be bestowed on the converted Gentiles.

A different decision must be arrived at concerning the 'pericopē of the statēr' in *Matt.* 17₂₄₋₂₇. The

author of this legend does *not* intend to relate a miracle of Jesus, for the supernatural gift of a single piece of money would have been a somewhat trivial exercise of the Lord's divine power. If the words were intended to represent anything else than a symbolic saying of the Master, the writer would not have omitted to relate their immediate fulfilment. Moreover the question, "Doth not your master pay the shekel-tax?" has always been understood as an indication that doubts had arisen in the earliest church, as to whether this tribute was to be paid by the followers of the Christ, and that the subsequent answer of Jesus to Peter is intended as a guiding decision in the controversy. The solution of such an annually recurring difficulty would, however, be devoid of any lasting value, if the Lord had once provided a miraculous expedient for himself and for Peter, instead of giving a definitive direction to all his pupils.

If, then, the whole is an allegory, it presupposes assuredly the stern rule of *Matt.* 10⁸⁻¹⁰, where the messengers of Jesus are expressly forbidden to possess and therefore also to accept any money. Unlike the greedy beggar-priests of other Oriental cults, whose behaviour dishonoured their religion in the eyes of Greeks and Romans, and whose bad example was soon followed by Christian 'messias-mongers' (*christemporoi*), the original apostles were not allowed to accept anything beyond food and shelter from their brethren, either for the glad tidings of salvation or for the healing of the sick, the cleansing of the lepers, the raising of the dead, or for the expulsion of demons through their prayers. Even in the regulations of the still very early *Didachē* (11^{6,12}), where tithes of everything, even of money, are imposed on behalf of the settled 'prophets' and

'teachers' of the different communities, the original rule is retained for the travelling missionaries, whose character and antecedents are less certified for their temporary hosts: "When the apostle goes his way, he shall not receive anything but bread for the journey of the next day. If he ask for money he is a false prophet. . . . Do not listen to him who asks for money when inspired by the spirit; only the prophet who asks for others who are in need, shall not be judged by anyone."¹ Even if it had not been foreseen by Jesus, the problem must have immediately arisen, how without infringing this salutary rule, the messengers were to meet, not the easy exigencies of an Oriental pauper's daily life, but the comparatively heavy money-tax for the Jewish sanctuary (*Ex.* 30^{12f.} P). The symbolic solution of this dilemma in the alleged words of *Matthew* has sometimes been explained as referring to the former professional work of the apostle, to which he is advised to return in the case of emergency. Indeed a Jewish scholar was always expected to support himself by some handicraft² and not by his teaching, a noble principle which accords with Plato's views on the money earned by the 'sophists' of his time, and may easily be exemplified from Paul, the tent-maker, up to Baruch Spinoza, the venerable spectacle-glass-cutter of Amsterdam. Nevertheless it is extremely improbable that the 'fishing' should be meant in the literal sense of the word; for not even the richest haul in a big drag-net, much less a single fish, and that, too, the first taken with the hook, would have fetched a statēr—a guinea or more in modern currency. Accord-

¹ Cp. *Hermas*, *Mand.* xi. 8; *Irenæus* ii. 324; *Euseb. Hist. Eccl.* iii. 37; vi. 182, 4, 7, 11.

² Cp. *Midrash to Eccl.* 9₉; *Sabatier, La Didaché* (Paris, 1885), to Ch. 12₃.

ingly there is nothing left but to accept the simple and convincing explanation of such Fathers as Origen, S. Ambrose, S. Cæsarius and many others, who see in this passage an allusion to the symbolic 'fishing of men.' Indeed nothing could be more obvious than that the 'first fish' is the next convert whom Peter is to win for the community of the Christ; from him the apostle is authorised—in spite of the previous command to give freely what had been received freely—to accept a moderate voluntary gift, just enough to pay the tax for himself and for Jesus.

There are many critics who deny the authenticity of this saying; and indeed it is easy to believe that an exceptional justification of the later apostolic collecting 'for Peter,' that is for the 'prophets' and 'apostles' themselves, and 'for the Christ,' that is, according to the principle in *Matt.* 25₄₀, for the poor of the community, does not go back to the Lord himself, but to some later authority of the new Church, who found the Ebionite doctrine of those that waited for the immediate arrival of the Kingdom a hindrance to the further development and organisation of the Christian community. Nevertheless a more conservative reader is always free to accept as history that once in fact the tax-collectors actually did demand the shekel-tax for the sanctuary from Jesus, who, as in the parallel story of *Mk.* 12_{15f.}, did not possess a single penny, and that he then ordered Peter, whom he had called to become a 'fisher of men,' in his usual figurative way, to raise the modest sum from the first benevolent and wealthy adherent of their little newly-formed brotherhood whom he might encounter in the neighbourhood. One sentence, however, must be given up in any case. The juristic argumentation in vv. 25f. ("What thinkest

thou, Simon? of whom do the *kings of the earth* take tax or tribute? of their own children or of strangers? *Of strangers.* Jesus saith unto him, then are *the children free*") has *no sense whatever if referred to the old temple-duty*. For neither could a contemporary of Jesus say that the shekel for Jahvè's house was taken by the rulers of the earth;¹ nor could any Jew, who had the slightest knowledge, not of the written law, but only of the most ordinary occurrences in his own country, believe for one moment that this tribute was due from the '*gērim*' or strangers only and not from the '*children*' of Israel. All these difficulties, however, vanish immediately if the saying is applied to a later period. After the destruction of the temple the Romans continued to levy the old Jewish tribute for Jahvè as a state-tax from every grown-up Jew for the benefit of the Capitoline Jupiter's treasury,² that is for a fund which served as an extraordinary financial reserve for the *ærarium* of the Empire. Under Domitian this was exacted with increased severity not only from all persons who openly professed the Jewish religion, but also from all kinds of people whom the authorities chose to consider as Crypto-Jews, as well "from those who observed a Jewish mode of life, without admitting they were Jews, as from those who concealed their Jewish descent in order to avoid the tribute imposed on their nation."³ This means that if certain religiously indifferent Jews neglected the sabbath and the fasts, the Roman officers (according to Suetonius,

¹ For even if we were to think of the petty kings of Judea, who governed a very small part of the earth, they had certainly no share of this purely clerical poll-tax destined for the expense of the temple-service, although they might have had a certain control over its use (*II. Kings* 12 11).

² Josephus, *Bell. Jud.* vii. 6 §218.

³ Cp. Sueton. *Vita Domitiani* 12: "*qui vel improfessi Judaicam viverent vitam vel dissimulata origine imposita genti tributa non pependissent*,"

the imperial recorder, who seems to have copied the above quoted legal definitions from the very text of the Imperial decree) satisfied themselves as to the fact of circumcision by inspection. Since this procedure could of course not convict the so-called 'God-fearing'—the Jewish proselytes who refrained from that savage initiation-rite—Domitian declared that the mere observance of the 'Jewish life'—especially the sabbatic rest, the frequenting of the synagogues, the customary fasts, etc.—should render such devotees subject to the burdensome and degrading poll-tax of the Jews. Accordingly the Christians found themselves compelled either to pass for the authorities as Jewish proselytes because of their apparently 'Jewish mode of life'—and such subterfuges seem strongly condemned in *Matt.* 10²⁶⁻³⁴ (Q)—or to break off in disregard of the principle of *Matt.* 5:18 (Q) from the ritual laws of the Old Testament, thereby exposing themselves as a '*religio illicita*' to serious persecutions from the government. The question had slight importance for the average circumcised Jewish Christian, who might resent this tribute to a heathen god, but who could not by any means avoid it. But it must have been a serious affair, first, for the numerous paupers in the early Church, who could not pay such a comparatively heavy tax, and might be reduced to apostasy by the new policy of the Roman emperors, which must have been intended to prevent the further progress of Christianity among the poorer classes at least, and, secondly, for the 'apostles,' 'prophets,' 'teachers,' 'shepherds' or however the clergy of the community were called, whom the salutary ecclesiastical discipline based on *Matt.* 10⁸⁻¹⁰ vowed to absolute poverty; and above all, for those Christian converts who had previously enjoyed freedom

from all taxation, either as citizens of Rome or as inhabitants of certain privileged towns in the provinces. Thus the new policy of Domitian must on the one hand have caused a serious set-back to the further propagation of Christianity among those who enjoyed the privileges of Roman citizenship, and on the other hand have given a powerful stimulus to the growing 'antinomistic' movement among the Gentile Christians, which at last led to the heresy of Marcion.

I think we can no longer overlook the fact that *Matt.* 17_{25f.} obviously alludes to this critical situation of the Roman citizens among the members of the Church. The "kings of the earth" is a very appropriate description of the Roman Cæsars; they alone can be said to take tax and tribute *not from* "their children," the legally immune Roman citizens, but from the conquered or allied provincials, the "strangers" of the gospel-text. The evangelist theoretically approves—in the name of the Lord—the legal standpoint of these brethren, who refused to pay the tribute; for "the children (*sc.* of Rome) are free," and these Christian proselytes were never Jews and had not become Jews through their conversion. Yet he who wrote these lines was an opportunist and wanted above all to dissuade his flock from provoking the Pagan government by refusing the tax and thus professing openly a *new* "illicit" religion. The solution of the controversy which he proposes in order to avoid the imminent "scandal," is a wise application of the Pauline principle (*Rom.* 15₂₇): "If the Gentiles have been made partakers of their (*sc.* the poor saints at Jerusalem) spiritual things, their duty is also to minister unto them in carnal things"—clad in transparent symbolism. The newly converted Christian

neophytes, the 'fish' caught by the hook of S. Peter, will henceforth have to present to the 'fisher' or apostle, who initiates them into spiritual communion with the Christ, the modest offering of one statēr, that is the double amount of the poll-tax. From the fund collected in this way one half is the 'pence of Christ,' from which the tax will be paid for the poor, who cannot find the sum for themselves, the other half is the 'pence of Peter,' from which the unpaid clergy will pay their tribute. The whole regulation is nothing but an adaptation of the traditional Jewish law for the reception of proselytes (Mishna, *Pesāchim* 8s. *Kerīthōt* 2₁), which requires—in addition to circumcision, which was dispensed with by the Pauline school—lustration by immersion in water (*tēbilah*), that is baptism, and the *presentation of an offering* (*ḥorbān*). As, moreover, the oldest extant Christian homily, the so-called *Second Letter of Clement* (13. 96), defines the "tribute" we are to pay to God,¹ as "repentance from a pure heart," and as the Christian baptism is considered throughout the whole New Testament as a sacrament of repentance, it is most probable that the payment of one statēr by the neophyte or the 'fish' was considered as a *sin-offering*, atoning for his former sinful life and therefore appropriately *connected with the baptismal rite*, that removes the previous moral and ceremonial uncleanness of the Pagan convert.

The result of the above analysis of *Matt.* 17₂₄₋₂₇ accordingly is that, as the text stands,² it refers to *the*

¹ Cp. S. Ambrose, *In Herem.* v. 65: "The fish, therefore, art thou, O man, . . . in the *confession* of whose mouth a good price is found, in order that *the tribute of Christ may be paid*." If 'Clement' puts "tribute for God" in place of "tribute for Jesus," it is because he has said just a few lines before: "We are to think about Jesus Christ as we think about God."

² We can exclude with absolute certainty the hypothesis that the evan-

conversion of the Gentiles, and seems definitely to connect the symbols of the *fish* and the *fisher* with the *baptismal rite* in the same way as the paintings in the Roman catacombs and the comments of the Fathers have been proved to do. This result, together with the above discussed fact that this text alone speaks of the *angling* which is also exclusively represented in the earliest extant monuments of Christian art, will easily be understood if we remember that the pericopē must have been written under Domitian, that is, somewhat about the same time as the painting of the Flavian gallery seems to have been executed. The reader will notice, moreover, that while the undoubtedly genuine sayings of Jesus (*Matt.* 13₄₇ and *Mk.* 1₁₇ = *Matt.* 4₁₈) are *not concerned with the conversion of the Gentiles* and use the fishing metaphor only as a figure for the *catechising and gathering* of the Jews in the Diaspora which is to prepare the coming of the Kingdom and the final gathering of the Elect, the first text which alludes to the baptism of the Gentiles as to a mystic 'fishing,' was certainly composed half a century after the death of Jesus, and most probably by an authority of the Christian Church at Rome, where the question of the tribute-statēr had the greatest interest for the practical life of the community.

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gelist adapted an *older version*—without v. 25f. (cp. p. 90 above)—to the requirements of a later age. But apart from the apologetic tendency to save at least v. 27 as a genuine saying of Jesus, I do not see the slightest motive for constructing such an artificial theory, especially as it is quite improbable that the legality of the *old shekel-tax* should have been questioned during the life-time of Jesus.

THE CENTENARY OF SŁOWACKI.

WINCENTY LUTOSŁAWSKI.

THE year 1809 witnessed the birth of many great men besides Darwin in England and Lincoln in America; that year two of the greatest Poles were born—Chopin and Słowacki. Chopin, who spoke in the universal language of music, is known everywhere and his centenary was widely celebrated outside Poland. Not so Słowacki, though he is now recognised by the Poles as one of the three greatest masters of their language, equal and in some respects perhaps even superior to Mickiewicz and Krasinski, though they were both much better known and more widely read in their life-time.

In mere quantity Słowacki's poetical output is more than twice the amount of verse written by Mickiewicz and Krasinski taken together; Słowacki wrote more than a hundred thousand verses, while the poetical production of Mickiewicz amounts only to about thirty-eight thousand, and Krasinski scarcely exceeds ten thousand lines. But apart from its quantity, which is all the more remarkable if we remember that the poet lived only forty years and wrote very little before the age of twenty, the quality of Słowacki's poetry is unique, and he can be pardoned for saying that his words would build themselves into his statue with the inscription '*Patri Patriae.*' He was so conscious of his incomparable power and mastery of Polish that he felt much aggrieved by

the greater fame of Mickiewicz, and in his poem 'Beniowski' he says proudly:

I shall not go your way of lies; my way will lead elsewhere, and the people will follow me. Will they love, I shall give them voices of swans to sing their loves; will they utter maledictions, they shall curse through me; if they would glow, I shall inflame them; I shall lead them where God is, into infinity, everywhere. In my name they will shed blood and tears; my flag will never betray them—it will lead them in the day-time as a sun and at night as a column of fire.

Elsewhere Słowacki says on the same subject:

I would have my flexible tongue express whatever thought flashes through my mind. Let my speech be now quick and bright as a thunderbolt, now sad as a song of the steppe, now sweet as a nymph's plaint, now as fair as angels' speech. . . . With the wings of my spirit I would have the power to reach all things; the rhythm and rhyme of my spirit must not be letters but measures of time and of beauty. I would get out of it everything—now the mist of sadness, anon a silent lightning, again a golden glow of rays, and then the pride of ancestors, and yet again the web of Arachnē, or an artificial structure of mud like a swallow's nest all full of song at sunrise.

It is impossible in translation to give an idea of the daring perfection of the original form; it would need as great a poet as Słowacki himself to translate him. But we may wait centuries before we find such a singer, and then he will have his own songs to sing; so that we can only exhort all lovers of the poet who has given such beauty of form to the deepest religious and philosophic thought, to learn to read him in the language of which he was so great a master.

Mickiewicz and Krasinski have given the world great thoughts, emotions and images in wonderfully clear and at times awe-inspiring language; but Słowacki has marvellously transformed the Polish

tongue; he has created not only the most astonishing combinations of words but as many new words as Plato himself, the great word-maker. His art continued to perfect itself through effort and ceaseless toil until his death. Though his first verses are manifestly inferior to the first attempts of Mickiewicz or Krasinski, if not as to form, at least as to originality of content, his latest poems reach the highest perfection, not only in Polish literature, but I would venture to think almost in the whole literary expression of mankind.

Those who know Słowacki and understand him, can have no doubt that his works alone suffice to place the Polish language in the first rank of the literary tongues of the world, and can well believe that as the fame of this wonderful poet spreads, many lovers of beauty all over the world will learn Polish for the sake of him, as many now learn Italian for the sake of Dante.

This is now quite undoubted by all who really know his works. And yet in Słowacki's life-time his name was not even mentioned by Mickiewicz in his course of Slavic literatures at the Collège de France, though many minor poets were referred to with great praise, while Krasinski said he could not understand 'The Spirit King,' the greatest of Słowacki's poems. Indeed the majority of our poet's works remained unpublished for years after his death, while the edition of some of the most important has remained out of print since 1885. Even now, when two great new editions have been simultaneously issued last year, in six and ten volumes respectively, many of his verses still remain in manuscript and are extremely difficult to decipher. And yet in spite of academical neglect his fame has steadily risen, and with the last genera-

tion has reached so great a height that the recent centenary of Słowacki's birth has been the occasion of many gatherings to listen to lectures on him and to the declamation of his poems all over the world, wherever Poles are living. Let us, therefore, attempt briefly to survey the life and works of this great mystic who is almost entirely unknown outside Poland.

Few poets have had a life so exclusively devoted to poesy as had Słowacki. He has been called the incarnation of poetry, and his life had scarcely any other content. No woman shared the life of this great singer of love—no wife, no mistress, no carnal pleasure. As a boy he had loved a girl, older than himself, but she married another, and this youthful passion remained his one true love; he was torn from her as a boy and never saw her again. No woman ever made a great impression on him afterwards; no woman could ever boast that she could call him hers, even for a moment's fancy; no temptation was ever strong enough to make him give up his ideal chastity. His greatest friend was his mother, who lived long enough to bury him; they were, however, separated for many years, during which he wrote her letters regularly, and these letters are a unique picture of a great poet's existence.

Juljusz Słowacki enjoyed among poets the rare privilege of being the son of a poet and professor of poetry and eloquence. He was born at Krzemieniec (where his father held the chair of Polish) on September 4, 1809. In 1811 the elder Słowacki was given the chair of eloquence and poetry in the University of Wilno, and died there three years afterwards. Słowacki was subsequently educated by his mother. At the age of 19 he graduated at the University of Wilno, where he had followed the courses of moral and political

sciences. He had already begun to learn English and became a passionate reader of Byron and Shakespeare. His teacher of English was a Mr. Macdonald in Krzemieniec, where Słowacki spent one year after taking his degree at Wilno. Urged by his family to adopt a political and administrative career in Warsaw, which was then still the capital of a constitutional state, the young poet settled there in February, 1829, and began work under the famous Minister of Finance Lubecki, who was the soul of the Polish constitutional government till 1830. Fancy young Słowacki with his burning imagination busy the whole day with money matters! He had, however, the advantage of meeting at Warsaw the most eminent writers of those days, among them Niemcewicz, the most famous poet of the XVIIIth century, who was the first to appreciate the genius of young Słowacki, on hearing one of his earliest tragedies called 'Mindowe.'

The outbreak of the Polish revolution in 1830 gave a new impulse to Słowacki's poetical fancy, and he wrote patriotic songs which made him famous at the time. In March, 1831, he left Poland on a diplomatic mission for the national government, as is generally supposed, though we know nothing certain about the motives of this journey from which he never returned home. He went to London, where he stayed for some time at the Royal Hotel, St. James's Street, in August, 1831. We know very little about this visit to London, which lasted only five weeks; but in one of his letters he tells his mother that he wrote a verse in English in a lady's album, thus showing his familiarity with the language. From London he went to Paris; it was now too late to go back to Poland to fight, as the revolution had already been very rapidly suppressed.

For the rest of his life Słowacki remained abroad,—first in Paris, then in Switzerland, Italy, Egypt and Palestine—devoted wellnigh exclusively to his writing, and longing to meet his mother again. She could not leave Russia without risk of losing her widow's pension paid by the Russian Government; he could not return to Russia, because of the services he had rendered to the revolutionary government. Thus the two were separated, and succeeded only once in meeting for a few days at Breslau in 1848, when for a short time there was hope of a complete change in the political conditions. This long separation of two loving souls gave Polish literature one of its most original monuments—three volumes of letters written by Słowacki to his mother. We see in these letters the whole life of the poet, in which the chief events are poetical visions and their expression in beautiful words. The last years of his life were irradiated by a deep friendship for Mme. Bobrowa, who had been Krasinski's great love. Though she remained true to her lover, she accepted with warm gratitude Słowacki's great admiration for her spiritual and physical beauty.

But the most important personal relationship which entirely changed his life and extended immensely the horizon of his poetic imagination, was his meeting with the strange seer Andreas Towianski in 1842. The first conversation with this extraordinary mystic produced such an impression on the poet, that from that moment he became another man. Brilliant and varied as his poetry had been before, it now acquired a depth of religious feeling which we miss in his earlier work.

It is true that Słowacki had already the prophetic gift, like most of the great poets of Poland, as we

may see, for instance, from the following lines written in 1832, at Paris :

O thou New Sodom, amid thy stones I clearly see uprising shameless crimes. A rain of fire shall fall on thee,—but not from heaven, but not with thunderbolts. A hundred guns shall rain this fire into thy walls, and on each house a cannon-shot shall print God's awful verdict. Bombs shall set fire unto these walls and break them down, and thou shalt be accursed with a mighty fear and with a mightier despair, for from a foe the rain will come. Already do I see this cloud of guns above the city, and the sadness of the people, and the darkness of the streets, and men going mad because of their misfortunes, and the words of pride dying unechoed, and perpetual talk about the foe.

Is this not a true picture of what was to happen thirty-eight years later? But after the memorable 12th of July, 1842, when for the first time he met Towianski, Słowacki became more than a prophet; he became a great seer and master of religious truth, free from all human vanity of which he had given many signs in his earlier life, conscious of past lives on earth and life in other worlds, with strange subjective reminiscence of the past of his own soul and of the world-process.

Before he met Towianski Słowacki had created many new forms of poetry, and written lyrics and tragedies different in kind from everything in the world's literature with which he was familiar. After the transmutation wrought by the seer on his soul, however, he avoids this novelty of form; thereafter he is content to pour incredible contents into the traditional forms of verse, with such power and originality of expression that even Krasinski, universally acknowledged as one of the greatest masters of Polish verse, said that it would be impertinent to attempt Polish verse after Słowacki.

What happened between the two men no one knows. Towianski was wont so to reveal the distant past of each soul that came to him for help as to persuade his followers that they really knew with him what they had been in the long past. We do not know what he revealed to Słowacki, but we have a poem written immediately after their interview, which is worth repeating, as it affords us a glimpse of the strange working in the poet's soul, which in the last seven years of his life brought him to the height of religious seership, united with ever growing beauty of poetical expression.

In this poem, dated July 13, 1842, Słowacki says :

I see a new idea of faith come into being, as in an instantaneous lightning flash, waked up in my own self as one great whole, giving me power to act, a holy truth. Thus was it not in vain, in vain it was not that I rose from off the bed of mortal torpor. So help me Christ, my Lord and God ! Feeble and poor am I, yet can my heart embrace souls in millions. Armour and arms shall I give them, and red lightnings, and they shall build their happiness upon my happiness. I have reached peace everlasting, and shall be eternal like those I shall wake from the dead ; I shall be powerful like those whom I shall inspire, and shall be happy like those whom I make to be happy ; I shall be for ever created anew, like unto my own creations. However much I may hear insulting voices, I care not whether they grow or are silenced. They are as the sounds of the bones rising up in the graveyards ; but of ghosts I have no fear. I see one door only open, one road alone for the growth of the spirit ; and I raise my finger as sign of silence and warning, and whoever's alive will follow me ; they will follow me if even I walk on the sea. This is the second time from the creation that peace is given on earth to those who love and ready are to sacrifice themselves. Victory over death is given, and power to revive those who have faith. On the rest of the tombs will I put my seal ; but they who follow me shall obtain through faith, not magic, what God Himself was wont to give ; I will put in their mouth the pass-words of victory, I will put into their eyes

the glance that wins countries, the irresistible look possessed of all power. Now I kneel in all humility that I may rise a strong worker of God; and when I rise my voice will be the voice of the Lord, my cry will make Poland arise, my spirit will be a triumphant angel. So help me Christ my Lord and God!

From that moment until his death, for seven years, he kept his word. These last seven years he spent in Paris, in a state of constant inspiration, preaching to his countrymen and writing his magnificent poems. From that time all his works dealt with the drama of the soul's successive lives, for he could no longer conceive of any real drama within one earthly life. He also set forth in prose his intuitions of mystic philosophy, cosmology, biology and transcendental psychology. Years before Darwin he formulated his theory of the origin of species; years before the Society for Psychical Research he explained telepathy and the phantasms of the dead and of the living. The stream of his inspiration was so continuous that he had time to publish but little of what he wrote, so that most of his works remained in manuscript for years after his death. Indeed many of Słowacki's verses still remain in manuscript in different libraries, private and public, and that, too, though some hundred thousand verses, or more than half a million words, of his have been already printed.

He was, however, neither understood nor fully appreciated by his contemporaries, for even those who admitted his mastery of form failed to recognise the depth of his thought. Mickiewicz, who did not know the best of his works, compared his teachings to 'a Church without God'; and this jibe of the greatest poet of Poland has dogged the name of Słowacki for generations. It is only of late years that the full

importance of his philosophic and cosmologic doctrines has begun to be recognised. He will inspire naturalists with his flashes of genius, which deserve to be thoroughly tested by empirical science; he will also set historians a task, by his original views of the past, and his novel conceptions of individuals, events and nations, which may later be confirmed like his prediction of the bombardment of Paris has been. Among the most curious of his mystical predictions is the resurrection of Poland, and a great transformation of the Church by a Polish Pope.

According to Słowacki the Poles have gone through the greatest trials and persecutions not in punishment of their own sins, but in order to reach such a love of justice and such an aversion from injustice and oppression, that they may introduce the true ideals of Christ into their national life. But this cannot happen without many internal dissensions, which Słowacki has also predicted and which we witness in these last years more than ever. His importance for biology as a predecessor of Darwin is beginning to be admitted, and he seems to have seen more clearly than Darwin the truth of the succession of species, for he taught the sudden apparition of new kinds, without intermediate stages, and this view seems now to be confirmed by de Vries and other modern biologists, as also by Bergson in his *Évolution Créatrice*.

W. LUTOSŁAWSKI.

‘JESUS OR CHRIST?’—A REPLY.

REV. R. ROBERTS.

IN the January number of *The Hibbert Journal* for 1909 there appeared an article by the present writer entitled ‘Jesus or Christ? An Appeal for Consistency.’ The appearance of the article caused considerable commotion, and gave rise to a discussion which even yet shows no sign of waning interest. So widespread was the feeling evoked that the Editor of *The Hibbert Journal* felt justified in providing the means for a fuller discussion of the subject than the ordinary quarterly issue of the *Journal* could give. The services of some of the most distinguished scholars of Christendom were enlisted. These gentlemen approached the subject from different points of view, and, though the article itself was subordinated to the wider treatment, it was found impossible entirely to ignore it. These articles, seventeen in number, were subsequently published in a separate volume entitled *The Hibbert Journal Supplement, 1909*. To the criticisms contained in that volume the present article endeavours to formulate a reply.

Yet the volume before us is not to be considered as a reply to the criticisms contained in the original article. Indeed there was a manifest desire to avoid that article as much as was consistent with fairness and courtesy. The scholarly contributors to the volume were “requested to deal with the matter freely and to refer to Mr. Roberts only as occasion might

require." That request has been before the mind of each writer, and we have the curious result of learned articles written on a subject without, in some instances, so much as a reference to the original centre of disturbance. This was a perfectly legitimate method to adopt and no complaint is here made. But whatever advantage the discussion may have gained from the wider treatment it is undeniable that the positions contained in the article were the heart of the awakened public interest. It is in these positions we touch the quick. The wider treatment has produced an affluence of those beautiful moralisings of which the more recent apologetics have been so prolific. But though they may be "in tune with the infinite" they have not that full and quick throb of interest which is felt when we touch the Jesus or the Christ. Interest is diffused into thin, if luminous, nebulosity as we wander into the wideness of the treatment. It regains the quick beat, the eager full-pitched pulse of life only as it approaches the great solar centre of the Christian system. It is with this discussion as it is with comets. While on the perihelion passage wheeling toward the sun they gain in brightness of cometic splendours; but when, on their aphelion flight, they wing their way into the infinite distances of sunless space they lose their fire of glory. So is it here. Away from the Jesus or the Christ the interest wanes, and we feel that unction is a poor substitute for passion.

The great English Modernist, the late Rev. G. Tyrrell, opens the discussion with an article governed by the scholastic spirit of which he was so fine an exponent. The main purpose of the criticism is to bring out the doctrine of the Church as distinct from the

progressive theories of modern apologists. Now, a presentation of scholastic Christology has an interest of its own. But it is not that of the modern day, and a view of world-problems taken by pre-scientific ages is of little use to us. The historicity of Jesus is assumed throughout the article, whereas the challenge of that assumption is one of the issues governing the controversy now interesting the Christian world. The question of the historicity of Jesus is now definitely raised. Scores of articles, papers, and discussions in almost every gathering of Christians since the article appeared in *The Hibbert Journal* attest the depth and range of the emotions it has awakened. The meagreness of the Gospel-narratives, the silences of classical, Jewish, and apostolic literature as to the life of Jesus, the absence from all parts of the New Testament except the Gospels, of any direct reference to the alleged teaching of Jesus, these considerations, among others, raise points of supreme importance. But the writer of the review does not even glance at them. The historicity is taken as a fact, and though the discussion may be widened the soul of the question as to Jesus is shown into the prison of scholasticism and has the key most deftly turned upon it.

"Christ," we are told, "is the doctrine of the earliest Church about Jesus." If this be so it is difficult to see how there can be any addition to the sum of Christian truth as to Jesus. The identity of substance between Jesus and the Father was known from the beginning of the Christian cult. "The idea that vital points of faith could have been hidden from the apostolic age and revealed only to later centuries; that the appeal was to the future and not to the past, would have been reputed blasphemous by the Fathers and early Coun-

cils. In faith, the Church was perfect from the first and immutable." It is in view of this position of the orthodox faith that the reluctance of the critic to deal with the difficulties raised by the impugned article is, at least, unfortunate. For the records show us a Jesus limited in knowledge, restricted in outlook, hampered by defective moral codes and involving himself in unescapable contradictions. If Jesus was of "identical substance with the Father," how could he accept the animistic theory of disease, practise exorcism, and leave his hearers in ignorance? If he left his hearers in ignorance when he could have enlightened them, what are we to think of his morality? If he did not know that possession by devils was a delusion then his knowledge was at fault, and what are we to make of his limited Godhood? Space does not allow me to apply this reasoning to other points raised by the controversy but it is much to be regretted that by widening the treatment so acute a critic found a way to evade the very soul of the discussion.

Throughout the article just noticed runs the doubt whether the orthodox doctrine there described was also the belief of the writer. I have assumed that it was, but I have done so with much hesitation. No such doubt can harass any reader of the article by the learned Jesuit Father Rickaby. "The Christ of Religion is the Jesus of History continued in His Church." This has the distinct merit of being a clear statement, yet it seems to me to contain as many unverifiable assumptions as could be packed into so short a sentence. The robust faith which could pen such a sentence is not to be disturbed by the animistic theory of disease as attributed to Jesus. Demoniactal

possession, it appears, is not an uncommon phenomenon in those parts where the authority of the Church is still unchallenged. "There are Catholic priests who have met with it in their own experience by unmistakable signs." It is also a common experience of West African medicine men, and is indeed met with everywhere on low levels of culture. Indian exorcists meet with the same experience as that with which Catholic priests are favoured, and the West African formula for expulsion is quite as effective as any form of holy words uttered by the duly ordained Roman exorcist. There is no need to challenge the good faith of either of these performers. It is not the character, it is the scientific competence of the witness which science challenges. Nor do we raise any *a priori* objections against the possibility of the miraculous. No man knows the possibilities of the universe. But these considerations do not disturb the fact that no miracle has ever been reported as having been performed under such circumstances as modern science can accept. When science comes in demons go out; and a science course at the London University is a more effective exorcism than any rite practised on the West Coast of Africa or in the Roman Church.

The courage that can defend demoniacal possession is equally manifest when Father Rickaby comes to consider recent New Testament criticism. "Never have documents been attacked with greater subtlety and vehemence: at the end of forty years' fighting they have emerged in the main victorious; their essential value has been proved as it never had been proved before." In particular, it appears, nothing that modern exegesis has done has in the least disturbed the story of the Resurrection of Jesus. "The fact of the

Resurrection is the key to the whole controversy," says Father Rickaby. Very well. How stands the question to-day as to the witness of the Synoptic Gospels to this dominant position in the Christian faith? I will not presume to advance my own opinion upon the matter. But I may certainly quote the opinion of one of Father Rickaby's own colleagues in the production of this very volume. The article contributed by Dr. B. W. Bacon, of Yale University, contains the following: "The authentic Mark contains *no account of any resurrection appearance whatever*. Matthew and Luke follow hopelessly discordant and unrelated traditions in their attempt to make good this manifest deficiency, the one making Galilee the scene of the manifestations, the other excluding Galilee and confining all appearances to the vicinity of Jerusalem. *Neither Matthew's narrative nor Luke's* has any resemblance to that securely established as giving the original and authentic course of events in the careful and detailed enumeration of Paul" (*H. J. Supp.*, p. 211. The italics are in the original). This is a direct negative to Father Rickaby's statement and there I may surely leave it.

But when we pass to other parts of the Christian story my critic boldly maintains, as, indeed, does the Church of which he is so distinguished a member, that it stood revealed in all its amplitude of fact and meaning at the very beginning. "It did not take ages to grow: it was ample and majestic at the end of the first century, in the lifetime of some who had lived with Him." Now we have just seen that, as to the cardinal fact of the Resurrection, "the authentic Mark" knows nothing whatever of any such occurrence as the Resurrection. Paul knows nothing of the Virgin Birth,

husband, and marry another, she committeth adultery." It is worth noting that the fragment known to scholars as the 'Q' element, does not contain this Markan version. But taken as it stands it is an absolute prohibition of divorce to husband and wife alike. Is that teaching confirmed by the experience of society? Are we not being compelled to admit that in the best interests of the individuals and of society divorce is justifiable and even necessary, and that, too, on several grounds? The *Matthew* version gives power of divorce only to the husband and that for one cause—fornication—only, but leaves the woman unnoticed. Here is discrimination in favour of man. It should be noticed that *Matthew's* two versions (v. 31, 32 and xix. 3-12) vary from one another. The *Luke* version (xvi. 18) gives power of divorce to the husband but leaves the case of the wife unmentioned. Nowhere in the teaching is there redress or appeal against wrongful accusation, while one of the *Matthew* versions attributes teaching to Jesus on the repulsive Oriental custom of "eunuchs" which is most repugnant to Western society. The curious absence of all reference to love as the real marriage bond, the silence as to the iniquity of "giving" woman in marriage without reference to her own wishes in the matter, the stern prohibition of re-marriage to divorced persons, all this shows how impossible this Sermon is as a Code of morals to a country which has established a Divorce Court for other causes than "fornication," and has actually legalised the re-marriage of divorced persons. Is there then in these 'sayings' any clear guidance on the difficulties of the marriage-question? I venture again to affirm, with every deference to Dr. Drummond's judgment, that the silence of *Matthew* and *Luke* and the

'Q' fragment justify my original statement that the 'sayings' attributed to Jesus contain "an admission of the vicious principle of sex-inferiority."

Dr. Drummond is deeply moved by the statement in the article that "provident regard for the future is utterly condemned. 'Take no thought for the morrow' is an absolute injunction." He censures me for not taking note of the Revised Version and finds consolation in the thought that in this rendering it is "distressful anxiety" which is condemned. Let us see. The Authorised Version has "Take no thought for the morrow," and birds and flowers are given as illustrations of the freedom from care rational beings would do well to cultivate. The Revised Version runs: "Be not therefore anxious for the morrow." Very respectfully I submit that the shade of difference in these passages does not justify Dr. Drummond's censure. How can a man avoid "being anxious for the morrow" without "taking thought" about its contingencies? The whole prudential policy of civilised society is based on that "taking thought" or "being anxious" which this precept so absolutely condemns. If we are to trust the records, Jesus believed that the world would come to an end before some of those who stood around him would pass away. That expectation of the near approaching end of the world colours the whole of the New Testament. This may explain the presence of the passages in our canon. But in this case explanation is not justification.

Dr. Carpenter has written an article in the volume under consideration of permanent value. It would be an impertinence for me to praise it, but I may be permitted to say that as a summary of the numerous and various forces that contributed to the making of

Christianity, I have not read a more illuminating statement. The article assumes the historicity of Jesus without however noting the difficulties that beset the assumption. Yet those difficulties are real and great. All we know of His life are broken and contradictory records crowded into its last year. The documents containing these records have come down to us at second hand. They have been edited, excised, and added to by unknown persons; and form, not a unified and sequent narrative such as we have a right to expect of anyone in whom we are required to believe, but a mosaic of unverifiable traditions whose very art is confusion. Moreover, with the exception of *Matthew*, they have been written in a tongue foreign to Jesus; and if, as seems probable, *Matthew* was originally an Aramaic document, no one knows who translated it, nor have we any means of certifying its correctness. Nor is this all. These records are so tinted with miracle, magic, and myth, they are so contradictory in their statements, so evidently "motivated" by the strifes and interests that raged in the first Christian centuries, that it seems almost hopeless to extract reliable data from them. Then there is the fact that epistles and gospels show not one but many a Jesus. In the New Testament Jesus is not a unit. There is the Jesus of Paul, of whom we know nothing but that he was crucified, dead, and buried, and rose again from the dead. There is the Jesus of miraculous conception and birth, of whom *Mark*, *John*, and Apostolic literature know nothing. There is the Jesus of mild benignity whose "gracious words" have become the immortal utterances of love, and there is the Jesus of *Matthew* (xxiii.) whose "cursing" is the most terrible thing in the literature of malediction. There is the

Jesus of the Parable of the Good Samaritan, and there is the Jesus who charged his disciples: "Go not into any way of the Gentiles, and enter not into any city of the Samaritans, but go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel."

Let it be remembered that these contradictories are recorded as taking place within a period which must be limited to a few months in the last year of Jesus' life. It seems to me that the bearing of this on the problem of the historicity is direct. Suppose we knew nothing of Cicero but contradictory traditions of the last year of his life, reaching us through such tainted channels as these. Would we be justified in believing all that is known as to his many villas and his eloquence as an advocate if such meagre and contradictory traditions were all we had to go upon? But once more I must draw attention to the fact that the Jesus of Christendom is not to be paralleled. Cicero has not been exalted into the Saviour of the world, belief in whom is demanded not only under threat of eternal damnation, but as the only means of living a virtuous human life. Yet evidence which, if alone, would hardly justify belief in a Cicero, is seriously put before us as demanding our belief in a life described as the pivotal fact in the evolution of the universe. Surely Dr. Carpenter will admit that these things are enough to give us pause.

Dr. Paul W. Schmiedel, the distinguished Zürich scholar, contributes a very valuable article to this volume. His lucid exposition of the early Church discussions as to the person of Jesus is a timely reminder of the function they performed in the evolution of thought. Yet when he tells us that: "It is a very serious question whether we to-day should possess

Christianity at all if Jesus had not been interpreted as a divine being," I feel myself being sharply pulled up (p. 65). Dr. Carpenter, describing the conditions of that age, tells us: "The elements of a Christology were all prepared. There was needed only a personality to which they could be attached" (p. 230). It is this passage of Jesus into the Christ which forms one essential part of the present controversy. That process included an adaptation of traditions concerning a Jesus to the conflicting ideals of the early Christian communities. Gospels and epistles bear witness to that adaptive process. In the epistle attributed to James we have "a form of Christianity in which the person of Jesus plays practically no part" (Dr. Schmiedel, p. 62). But this represents probably the Jerusalem tradition; and the Jesus of this community bore little resemblance to the Virgin-born Jesus of *Matthew-Luke*. Paul, too, had his Jesus; in whose shadowy form we can discern little of the Figure which moves through the Gospel-romances. But as the need deepened for finding a personality in which the growing Christology could become subject to the law of suffering and death, the Christian community took up the traditions as to Jesus and gradually formed of them the synthesis which we find in the Gospels. It is by no means complete there. On the contrary, as I have already pointed out, the elements of the character are there still in conflict. The vast complex of forces, so lucidly summarised by Dr. Carpenter, operated not merely on the Christology but also on the Jesus-personality. Jesus is almost visibly growing in the Gospels. Compare the Jesus of *Mark* with that of the three other Gospels. If we do this carefully I do not see how it will be possible to resist the convic-

tion that the Jesus of the former, though already a wonder-worker and successful exorcist, is gradually acquiring the character of divineness. We are already on the way to Nice and Chalcedon.

Dr. Schmiedel is impressed with the value of this long secular—I use the word in its Latin sense—process. Without it we might possibly have had no Christianity. Let us admit that it has had its part to play in the evolution of thought. What I feel to be of greater importance is the recognition of the fact that Christianity itself is the natural resultant of these forces. Its doctrines, sacraments, institutions, yea the impressive Figure of its Founder, grew out of that seething complex of forces which heaved within the Græco-Roman world. It is to this fact, I think, that the Christian mind of to-day must learn to adjust itself. Part of the trouble besetting this adjustment is the difficulty of conceiving how so great a fact as Christianity could arise out of what is commonly regarded as so base an origin. To this, however, there are several answers. In the first place, nothing is more certain than that the ordinary view of Græco-Roman Paganism is little less than a gross and vulgar caricature. Christian apologists have deliberately misrepresented that great civilisation in the interests of the triumphant religion. That there were great and deep evils in it, slavery, gladiatorial games, political, financial and social injustices, no one who counts will deny. But that the whole vast society was corrupt without any redeeming feature or power of recuperating virtue is, to put it plainly, an ignorant libel. Then, again, it is the custom to contrast Paganism at its worst with Christianity at its best, and from the difference to draw consoling reflections.

We have got into the habit of regarding other religions as mere heathenisms which it is the business of Christianity to extirpate. Nor do we sufficiently regard the fact that, if there be any truth in evolution, the finest results are born of the most unpromising beginnings. Analogies without number suggest themselves in the world of organic life. If, then, we affirm that out of dark and cruel superstitions, "great creating nature" has evolved the most lovely Christian graces, and that Christianity itself is but a transformed Paganism, we do but bring religion within the scope of that evolution which has produced civilised man.

The last-mentioned consideration enables us to appreciate Dr. Schmiedel's estimate of those heated controversies which finally solidified into the great symbols of Nicea and Chalcedon. But I submit that, for us, their value is chiefly one of explanation. Over against that estimate has to be set the fact that they have become a finality. As such they and the temper of mind they have fostered, have been an obstruction to progress for fifteen hundred years. They have created new intolerances in the history of the race, have induced cruel persecutions, and drenched the earth with blood. These great Christian creeds, rooted, too, in 'sayings' attributed to Jesus, have not only occasioned sects and heresies, but they have introduced a new divisive element into history, and arrayed the Christian world against all other religions. This is not the place to reproduce items of horror from the long record of Christian intolerances. But it is strictly relevant to this discussion to point out that the triumph of Christianity has not been the unmixed blessing its ardent apologists claim. It has wrought evil. That evil has had its roots in its doctrines, and

in the sayings attributed to its Founder. Persecution has sheltered itself behind the figure of Jesus. It has poisoned its weapons with words attributed to Him, and has justified its bloodiest deeds by acts ascribed to Him. And to the dismay of Liberal Christianity it has to be admitted that these acts and words of the Master are as critically unassailable as the most unchallenged of His benedictions. And I am not without my misgivings that, despite his own wise warnings, Dr. Schmiedel's admissions will be quoted as justification for the iron despotisms of dogmas. While the Jesus of *Matthew* (xxiii.) remains we are always in danger of the return to Canossa.

The article contributed by the Rev. R. J. Campbell makes some notable admissions. He perceives clearly that the distinction between the terms Jesus and Christ is real, and scarcely approves of their interchangeable use. And then we have the admission: "Each succeeding generation makes its own Christ in accordance with its particular ethical standard or social ideal, but the Christ thus projected may have no true relation to the Jesus of nineteen hundred years ago, and is, in any case, not a fixed and immutable quantity, but a mere name for the religious and ethical conceptions which are being wrought out or in process of being accepted at any given period." But thus stated Christ is universalised. "Ethical standards" and "social ideals" which make it are found in all the great religions of the world, and thus every race and age has its Christ. The soul of the thought is the recognition of the fact that for Buddhists Gotama is Christ, for Hindus Krishna is Christ. Now, if we reflect for a moment, we shall find that by identifying Jesus, Gotama, or Krishna with Christ we inevitably

limit and localise the universal conception. For, assuming their historicity, these great Figures were yet the children of their own age, country and culture. True they were in revolt. True also that they are shown to have reached a higher ethical and religious standard than the age in which they lived. But we cannot cut the Jew out of Jesus nor the Hindu out of Gotama. But if this be true, then the process of identifying Christ with Jesus or Gotama stamps a Jewish or Hindu mark on the universal. As I said in my original article "Jesus limits and localises Christ." Nor is that all. The Jesus of the Gospels is, even in them, a Figure at variance with Himself, swayed by conflicting emotions, and moved by contradictory principles. These emotions and principles, we know, correspond to schools of thought which were in violent conflict during the ages when the Gospels were growing and Christianity was emerging into visibility, and we can catch the echoes of that furious strife even in the most exquisite parables attributed to Jesus. Thus, even in the Gospels, Jesus is a synthesis and a growth, and the resultant Form is one which tells of a hundred forces which went to its making. But the interesting thing is that the process did not end with the closing of the canon. Jesus is still in the making.

This thought, however, is closely connected with that doctrine of sinlessness which the exaggerating piety of the ages has attributed to Jesus. Mr. Campbell has exposed himself to somewhat heated criticism for his utterances on this matter. Thus he says: "To speak of Him—Jesus—as morally perfect is absurd: to call him sinless is worse, for it introduces an entirely false emphasis into the relations of God and man."

To me this sentence and the argument preceding it conveys the idea that Jesus was liable to error and sin.

But Mr. Campbell, following here the previous teaching of Dr. Fairbairn, tells us: "No such syncretism of ideas could ever take place around an imaginary or inferior character" (p. 191). He finds in Christianity a world-wide, age-enduring effect. "What must the cause have been?" He finds the answer in an historical Jesus. But Hebraism was also a religion which has had world-wide effects, yet it had no single historical founder, and there is good ground for affirming that the grand figures which loom through the mists of its early history are mythical. The Pagan religions of the world have been centres of spiritual force, enthusiasm and consolation during thousands of years, for millions of men and women. Mr. Campbell is far too enlightened a critic to brand these great religions as mere superstitions. Yet they have had no historical founder. Who was the founder of Hellenism? Who founded Hinduism? Was Mithra an historical personality? William Tell has been the source of pure patriotism in Switzerland, yet we now know that William Tell really never lived. Balder the Beautiful was the Christ of Scandinavia. The fact is that Christian apologists apply remorselessly the critical canons of the West to all other religions with an engaging frankness, and only protest when the same canons are applied to their own religion. That process, however, is manifestly partial, Christianity is transformed Paganism. And we point to the proofs of this in the Jesus, the Christ, the sacraments, the doctrines, the feasts, fasts and holy-days of Christendom.

R. ROBERTS.

PESSIMISM : SOME SUGGESTED CURES.

THOMAS E. SIEVE.

THERE are two points of view from which everything can be regarded—the optimistic and the pessimistic ; each point of view has its use and the possibility of abuse.

The optimistic man is more likely to be healthy and full of vitality, for his is the expansive mind through which the life-force of the world can pulse freely ; but to be over optimistic is liable to lead to untruth, to undue exaggeration.

The pessimist is liable to be ill and to lack of success, for he has not got such a flood of life sweeping through him ; but he should be of a more exact and truthful nature.

It is generally more necessary to cultivate optimism than pessimism, for the pessimistic point of view is apt to preponderate.

In cultivating optimism the first thing of which one should persuade oneself thoroughly is that optimism and pessimism are questions of temperament, and have *nothing whatever* to do with circumstances.

The optimist may be the successful man, because optimism is liable to lead to success ; but his success is due to his optimism and never his optimism due to success.

Optimism and pessimism, we have said, are questions of temperament ; therefore either one or the other should be within the immediate grasp of every-

one, for it is not so difficult to alter and control what I mean by temperament. Temperament is that which is nearest one's personality (it might perhaps be called the first cloak or guise or embodiment of the personality); and if a man is not master of his own personality he is master of nothing, for this is far nearer him than hands or feet and should therefore be far more easily controlled. The cultivation of temperament is just as straightforward as any other form of education, and should, I think, be taken in hand thoroughly and systematically by everyone.

To convince ourselves that temperament can be changed fairly easily and quite quickly it is a simple matter to find examples of people who have accomplished this change; there are plenty of examples to be found among people who really take themselves in hand, or amongst people who have experienced conversion. Sudden conversion is a changing of a man's temperament; this may be brought about in various ways. The most usual are: falling in love, contact with some great preacher or external influence, great excitement or shock, intense sorrow. The change may also be effected by deliberate and careful training. By studying the subject carefully one may convince oneself that conversion, or a complete change of point of view, is a thing that can happen to any man at any time quite easily and naturally and permanently.

If you feel yourself strong enough and are really in earnest, pray for some great sorrow, some great shock. If you have pluck enough to believe that you will pull your body through safely, shocks do your soul a world of good.

Think out carefully whether you really do want to be cured of your pessimism, and what price you are

willing to pay for the cure. Do not be too serious; do it rather in a merry frame of mind. Ask yourself: How much am I *really* willing to pay for the cure; how big a shock am I ready to endure for the sake of being shaken out of my pessimism?

You will probably discover then, for the first time perhaps, how very *fond* you are of your pessimism. You don't really hate it, you love it. Most pessimists love their pessimism, though on the surface they pretend to hate it and do really find it rather tiresome.

Whenever you do receive a shock of any kind, rejoice; say to yourself: Perhaps this will shake up my temperament.

Continually ask yourself: How big a price am I willing to pay for the change; how much shaking can I stand to dislodge me without shattering me?

Shocks only shatter people who cling to definite positions; if you have attained any true detachment shocks only dislodge you, and this is a very desirable thing. The pessimist is often simply the man who cannot alter his point of view, the man who easily gets stuck; the optimist is a much more shifty person.

I have said that optimism and pessimism have nothing whatever to do with circumstances; this may be seen by studying definite cases of people of both temperaments under the same circumstances, and we may thus convince ourselves more and more that the two phases of mind have nothing to do with the circumstances. The more some people are buffeted about the more merry they are; others with hardly any worries are always pessimistic.

When anything occurs, illness or bad luck or whatever it may be, that makes one miserable and blue, it is well to remember that the blues are not

really the outcome of the circumstances, but rather that the circumstances happen to show up an undesirable side of one's own nature. We should then thank circumstances for having shown us so clearly one side of ourselves that needs adjustment, shown us how rigid and stuck and limited we are. "Always talk to circumstances as if they were a person ; because they are," I was once told.

The great mistake many people make is to think that illness or poverty or anything of this nature matters in itself. You can really have just as good a time from the wider point of view lying in bed. As for pain, it is very likely a sign that you are experiencing something new or being made to respond to some novel range of consciousness. So do not always seek pleasure. The development of every new sense begins with pain. Any new experience is registered by the human body as pain. People go through agonies and half kill themselves training for a race and rejoice all the time, but when Providence puts them to bed to train for something real, they do nothing but grumble. We are just as near the true goal of life ill in bed as elsewhere.

Think deeply and try to discover what it is to which you are really attached and what makes you struggle against circumstances, and then make for the true goal ; make for the centre which is equally in touch with every superficial experience.

Read constantly the scriptures, in the widest sense,—that is any books which treat of the great things of life. Notice your frame of mind after reading them, how trivial and paltry all details of life seem. Cultivate this lofty and lordly state of mind, but never allow it to develope into scorning the daily round of

life; develop an indifference which is ready to rejoice at everything equally, and be grateful for all happenings. Develop that detachment which strengthens your love for all life; reject any detachment which estranges you from life. Look upon life as an obstacle race; have your eyes open for the obstacles and greet them as the privileges and joys of life.

Spending energy is the only way to grow. You must spend or empty yourself before you can receive; that is the law. We should then pray for circumstances which will need *all* our energies to tackle. Then in the moment when we spend ourselves utterly, unreservedly, and ungrudgingly, we shall receive.

After thinking out and demonstrating to ourselves that happiness or optimism is due to an inner attitude of mind attainable by everybody, we should try to get to a still wider view of the same idea—namely, that the world in its relation to us is entirely of our own making at each moment; it is entirely under our control to relate events to ourselves either along the line of optimism or of pessimism.

There are always two ways of looking at things. Everything that happens to us we may accept as coming from either God or the Devil, whichever we prefer. Either is equally true; it is entirely for us of our own free-will to choose which we will serve, under which reign we prefer to live. Goodness and evil are not exactly things in themselves; they are the relationship between us and things. If we accept every single thing that happens, whether to our limited predilections it be pleasing or otherwise, as a gift from God, as something which is delightful and full of *interest*, then we worship God, we become his children; very shortly we become optimists.

If we look suspiciously at every circumstance and wonder what evil is going to follow in its train, if we grumble at things, then we are worshipping the Devil; and every time we do this we are enslaving ourselves to the Devil, we associate ourselves with the unpleasant side of things, and so make unpleasant things more liable to happen to us.

It does not matter a bit whether we have health or money or fame or friends, the real thing is not dependent upon any of these; the real thing which is of importance is our attitude of mind towards Fate or the circumstances which surround us daily. If we are indifferent to ease and really have a loving attitude towards our Fate, an attitude of unflinching gratitude, then all other things will be added to us. But if we are ungrateful what we have got will be taken away.

The best way to learn gratitude is to ask to have everything for which we are not really grateful taken away from us; and if there is a real power in our prayers and we see all the commonplace things of daily life being taken from us, things we had grown so accustomed to that we had quite forgotten to be grateful for them, this will soon wake up our gratitude, for we shall not like losing them.

Give thanks every morning and every night for such things, for instance, as: having been born in a free country, where we can think and do what we like in reason; for cleanliness, having been born in a state where there are no plagues or scourges which would take up our attention; for leisure; for peace; for food, which we have no *right* to at all. Gratitude is the only passport to life. We have no right to gather flowers or fruit, and eat things; they are not ours, we have only a right to eat them if when so doing we pour

forth gratitude to the Creator for having allowed us to be the one to live and eat. Like the Buddha in the Jātaka tale, if eaten by a tiger we ought to be grateful for the privilege of being allowed to sustain some other life, grateful at having been privileged to *be* the sacrifice for once when for years past we have always eaten the sacrifice.

I do not here wish to suggest that if I met a tiger actual or metaphysical I should not do my utmost to escape being eaten. Life to me is a great game; and the rule of the game is to try to win by every lawful means. But people when they are beaten should learn to lose in a truly sportsman-like way. We should carry this idea into every detail of life. If we are stung by a wasp we should not be furious with the wasp, and immediately get into an evil state of mind and put ourselves out of harmony with the over-soul of all wasps; we should rather say: "Well, old chap, you have won this time. I don't grudge you your success, but I shall try to stop your winning again."

If all nature is one great being to us and our little personality is seen in true proportion, it does not matter what happens, we shall brim over with gratitude.

Pessimism is very often a sign of esoteric laziness. The optimist or the happy man is the one who is eternally using his whole self to recover from the disagreeables of life. If we spend ourselves generously, if we exert our *inner* will, we can recover our equilibrium after any unpleasantness. The person lazy in will-power is as a rule a pessimist. Doggedly sticking to things, however, is not a sign of will-power; it is a sign of being self-centred, which may be very desirable, but is quite as likely to be thoroughly selfish. Will is an activity or power. It is the power to attain poise

eternally, a self-adjusting power. The power to make use of any and every circumstance, the power to turn everything to account, to be able to see at a glance the true value of everything and put it to its proper use. "Every thing has a value, for everything is of God," I was once told.

An additional cure for pessimism is bodily activity, for the immediate cause of it generally is the blood coursing through the body too slowly, too lazily. Notice that people are very seldom in a pessimistic frame of mind when they are hot from short sharp activity; even the chronic pessimist is moderately agreeable and affable and genial towards circumstances when stimulated by such activity.

Let us give up looking upon unpleasant happenings in the world as punishments, or ourselves as deserving of punishment; that is morbid. It is far healthier to look upon oneself as a scientist ever trying different experiments. Some experiments give results which to our limited tastes may appear disagreeable; but from the scientific point of view there is just as much to learn from them. They are not punishments, they are exceedingly interesting experiments to be studied in an amiable and grateful frame of mind. Gratitude is the one thing that it is worth while for everyone to cultivate *deliberately*.

Gratitude should be acted, for drama is a great aid to the soul. It is useful to watch what attitudes actors get into when they wish to express gratitude or adoration or love, and then practise these attitudes. Imagine yourself an actor obliged to play the part of gratitude, and work yourself up to play the part well; throw your whole soul into trying to act the part, and then when you can act it well try to feel it.

It is well again to give thanks at every meal, not in any casual way but definitely, for every article of food on the table, and as you eat and sustain yourself upon the life drawn from other forms, say: "Even so am I willing to deliver up my life, my all, at any moment, that it may serve the world or sustain the Holy Ones!"

If when eating we hold ourselves in readiness to die, ready to be the sacrifice if it should be asked of us, if we are really ready, we probably shall not be asked; but if we are unwilling it may be demanded of us at any moment.

It is quite possible to be supremely and entirely happy in this world. There are plenty of cosy corners about to nestle into if we look out for them; all people have cosy corners near them. Cut yourself to fit the nearest corner, and you will soon find that you are out of the way of all buffeting. Adaptability is the law of life and progress. It is quite possible to remake your Fate every day. You may not be able to alter all the happenings, though much can be done even of this; but you can take the sting out of all happenings and make them agreeable, make them fit. If you would conquer, yield. Don't take life too seriously.

THOMAS E. SIEVE.

ANOTHER NOTE ON MYSTICISM.

EVELYN UNDERHILL.

IN a previous paper¹ I suggested four rules by which we might hope to distinguish true mysticism from its counterfeit. I now propose to examine these rules more closely, to see what relation they bear to the adventures and declarations of the mystics themselves.

(1) Mysticism is practical.

This statement at once brings us into collision with the opinion of writers who believe mysticism to be "the reaction of the born Platonist upon religion." The difference between such devout philosophers and the true mystic, is the difference which Father Tyrrell defined in his *Scylla and Charybdis* as separating theology from revelation.

Mysticism, like revelation, is final and personal ; in the superb words of Plotinus, it is in the last resort, "the flight of the Alone to the Alone." It provides the material, the substance, the actual experience, upon which mystical philosophy cogitates, as the theologians cogitate upon the individual revelations which form the basis of faith. Hence those whom we are to accept as mystics, must have received and acted upon intuitions of a Truth which is for them absolute. They must not merely have reasoned about the mystical experiences of others. We could not well dispense with our

¹ See 'A Note upon Mysticism' in the July number.—Ed.

Christian Platonists and mystical philosophers, but they are no more mystics than the milestones on the Dover Road are travellers to Calais. Sometimes, however, their works produce mystics; as the sudden sight of a signpost pointing to the sea will rouse the spirit of adventure in a boy. There are also many instances of true mystics, such as Meister Eckhart, who have philosophised upon their own experiences, greatly to the advantage of the world; whilst some Platonic philosophers—with Plotinus as the most characteristic example—have passed far beyond the limits of their own philosophy, and abandoned the making of diagrams for an experience, however imperfect, of the reality at which these diagrams hint. It would be more accurate to reverse the above-quoted epigram, and to say that Platonism is the reaction of the born intellectualist upon mystical truth.

Over and over again the great mystics tell us, not how they speculated, but how they acted. In his great poem of the mystic quest,¹ St. John of the Cross says:

“In an obscure night
Fevered with love’s anxiety
(O hapless, happy plight!)
I *went*, none seeing me,

Forth from my house, where all things quiet be.”

“Let no one suppose,” says the *Theologia Germanica*, “that we may attain to this true light and perfect knowledge . . . by hearsay, or by reading and study, nor yet by high skill and great learning” (Cap. 19).

“It is not enough,” says Gerlaac Petersen, “to

¹ ‘In an Obscure Night,’ stanza 1. I quote from Mr. Arthur Symonds’ beautiful translation.

know by estimation merely: but we must *know by experience*.”¹

So Mechthild of Magdeburg says of her revelations: “The writing of this book was *seen, heard and experienced* in every limb. . . . I see it with the eyes of my soul, and hear it with the ears of my eternal spirit.”²

“The invitation of the mystic life is to come and see, the promise of the mystic life is that we shall attain to see.”³

Mystical achievement is at once an act of love, an act of union, and an act of supreme perception; a trinity of experiences which meets and satisfies the three activities of the Self, emotion, will and intellect. Religion might give us the first and metaphysics the last of these processes. Only mysticism can offer the middle term of the series, the essential link which binds the three in one.

(2) Mysticism is extra-phenomenal.

This rule provides us with a further limitation, which of course excludes all those practisers of occultism and of occult religion who are so anxious to arrogate to themselves the title of ‘mystics.’ Their object—not necessarily an illegitimate one—is to improve and elucidate the visible by help of the invisible; to use the supernormal powers of the Self for the increase of power, virtue, happiness or knowledge. The real mystic never turns back on himself in this way, or tries to combine the advantages of two worlds. He wants to give, not to get. Having his eyes set on eternity, his consciousness steeped in it, he can well afford to tolerate the entanglements of time.

¹ *Fiery Soliloquy*, Ch. xi.

² *Das fließende Licht der Gottheit*, pt. iv. 13.

³ A. E. Waite, *Studies in Mysticism*, p. 53.

"His spirit," says Tauler, "is as it were sunk and lost in the Abyss of the Deity, and loses the consciousness of all creature-distinctions. All things are gathered together in one with the divine sweetness, and the man's being is so penetrated with the divine substance that he loses himself therein, as a drop of water is lost in a cask of strong wine. And thus the man's spirit is so sunk in God in divine union, that he loses all sense of distinction and there remains a secret, still union, without cloud or colour."¹

"The Soul," says Plotinus in one of his most profound passages, "having now arrived at the desired end, and participating of Deity, will know that the supplier of true life is then present. She will likewise then require nothing further; for, on the contrary, it will be requisite to lay aside other things, to stop in this alone, and to become this alone, amputating everything else with which she is surrounded."²

(3) The business and method of Mysticism is love.

Here is the true note of mysticism, which marks it off from every other kind of transcendental theory and practice. It is the desire of love, not the desire of knowledge, which is fruitful in the spiritual as well as in the physical world.

"Those who would know much and love little," says Mechthild of Magdeburg, "will ever remain at the beginning."³

"Charitie," says Richard Rolle, "truly makes men parfite, and only those loving parfite to height of life contemplative are granted to come."⁴

¹ Dr. John Tauler, 'Septuagesima Sunday,' Winkworth's Translation, p. 258.

² *En.* vi. 9, 'On the Good or the One.'

³ *Das fliessende Licht der Gottheit*, vii. 43.

⁴ *The Fire of Love*, bk. i., cap. 8.

In the words of Récéjac, "Mysticism claims to be able to know the Unknowable without help from dialectics, and is persuaded that, by means of love and will, it reaches a point to which thought, unaided, cannot attain."¹ Hence, in S. Catherine of Siena's exquisite allegory, it is the feet of the soul's affection which bring it first to the Bridge, "for the feet carry the body as the affection carries the soul."²

One might compile volumes of extracts from the works of the mystics illustrative of this rule, for the reason given by Plotinus, that "in the intelligible (*i.e.* the spiritual) world the true Object of Love is to be found."³

"The well of life is love," says Tauler, "and he who dwelleth not in love is dead."⁴ "Perfect love," says Hilton, "maketh God and the soul to be as if they both together were but one thing."⁵

These are didactic utterances; though their substance may be personal, their form is not. But if we want to see what it really means to be 'in love with the Absolute,' how intensely actual to the mystic is the Object of his passion, how far removed from the sphere of pious duty, how concrete, positive and dominant such a passion may be, we must study the literature of autobiography, not that of exhortation. I choose for this purpose, rather than the well-known self-analyses of S. Augustine, S. Teresa or Suso, which are accessible to everyone, the more private Confessions of that remarkable and neglected mystic Dame Gertrude More, contained in her *Spiritual Exercises*.

¹ *Fondements de la Connaissance mystique*, pt. i.

² *Divine Dialogue of S. Catherine of Siena*, 'Treatise of Discretion,' ch. xxvi.

³ *Op. cit.*, *ib.*

⁴ 'Thursday in Easter Week,' Winkworth's Translation, p. 294.

⁵ *The Scale of Perfection*, p. 339.

This nun, great-grand-daughter of Sir Thomas More, and favourite pupil of the celebrated Benedictine contemplative the Ven. Augustine Baker, exhibits the romantic and personal side of mysticism far more perfectly than even S. Teresa, whose works were deliberately composed for her daughters' edification. Dame Gertrude was an eager student of S. Augustine—"my deere, deere Saint," as she calls him more than once. Augustine evidently influenced her language; but her passion is her own. Remember that Gertrude More's confessions represent the most secret conversations of her soul with God. They were not meant for publication; written for the most part on blank leaves in her breviary, they were discovered and published after her death. "She called them," says the title-page with touching simplicity, "*Amor ordinem nescit: An Idiot's Devotions*. Her only spiritual father and directour, Father Baker, styled them *Confessiones Amantis: A Lover's Confessions*. *Amans Deum anima sub Deo despicit universa*, A soul that loveth God despiseth all things that be inferiour unto God."¹

The spirit of her little book is summed up in two epigrams—epigrams of which her contemporary, Crashaw, might have been proud: "To give all for love, is a most sweet bargain" (p. 138); "O let me love or not live" (p. 181).

Love, indeed, was her life; and she writes of it with a rapture which recalls at one moment S. Francis de Sales, at another the love songs of the Elizabethan poets.

"Never was there or can there be imagined such a

¹ They were printed, in 1658, "At Paris by Lewis de la Fosse in the Carme Street at the Signe of the Looking Glasse." I quote from this edition.

Love, as is between an humble soul and thee. Who can express what passeth between such a soul and thee? Verily neither man nor Angell is able to do it sufficiently. . . . In thy prayse I am only happy, in which, my Joy, I will exult with all that love thee. For what can be a comfort while I live separated from thee, but only to remember that my God, who is more myne than I am my owne, is absolutely and infinitely happy? . . . Out of this true love between a soul and thee, there ariseth such a knowledge in the soul that it loatheth all that is an impediment to her further proceeding in the Love of thee. O Love, Love, even by naming thee, my soul loseth itself in thee. . . . Nothing can satiate a reasonable soul, but only thou: and having of thee, who art indeed all, nothing could be said to be wanting to her. . . . *Blessed are the cleane of hart for they shall see God.* O sight to be wished, desired, and longed for; because once to have seen thee is to have learnt all things. Nothing can bring us to this sight but love. But what love must it be? Not a sensible love only, a childish love, a love which seeketh itself more than the beloved. No, no, but it must be an ardent love, a pure love, a couradgious love, a love of charity, an humble love, and a constant love, not worn out with labours, not daunted with any difficulties. . . . For that soul that hath set her whole love and desire on thee, can never find any true satisfaction, but only in thee.”¹

Who will not see that we have here no literary exercise, but the fruits of an experience of peculiar intensity? It answers exactly to one of the best modern definitions of mysticism as “in essence, the concentration of all the forces of the soul upon a super-

¹ *Op. cit.*, pp. 9, 16, 25, 85, 138, 175.

natural Object, conceived and loved as a living Person."¹ This definition, of course, is not complete; but it is valuable because it emphasises the fact that all true mysticism is rooted in the idea of personality, and is therefore fundamentally a science of the heart. "The passion which constrains the stars," also constrains that starry thing, the soul. Attraction, desire, and union as the fulfilment of desire is a law which applies from the highest to the lowest things. The mystic's outlook, indeed, is the lover's outlook. It has the same element of wildness, the same quality of selfless devotion, the same combination of rapture and humility. This parallel is more than a pretty fancy; for mystic and lover, upon different planes, are alike responding to the call of the Spirit of Life. The language of human passion is tepid and insignificant beside the language in which mystics try to tell the splendours of their love. They force upon the unprejudiced reader the conviction that they are dealing with an ardour far more burning, for an Object far more real.

"This monk can give lessons to lovers!"—exclaimed Arthur Symonds in astonishment of S. John of the Cross.² It would be strange if he could not; since their finite passions are but the feeble images of his infinite one, and their beloved the imperfect symbol of the 'First and Only Fair.' Only this mystic passion can lead us from the prison of the senses to consciousness of a deeper life. Its brother, the desire of knowledge, may enlarge and improve the premises to an extent as yet undreamed of; but it can never unlock the doors.

(4) Mysticism entails a definite psychological experience.

¹ Berger, *William Blake*, p. 72.

² *Contemporary Review*, April, 1899.

Mysticism is not an attitude of mind, but a form of organic life; not merely a theory of the intellect or a hunger, however passionate, of the heart, but a definite and peculiar development of the whole Self, conscious and subconscious, a remaking of the whole character in the interests of the transcendental life. The object and end of this development consist in the raising of the powers of the Self to the condition in which conscious union with the Absolute takes place, and man, ascending to the summit of his manhood, enters into that greater Life for which he was made. In its journey towards this union, the subject passes through certain well-marked phases, which constitute what is known as the 'Mystic Way.' This statement rules out from the true mystic kingdom sentimental piety and visionary poetry, no less than mystical philosophy, and brings us back to our first proposition—the concrete and practical nature of the mystic act. In the experiences of those mystics who have left us records of their own lives, the successive states of development are always traceable: the strange oscillations of the emerging mystic consciousness between 'states of pleasure' and 'states of pain,' the painful progress from the 'intellectual' to the 'intelligible' world. Richard Rolle, Merswin, Suso, S. Teresa, Madame Guyon, and many others have provided us with valuable self-analyses for comparison; and from them we see how arduous, how definite, and how far removed from mere emotional or intellectual activity, is that educational discipline by which "the eye which looks upon Eternity" is able to come to its own. "The tenacious and heroic energy with which he pursues a definite moral ideal" is considered by Leuba to be one of the two distinguishing marks of the true

mystic.¹ "The road on which we enter is a royal road which leads to heaven," says S. Teresa. "Is it strange that the conquest of such a treasure should cost us rather dear?"²

It is one of the many indirect testimonies to the objective reality of mystical experience that the stages of this road, the psychology of the spiritual ascent, as described to us by different schools of contemplatives, always present practically the same sequence of states. The psychologist finds little difficulty, for instance, in reconciling the 'Degrees of Orison' of S. Teresa—Recollection, Quiet, Union, Ecstasy, Rapture, the 'Pain of God,' and the Spiritual Marriage of the Soul—with the Sūfi's 'Seven Stages' of the Soul's Ascent to God. These, as given by Palmer³ from *The Remotest Aim* of Aziz bin Mohammed Nafasi, are: (1) Adoration, the first step to knowledge. (2) Love, born of divine attraction. (3) Seclusion; the mystic "leaves all for love." (4) Knowledge, or pure contemplation. (5) Ecstasy or illumination in trance. (6) Absolute Truth, the revelation of the Godhead. (7) The Spiritual Marriage, or Union with God. So, too, the classic threefold way of mysticism is found again under different symbols in the Great Work of the spiritual alchemists. "The paths are many," as S. Bernard said, "but they all lead to one Person."

As a corollary to these four rules, we may add, that true Mysticism is never self-seeking. It is not, as many think, the pursuit of supernatural joys, the satisfaction of a high ambition. The mystic does not enter on his quest because he desires the happiness of the Beatific Vision or any other personal reward. "O

¹ *Revue Philosophique*, July, 1902. ² *The Way of Perfection*, Ch. 23.

³ *Oriental Mysticism*, pt. v., ch. 5.

Love," said S. Catherine of Genoa, "I do not wish to follow thee for the sake of these delights, but solely from the motive of true love."¹ Those who do otherwise are only, in the plain words of S. John of the Cross, "spiritual gluttons"; or, in a milder metaphor, magicians of the more high-minded sort. The true mystic claims no promises and makes no demands. He goes because he must, as Galahad went towards the Graal; knowing that for those who can live it, this alone is Life. He never rests in that search for God which he holds to be the fulfilment of his highest duty, yet he seeks without any certainty of success; holding with S. Bernard that "he alone is God who can never be sought in vain, not even when he cannot be found."² With Mechthild of Magdeburg, he hears the Absolute saying in his soul: "O soul, before the world was I longed for thee: and I still long for thee, and thou for me. Therefore, when our two desires unite, Love shall be fulfilled."³

Like his type the 'Devout Lover' of romance, then, the mystic serves without hope of reward. By one of the many paradoxes of the spiritual life, he obtains satisfaction because he does not seek it, completes his personality because he gives it up. "Attainment," says Dionysius the Areopagite, in words which are writ large on the annals of Christian ecstasy, "comes only by means of this sincere, spontaneous, and entire surrender of yourself and all things."⁴ Only with the annihilation of self-hood comes that fulfilment of love which is the true expression of personality. Were the mystic asked the cause of his often extraordinary behaviour, his austere and stead-

¹ *Vita e Dottrina*, p. 8. ² *De Consid.* v. 9.

³ *Das fließende Licht der Gottheit*, vii. 16. ⁴ *De Myst. Theo.* i. 1.

fast quest, it is unlikely that his reply would contain any reference to sublime illumination or unspeakable delights ; it is more probable that he would answer in some such words as those of Jacob Boehme : " I am not come to this meaning, or to this work and knowledge, through my own reason or through my own will and purpose ; neither have I sought this knowledge nor so much as to know anything concerning it. I sought only for the heart of God, therein to hide myself."¹

It has been well said that such a search is " not the quest for joy," but " the satisfaction of a craving impelled by the spur of necessity."² This craving is the craving of the soul, unable to rest in those symbols of the sensual world which only feed the little tract of normal consciousness, to attain that fulness of life for which she was made ; to " lose herself in That which can be neither seen nor touched ; giving herself entirely to this sovereign Object without belonging either to herself or to others ; united to the Unknown by the most noble part of herself and because of her renouncement of knowledge ; finally drawing from this absolute ignorance a knowledge which the understanding knows not how to attain."³

Mysticism, then, is seen as the " one way out " for the awakened spirit of man. It is the healing of that human incompleteness which is the origin of our divine unrest ; the inevitable reaction of the fully conscious, fully living soul upon " Eternal Truth, True Love, and Loved Eternity."⁴

" I am sure," says Eckhart, " that if a soul knew

¹ *Aurora*, Eng. trans., 1764, p. 237.

² A. E. Waite, *Strange Houses of Sleep*, p. 211. ³ *De Myst. Theo.* i. 3.

⁴ *Ang. Conf.* vii. 10.

the very least of all that Being means, it would never turn away from it."¹

The mystics have never turned away; to do so, would have seemed to them a self-destructive act. Here, in this world of illusion, they say, we have no continuing city. This statement, to you a proposition, is to us the central fact of life.

"Therefore, it is necessary to hasten our departure from hence, and to be indignant that we are bound in one part of our nature, in order that *with the whole of our Selves, we may fold ourselves about Divinity, and have no part void of contact with Him.*"²

EVELYN UNDERHILL.

¹ *Mystische Schriften*, p. 137.

² Plotinus, *En.* vi. 9.

‘THE BUDDHA IS MY REFUGE.’

GUSTAV MEYRINK.

THUS have I heard :

Once upon a time an old musician lived in this city, alone and forsaken. The garret which was his home, where he spent part of the day and part of the night, was narrow, dark and wretched, in the wretchedest, darkest and narrowest part of the town.

Not always had the old man been so forsaken. Years he could recall, years of splendour and magnificence. All the brightness the world offers unto the richest, the world had offered to him. All the joy the world has to give to the joyous, the world had once given to him. All the delight and the beauty the world offers the fair and the happy, that too had it offered to him.

But one day the turn came to his fortunes.

As on a clear morning the sun uprises in a cloudless sky and reaches the zenith of its brightness—thence to descend again and sink in gloom and darkness—and fading out sinks deep into the night; so when the fatal turn came in his life, and each fresh day brought fresh distress, he sought for help in prayer.

Long nights and many he spent upon his knees in order that his ruin might be turned from him.

But splendour and magnificence faded, joy and brightness died away. His riches vanished, his wife forsook him, his child died, for in his poverty he had no means to nurse him.

Then he prayed no more; his soul entered the gloom.

As in deep night, when darkness swallows up the forms and outlines and the colours of all things and of all beings, and one from other can no longer be distinguished; as softly and imperceptibly the heavens grow light from shimmer of the coming moon who, whispering, wakens the vanished forms and outlines of all things unto another life; so, softly, imperceptibly, whispering, from out the darkness of his heart, arose the words that he had learnt, had read somewhere, some time, in the days of his good fortune—the words of the Buddha:

“Therefore, cling not to love;
To leave the loved one is so hard!
No bond of life doth fetter him,
Whom nothing more entices or repels.
From love springs grief,
From love springs fear;
He who hath freed himself from love,
No grief hath he nor fear.
From lust springs grief,
From lust springs fear;
He who hath freed himself from lust,
No grief hath he nor fear.”

* * * *

Then his soul entered the twilight. All longing and all hope died in him, all grief, all greed, all sorrow and all joy.

In the morning when he woke, he sent his love and pity out to east, to west, to south, to north, above, below.

When he began his work, he murmured:

‘The Buddha is my refuge!’

And when he took his scanty meal, and when he drank, when he rose up or sat down again, when he went out or came back home, he murmured :

‘ The Buddha is my refuge ! ’

So the doors of his senses were closed ; desire and hate, greed, grief and joy no longer found entrance.

Sometimes, on holidays, when the bells were ringing, he brought out a glass plate, and fixed it to his table, and scattered fine sand-grains on it ; and when he drew his ‘cello-bow across the edge, and made it sing, merrily and blithely danced the grains of sand, forming small, regular stars—the shapes of sound.

And as the star-shapes formed, grew, and disappeared, and formed again, dully he brought to mind the teaching of the Buddha Gautama,—of sorrow, of sorrow’s cause, of sorrow’s ending and of the path that leads to sorrow’s ending.

‘ The Buddha is my refuge ! ’

* * * *

To go to the land where live the saints who have nothing more to pray for,—where once the Exalted, the Perfect One dwelt—the saintly Gautama, who showed the way to freedom ; this was his burning desire.

There to seek and to find those who keep the living sense of the doctrine, from heart to heart transmitted, unchanged, in clear simplicity and vital power ; this was his burning desire.

To earn the money for this pilgrim-journey to the east, to the land of his burning desire, with mind pent up he played his ‘cello in taverns and in booths, for days, and weeks, and months, and many, many years.

When his companions handed him his tiny share of what they had collected, he thought of the Exalted,

of the Perfect One—that he was nearer by one step more to Him.

'The Buddha is my refuge!'

Thus he grew white and feeble; till there dawned the day which brought him the last coppers to make up the sum.

* * * *

In his dingy, wretched garret he stood and stared at the table.

What was the gold doing there on the table? Why had he saved it up?

His memory was gone.

He thought and thought. What was the gold doing on the table there?

His memory was gone.

He knew no more; he could no longer think. But ever again and again, as a wave rises out of the waters and sinks again, the words rose up in his brain:

'The Buddha is my refuge!'

Then the door opened and his comrade, the fiddler, a charitable and sympathetic soul, entered.

The old man did not hear him; he stared at the gold.

At last the fiddler said softly:

"To-day we collect for the children of the destitute."

The old man did not hear him.

"We collect to-day for the children of the destitute, all of us, rich and poor, that they may not freeze, nor perish, nor starve, that they may be nursed when ill. Will you not give, old friend, you who are so rich?"

The old man scarcely grasped the meaning of the words. The dull feeling that he must not take, or give

away, a penny of the gold there on the table, held his heart firmly like a spell. He could not speak. It was as though he had forgotten this world.

* * * *

A vision passed before him. He saw the glowing sun of India over motionless palms and shimmering temples, and in the distance the white mountains shining.

The form that nought can move of Buddha Gautama drew nigh as though it were from a far distance, and as an echo in his heart he heard the crystal voice of the Perfected One, as once among the woods near Sumsumaragiram, uttering the strange words following:

“So see I thee then here, thou Evil One. Give up the hope: ‘He sees me not.’

“Well do I know thee, Evil One, give up the hope: ‘He knows me not.’ Māra thou art, the Evil One.

“Vex not the Perfect One, vex not the Perfect One’s disciple.

“Hence get thee from the heart, O Māra; get thee hence, O Māra, from the heart!”

Thereon the old man felt as though a hand had been off-lifted from him. He thought of his own child, the child that died, because in his own poverty he had no means to nurse him.

Then he took all the gold upon the table and gave it to the fiddler.

* * * *

‘The Buddha is my refuge!

The Buddha is my refuge!’

* * * *

The fiddler was gone; and, as on holidays, some-

times, when the bells were ringing, the old man had brought out the glass plate, and fixed it to his table, and scattered fine sand-grains upon it; and when he drew his 'cello-bow across the edge, and made it sing, merrily and blithely danced the grains of sand, forming small, regular stars.

And as the star-shapes formed, grew, and disappeared, and formed again, dully he brought to mind the teaching of the Buddha Gautama,—of sorrow, of sorrow's cause, of sorrow's ending, and of the path that leads to sorrow's ending.

Thereon it chanced that through the broken garret-roof a snow-flake fell upon the table, stayed a moment and was gone—a small, wee, regular star.

As lightning tears the darkness suddenly,—so did the light of knowledge come into the old man's heart:

Tones, here unknown, unheard, tones of another world, give birth unto these flakes, these stars, give birth to nature, and give birth unto all forms of beings and of things, give birth unto this world.

This world is not the real world. Of this he was now clear.

This world is not the real world, the world that passes not out of existence, the world that comes not back into existence. Of this he was now clear.

And with this full and clear self-consciousness he felt the hidden pulse-beat of the universe and felt the inmost depth of his own heart, of him the purified, the dead unto desire, the conqueror of error. Within it reigned the stillness of the quiet sea and one last wave rose sleepily and fell:

'The Buddha is my refuge!

The Buddha is my refuge!'

München.

GUSTAV MEYRINK.

THE DETHRONED GODS.

BEATRICE ALLHUSEN.

IN that hour when man made of fire his slave and of air his messenger, he dethroned the gods, for he had stolen from them the secrets whereby they had reigned. Amid the shadows of the temples, in silence and in mystery, they had dwelt apart, laying claim to those powers they had learnt to direct. The thunder-bolt fell as they commanded, voices from beyond the grave brought messages, everything small and great appeared obedient to their sway, and men awed into fear, approaching their shrines, flung themselves down in adoring silence, while the unsmiling gods accepted their terror-stricken worship.

But the hour struck when man, curious inquisitive man, grown bolder with familiarity, raised a curtain here, threw a torch-light there, until their secrets were exposed and all was laid bare.

‘All!’—he said, satisfied in his mockery and pride, that what he could not hold and destroy did not exist. ‘All’—it is the readiest word in his short vocabulary! He laughed at those he had feared, smiled at his past terrors, then forgot them, and mocking at his scarce-remembered humility, jeered at the unlit altar and the desecrated shrines.

Curiosity had conquered, had proved there was nothing to fear; and into the holy places barbarians rushed where they had formerly not dared to look, and seizing triumphantly the mysteries that had been

so well hidden, took them into his sacrilegious keeping. The fire that had flamed on the altar he stole for the hearth, the lightning's secret passed into his controlling hand. But while with the knowledge he had filched, he was letting loose upon the earth the unveiled secrets, in the twilight of the empty temples remained the lonely gods, bereft of believers, nothing to companion their desertion but the gloom and mockery that followed the discovery of their treason; for it was left to them to remember that they had been unfaithful to their trust, that they had committed the unpardonable sin, and had not been faithful to themselves.

Morality is honesty, and they had not let it suffice; now rebuking conscience faced them in their loneliness.

Always the day comes when someone is bold enough to doubt and demand proof, when someone pulls off the shrouding veil to learn what is hidden under its folds. Then it is the lie he seizes on—the stupid lie that was used to help out the truth. So the dishonoured gods stood forsaken, and the worshipper with his stolen secrets, could afford to gaze through the open portals, and despise the empty temples.

Out into the cold night-winds that shivered across the bare earth the homeless gods found their way, half afraid and half ashamed; under the calm wide sky and the eternal stars, whose light seemed to scorn those for whom wisdom and truth had not sufficed. Even the world was a refuge from those deserted altars, the gloom of those unlit fires.

Man's mockery at the powers they had so long wielded had chilled their courage; they could not face the contempt of those who had been their worshippers.

Further and further from men they stole, seeking refuge in dark forests and hidden valleys, on mountain crests and all lonely spots, where man fighting man for supremacy, was least likely to discover them.

But man did not trouble about them. With the command he had achieved over his stolen slaves, he was content to let all his forces go to struggle and fight and conquer those who defied him. The gods he had worshipped and then mocked, whose emptied shrines he had destroyed, were forgotten in the eternal fierce warfare for those rewards he could touch with his hands, and gaze upon with his eyes, and count as his jewels; it mattered nothing to him whether the storehouse of his soul was empty or full.

But for none of these gains won at such fearful cost, did the dethroned gods care. The war of the world did not reach their ears; or if it did they shrank away in terror. Their furtive eyes were for ever seeking deeper green glades in the forest, further bluer shadows where they might live in that calm where the soul prospers, and where they could weigh all that the selling of their birthright had won—and lost. For everywhere went with them the bitter knowledge that they had been guardians of the truth, and in its defence had called in a lie. The lie that had first prospered and then failed, and was now man's only memory of them! It had been to win his faith the appeal to his credulity had been made; and for a time the false flare had gained what had been denied to the truth. But with the extinguishing of the false, all that was of their true godhead remained, purified and haloed; stealing among the dark forest trees or on lonely shores, it would be by that faint aureole they would recognise each other. Everything else had gone when

they were divested of the robes that had marked their glory. To those who saw them, they were unrecognised survivals ; until in time the memory of them was lost with their title to honour.

The years marched on as time swung slowly, accomplishing destiny.

Man fought and struggled until satiated with conquest and his brothers' blood, he was enabled to seize on his possessions, and with one hand still on his sword set about enjoying them—forgetting that it is ordained that he who takes the sword shall perish by the sword, or live in terror of such a fate ; that also it is ordained that he who heaps up goods, who fills his storehouses and barns and then bids his soul set to and enjoy, is apt to find there is no soul to respond to the invitation ; and in addition that there is always death for the body lying in wait.

Sometimes a man surfeited with life would be found looking longingly towards the cool dark forest-glades or the soft twilight shadows, and giving a sigh for the possibility of a truce and the peace of an unarmed sleep. Then there would fall on him a furtive glance from a passer-by, who noting him would hurry on ; but a memory would linger of calm eyes that held no boldness, of aloofness and peace, a peace whose source was out of sight. He had forgotten so entirely, that no fitting memory warned him of the dethroned gods and the violated temples.

Careless or busy he went on his way ; and as the race grew tamer and the constant warfare ceased, he turned instead to a life of constant, anxious, materialistic endeavour, rarely looking beyond those daily needs for which his soul seemed to have been so well exchanged. And in their remote hiding places the

gods also lived on, and with the false veils thrown away, were scarcely to be recognised for what they had once posed to be.

Poor and despised where once they had reigned, they took no heed of the change; and the powers that once they had arrogantly assumed were still theirs.

In the silence Apollo sang and the Mother of the Muses, who is Memory, learnt the secrets of the past through the gifts of her children; and sometimes drawn by beauty, or lured by magic sounds, or enslaved by the mysteries that translate and transfuse life into something that is beyond life, some man would renounce all that he had valued to become a learner.

Returning through the sombre twilight under the interlaced boughs, he had discerned a shabby figure whose only riches were the fire of his eyes—the serene glow that told of worlds not realised—and had recognised in him the presence of the Immortal; for those who live with the gods become as gods.

The learner like the gods forsook the world, and lifting the veil, lived in what it hid, drawing strength and rapture from the solemn calm of the forests, the tender hopefulness of the dawn, the eternal verities of the midnight stars.

Then often would he meet these shabby strangers; they would walk by his side and talk to him. They were always poor; they knew nothing of the world; their talk was always of dreams, of dreams that inspired.

Afterwards he would hear a melody that opened out earth till it showed heaven, or would figure forth the beauty that had passed between him and the summer dawn, or lure the spirit of the wave from the blue shadows of the sea; but whatever he saw and did,

the vision followed that talk with the shabby fiery-eyed stranger.

Undivined by the masterful race that had possessed the earth, the gods honoured as their companions only the laggards who had fallen out of the ranks. Behind such the ranks closed up; there was no place for them—in such an army. To them a sunset was worth more than a conquered city, a dawn more enthralling than the spoils of war. They were of that number who endowed the world with beauty, though all unheeded they went their way. For them shone the light that never was on earth; to them were revealed the secrets hidden from other eyes; all earth's lovely mysteries became theirs. Their dreams stole into haunting sounds; memories of the wind in pine trees passed into the tragic march of the dead, the inspiration of the fight, the tender love-song of the living.

The colours of the sunset faded; but behind the crimson and gold was the revelation of all that was hidden beyond those glittering gates. The hoarse murmur of the sea with its securely guarded secrets, was rendered to some patient watcher by the falling wave.

But always, just as he snatched his triumph and breathlessly seized what he had given his brief life to win, came a faint far-off memory, that it had not been through his own skill he had seized success, and had caught the rainbowed glittering dream that had all but escaped his clutching hand. Always there had been an hour when he had hopelessly sought to seize those tormenting dreams, when he had felt life would be well exchanged for their possession; and then in that supreme despair, a sad-eyed stranger had stood beside him and kindled his soul afresh. By his side

he had walked through the mysterious darkness of the scented forest, silent, unknown,—but in his silence and his aloofness discounting, in some strange fashion, the values of the world, shewing the dross, setting a seal upon the dream.

Or a woman had passed him swifter than a shadow through the fading twilight, who had only turned her eyes towards him; and in that serene glance had created the vision through which he was to live. She had vanished before he could turn his head, had already become a part of the blended colours of the sunset.

Or sometimes, as the flecking foam touched his feet, in the deep heart of the breaking wave, gone so quickly he could not catch the outline, was granted a glimpse of the supreme beauty for which he sighed and panted—lost again as the wave rounded and crashed at his feet, but never more to be forgotten.

It was to these strangers he owed hope and the pointing of the way—the hour always came when he remembered that; and in that remembering hour, a halo pale and evanescent crowned them, visible above the sad eyes and the poverty.

For the gods have returned to Truth; the veils are discarded, only the realities are left—the realities that once men worshipped under false names and then jeered at and trampled on.

Clothed in rags, despised and ignored, they still reign. Beauty and Truth, and all the dreams that have lightened the world and helped man on his sorrowful way are their eternal possessions.

Every sorrow, every tragedy, touched by their gracious hands, becomes a divine gift which is theirs alone to give.

Poor, sad and silent they walk this earth, shrinking from those whose mocking tones they still fear ; but radiant and glorious for those who have seen the halo, which is still the mark of their once triumphant royalty, and the crown of that Kingdom over which they for ever reign.

BEATRICE ALLHUSEN.

THE CITY.

' FULL of Zeus are the cities : full of Zeus the harbours : full of Zeus are all the ways of men.'

WHAT domination of what darkness dies this hour,
And through what new, rejoicing, winged, ethereal power
O'erthrown, the cells opened, the heart released from fear ?
Gay twilight and grave twilight pass : the stars appear
O'er the prodigious, smouldering, dusky, city flare.
The Hanging Gardens of Babylon were not more fair
Than these blue flickering glades where childhood in its glee
Re-echoes with fresh voice the skyborn ecstasy.
Yon girl whirls like an Eastern dervish. Her dance is
No less a god-intoxicated dance than his,
Though all unknowing the arcane fire that lights her feet,
What motions of what starry tribes her limbs repeat.
I, too, fire-smitten, cannot linger ; I know there lies
Open somewhere this hour a gate to Paradise,
Its blazing battlements with watchers thronged, Oh where ?
I know not, but my flame-winged feet shall lead me there.
O, hurry, hurry, unknown Shepherd of Desires,
And with thy flock of bright imperishable fires
Pen me within the starry fold, ere the night falls

And I am left alone below immutable walls.
Or am I there already, and is it Paradise
To look on mortal things with an immortal's eyes ?
Above the misty brilliance the streets assume
A night-dilated blue magnificence of gloom
Like many-templed Nineveh, tower beyond tower,
And I am hurried on in this immortal hour.
Mine eyes beget new majesties. My spirit greets
The trams, the high-built glittering galleons of the streets,
That float through twilight rivers from galaxies of light.
Nay, in the Fount of Days they rise, they take their flight,
And wend to the Great Deep, the Holy Sepulchre.
Those dark misshapen folk to be made lovely there
Hurry with me, not all ignoble as we seem
Lured by some inexpressible and gorgeous dream.
The earth melts in my blood ; the air that I inhale
Is like enchanted wine poured from the Holy Grail.
What was that glimmer then ? Was it the flash of wings
As through the blinded mart rode on the King of Kings ?
Oh stay, departing glory ; stay with us but a day
And burning Seraphim will leap from out our clay,
And plumed and crested hosts shall shine where men have been,
Heaven hold no lordlier court than earth at College Green.
Ah no, the wizardry is over, the magic flame,
That might have melted all to beauty, fades as it came.
The stars are far and faint and strange. The night draws down :
Exiled from light, forlorn, I walk in Dublin town.
Yet had I might to lift the veil, the will to dare,
The fiery rushing chariots of the Lord are there,
The whirlwind path, the blazing gates, the trumpets blown,
The halls of Heaven, the majesty of throne by throne,
Enraptured faces, hands uplifted, welcome sung
By the thronged gods, tall, golden-coloured, joyful, young.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[The following was unfortunately received too late for inclusion in the July number.—ED.]

FURTHER CONCERNING THE HOLY GRAAL.

I AM so glad that Miss Weston has brought with kindly pains the wealth of her textual knowledge to bear on my *Hidden Church of the Holy Graal*.¹ I am quite sure that with still greater pains and with less kindness she might have indicated more errors of the textual order than the few which her clemency has selected. I should have tried to have been penitent then, as I am seeking to feel penitent now, about those which she has indicated. But what I am more anxious to correct at the moment concerns another matter. I would dissuade Miss Weston even further, and concur in her own desire to dissuade readers of *THE QUEST*, from assuming or concluding that there is or can be at present any very substantial agreement between her and myself as to that which lies behind the literature of the Holy Graal. I might even, though regretfully enough, divert her and them from attaching too literal an importance to what she says of our unanimity regarding the character of the Graal as the 'source of life,' for although it is true in fact, I am sure that we differ widely as to the mode of the communication of that life. Let me, therefore, in the first place lay down a few clear issues, much as I dislike their plainness; but I have the satisfaction of believing that they are likely to be generally unwelcome and not wanting in several secret exits of which few will know but myself. They are also a matter of justice to Miss Weston, that she may be cleared once and for all from the imputation which all unknowingly I seem to have fastened upon her.

(1) There is no other aspect of the Graal or any other literature which, from my point of view, is worth a moment's consideration, except the Christian aspect. The sole interest, meaning, term and apology of any literature is in so far as it

¹ See Miss Weston's article, 'The Quest of the Holy Grail,' in the April number.

serves to unfold Christ. That revelation is the only legitimate excuse which can be offered for anything—and in particular for the manifest universe. (2) But I do not intentionally belittle the pedigree of the Quest; I think only that its interest is rather of the archaic kind, since He Who is the Way, the Truth and the Life has been brought to our very doors. (3) I believe that man has sought and found God among all tongues and tribes and peoples and nations; but the stress of manifestation has become too much for some of us and we are looking to the things that are nearest, that they may get us back quickly. (4) I do not affirm that the Eucharist offered an inherently novel or wider channel for the communication of Divine power; but it is the most perfect sacrament of grace which has been given for the justification of the ways of God to man. (5) I am not an advocate of the exclusively and essentially Christian form of the Quest as if there were no other form; but I think that it is the form which matters most. (6) I do not despise folk-lore, on all my bright honour; it is an age-long intimation of the coming of the Christ-spirit. (7) I think that Miss Weston has written a moderate and moving criticism of my Graal-book,—almost thou persuadest me to be a folk-lore scholar; but the day is far spent, and it is more to my purpose to get home. I am sure that she is right about the new spirit which has come over the study. God is knocking in these days much too loudly at our doors within for the scholars not to hear Him.

So far on the point of view, and now as to a few details. I am in utter agreement with the excellent distinction made between Galahad and Parsifal—I beg pardon, I should have written Parzival; but I am so casual over these orthographies. I am not qualified to judge about Titian and Velasquez; but Miss Weston judges for me, and I understand that their paintings live. For myself the only recognisable portraits of women are in stained-glass windows, and Galahad is certainly like a lovely and unrealisable picture in an illuminated missal. So also the highest literature is the Mass-Book. Miss Weston's excellent summary of the motive-principle at work in the evolution of Parzival is exactly a statement of the reasons why I fear that it awakens, comparatively speaking, so little response in my mind. It is all so far from the goal; it is like the ethical instruction delivered in a Craft Lodge and all the literal side of the law, about which we have heard so much, which goes without saying, which carries no message to the spirit, and is that wherein—after many searchings—we have most of us found

so little. The ten commandments are good, but there is nothing so *embêtant* as the general issues of morality, and fidelity to a sense of duty is the least interesting of the virtues. It is a pity to break the natural commandments, but it is perfectly hopeless to admire them. I wish that Miss Weston could, however, see through my glasses the importance of the fact that Galahad went in quest of Corbenic, knowing well where it was; that is the age-long story of the self-knowing spirit. As she justly but unwittingly suggests, it is the Quest which is no quest, and it is the great Quest of all: I have been following it all my life, and so has Miss Weston. In a sense she is right when she says that the Galahad text is not a record of individual experience; that is the highest praise. It is the experience of the whole creation as it surges back whence it came.

I have now enumerated several points which show all too frankly that I am rather an impossible person, according to the ordinary standards and the things that make for repute. I have had my time at research, and I have some recollection of writing a few negligible books in my hot and irresponsible youth when Victoria was Queen and when no one had quite got out of the middle night of the nineteenth century. I tried many paths in those days, even those of occultism; but there comes a time when the mystic spark falls from the mystic heaven, when the voices cease to speak in the outer ways, when it is not so hard to be a Christian, when the difficulty is on the other side. I am not contributing to the annals of the propagation of the faith, but I am laying down certain drag-nets for ingathering my kinship to the one fold and the one Shepherd—there, where the Palace is at the Centre. I am intimidated when I think how these few words may contradict some of my old bye-laws; but the present landmarks are irremoveable, and there is (a) Christianity, (b) Christianity, (c) Christianity—like the three Grades of the Craft; after which there is the Royal Arch, by which I mean a few of the instituted mysteries. These are one.

In conclusion, I am sure after all that there is the *rapprochement* of which Miss Weston speaks between her and myself; that she after her own manner and I after mine are seeking Christ together and that our roads will converge. I now unsay categorically that which opened this statement; and if I ever write anything again, which I do not expect to do, about our comparative stand-points, I will show that they are still closer—and she will then forgive me.

A. E. WAITE.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

EIN JÜDISCH-CHRISTLICHES PSALMBUCH AUS DEM ERSTEN JAHRHUNDERT.

Aus dem Syrischen übersetzt von Johannes Flemming. Bearbeitet und herausgegeben von Adolf Harnack. Leipzig (Hinricks), 1910.

OUR readers are already familiar with the recent remarkable discovery of the 'Odes of Solomon' psalter (in Syriac translation) and of the high value of this document for the history of the origins of Christianity, both from the paper of its fortunate discoverer, Dr. J. Rendel Harris, in our January number, and also from the lengthy review of his excellent *editio princeps* of the text, with translation, commentary and notes, in the April issue. We have now before us a very careful German translation of the Syriac text, by the Director of the Berlin Imperial Library, together with a minute and systematic analysis and commentary by Prof. Harnack, whose knowledge of early Christian literature may be said without exaggeration to be unrivalled. It is an admirable piece of work, and we are not unnaturally pleased to see that its general results permit us still to hold the views we ventured to put forward in reviewing Dr. Rendel Harris' labours. These results may be roughly summarised as follows:

The original document (*Grundschrift*) is Jewish, dating about the beginning of our era; the limits of the time-frame must be fixed as c. 50 B.C.—c. 67 A.D. (p. 104); subsequently but at a comparatively early date in the first century it was subjected to Christian elaboration. If we except the discovery of *The Teaching of the Apostles*, we have not had so valuable a find for three centuries; in many ways, indeed, it is more important than that Early Christian catechism, and for the solution of the 'Johannine' problem it is epoch-making (pp. v. and 119).

This psalm-book, as we have it, is thus a collection of Jewish odes which have been subjected to Christian interpolation and to which a few distinctly Christian pieces have been added (p. 76).

Though in general there is a relative unity of style pointing to one original poet, the interpolator has shown little tact; there may indeed have been more than one interpolator, for Ode 19 (a Christian addition) is for the most part quite tasteless as compared with the poetical beauty of the majority of the pieces (p. 112). (We are, however, still inclined to think that there may have been several *original* poets or prophets, for the Jewish collection is plainly the product of a school, and the unity of style is admitted to be only relative.)

The extraordinary interest lies in the fact that the Jewish original document, which was most probably written in Hebrew or Aramaic (p. 106), apart from all Christian additions and interpolations, is characterised by a lofty individualism of a religious nature which, though it has as good as nothing in common with the sayings of the synoptic Jesus, is yet very closely related to a branch of Christian devotion and theology (in particular the 'Johannine'), as is the case in no other Jewish writing (p. 78). This is a contribution of the first importance to our historical knowledge; it supplies us with the missing link between the 'Johannine' theology and its presuppositions, and that, too, without reference to the synoptic, that is to say the historical, Jesus, and without any Messianism (p. 99). This results from the nature of the 'I' or 'We' Odes which claim for the singer such sublime experience that the Christian interpolators imagined they could refer to Jesus alone. These are the utterances of the mystic who through Divine revelation and gnosis and most intimate love-relationship with God, sees the salvation of his 'I'—his whole being—now confirmed and raised on high for evermore, and who now feels compelled to impart the glad tidings to others and proclaim the fulfilment of what had been foretold. The singer is a prophet as well as a mystic (p. 86). Harnack says that this ideal of personal religion might be called a 'Messianic solipsism without a Messiah' (p. 99 n. 3)—a not very graceful expression for so fair a consummation. This so-called '*individualism*,' however, as we have endeavoured to point out (April no., p. 564), was Rebirth into a '*Race*,' and therefore into a 'corporate' prophetic and spiritual Life. The main doctrines of this mystic movement are not due to any direct Hellenic speculation; they grow from Jewish soil, though in a particular field and under a certain foreign influence. In the ideas of preëxistence with God, transference to earth, and return through Gnosis (Light, Truth, Living Water) to Love, from Love to Life, Immortality and Rest, we now have to recognise a

blend of Jewish conceptions of the Hellenistic period, which indeed flow into one bed with Greek philosophy, but which are not due to it. To what influence are these ideas to be ascribed? Harnack suggests 'Babylonian' in a query in parentheses (p. 100); for ourselves we see in the doctrinal phenomena of these Jewish Odes one more indication of the mysterious and widespread 'Persian' influences which played upon so many forms of inner personal religion in those days and during the preceding centuries. This influence is prominent in many schools which Harnack refers to as 'syncretic' or 'heretical' Gnostic, and it is predominant in the circle which he excepts from heresy and syncretism, and in which he finds the natural background of 'Johannine' theology.

But where are we to place this circle? Harnack thinks it must be Palestinian, that it must be placed in the area where *The Testament of the Twelve Patriarchs* and the allied literature arose. The religious consciousness of the writer (or writers, as we hold) is so personal and immediate that Harnack believes it impossible to class him as a Pharisee, or Essene, or a 'syncretic' Gnostic of any school; as to his being a Therapeut, there are, indeed, many similarities, but as the Therapists were an Egyptian community Harnack thinks this consideration rules out the supposition. Philo, however, tells us that there were many Therapeut communities scattered "throughout the world"; so that Harnack's argument here does not necessarily hold. The closest analogies are with 'Johannes.' This 'John' may very well, in Harnack's judgment, before he became a Christian, have been a Jewish mystic of the same type as the author of the original Odes (p. 106).

What, then, we have to learn from these instructive Odes for the history of the origins of Christianity, appears to be :

(1) That our Odes, with their strong personal religious atmosphere, free of all mythical and ceremonial elements, must be placed between the later canonical Psalms, the *Wisdom of Solomon* and *The Testament of the Twelve Patriarchs*, on the one side, and the religious individualism of a Paul, a 'John' and an Ignatius, on the other.

(2) That the conceptions of Light, Truth, Life, of Faith, Love, Hope, of Gnosis and Immortality, of Predestination (? Preexistence) and New Birth, are not of Christian invention, but already pre-Christian. And further that these conceptions are not of Hellenic origin, though they resemble the thought of Greek philosophy; they are begotten of the reproductive power of the Jewish

religious genius. The Logos-idea is there, but it is not the Logos of Greek philosophy, just as there is nothing essentially Hellenic in 'John' apart from the prefixed Proœm.

(3) That there, thus, existed in Palestine a highly developed type of Jewish religion which, as is also the case with Philo, was scarcely touched with Messianic beliefs, and had no need of Messianic ideas for attaining unto Comfort and Peace; for, on the lines of the later canonical Psalms, it had already arrived at, or thought it had arrived at, Divine Gnosis and Communion, Salvation, Spiritual Rebirth and Blessedness, and that, too, without the sense of sin and the deep experience of repentance which marked the general Christian dispensation.

(4) That, finally, the Synoptic Jesus, as contrasted with the Pauline or Johannine Christ, has little to do with this mysticism. The Jesus of the Synoptics stands in the midst of concrete life; the Odes of our mystics float above it (pp. 118-120).

Harnack would, therefore, conclude that the historicity and originality of the Synoptic Jesus are confirmed anew by the religio-historical results which flow from the analysis of the contents of this most remarkable Jewish psalter or ode-book. We might also add that these results confirm in a most striking way that what many believe to be the central truth of Christianity, as apart from all circumferential doctrines, was realised and proclaimed prior to the preaching of Jesus and most probably in the same land.

Very different is the view of Prof. W. Emery Barnes, who translates a few pieces in the July number of *The Expositor*; he thinks the whole of the Odes are Christian and probably Montanist. But whereas Harnack supplies us with a minute and methodical literary analysis in support of his conclusion, Prof. Barnes registers an opinion.

MODERN GREEK FOLKLORE AND ANCIENT GREEK RELIGION.

A Study in Survivals. By John Cuthbert Lawson, M.A., Fellow and Lecturer of Pembroke College, Cambridge. Cambridge (The University Press), 1910.

THIS instructive volume may be said to constitute a new departure in Hellenic studies; it aims at being a systematic attempt "to trace the continuity of the life and thought of the Greek people, and to exhibit modern Greek folklore as an essential factor in the interpretation of ancient Greek religion." The chief point that Mr. Lawson brings out in his review of the mass of curious legend

and custom he accumulated during two years of wandering among the Greek peasants of the mainland and of the islands, is the tenacity of the old Pagan beliefs on the life of the people, in spite of the Christianity which they devoutly profess, and the consequent use that can be made of these survivals to throw light on innumerable obscurities that the scholar of classical literature is unable to clear up by the most careful comparative study of documents. Mr. Lawson writes with much insight and sympathy and his studies will be welcomed by students of Greek religion as a solid contribution to the subject. The last chapter which deals with 'The Union of Gods and Men' is of special interest, dealing as it does with the main doctrine of the Mysteries and the popular idea of Death, both conceived as a 'sacred marriage.' It is but the legitimate statement of the results of careful research when Mr. Lawson writes: "We have seen alike in the literature of ancient Greece and in the folk-songs of modern Greece that death has commonly been conceived by the Hellenic race in the guise of a wedding; a review of marriage-customs and funeral-customs both ancient and modern has re-affirmed the constant association of death and marriage, and has shown how deep-rooted in the minds of the common people that idea must have been which produced a deliberate assimilation of funeral-rites to the ceremonies of marriage. Next we investigated the connection of the mysteries with the popular religion. . . . Finally we traced in many of these legends, on which the dramatic representations of the mysteries are known to have been based, a common *motif*, the idea that death is the entrance for men into a blissful estate of wedded union with their deities" (p. 602). The above quotation will give some idea of the interest of Mr. Lawson's remarkable studies and we can only regret that lack of space prevents a longer notice of his fruitful labours.

THE BURDEN OF ISIS.

Being the Laments of Isis and Nephthys. Translated from the Egyptian with an Introduction. By James Teackle Dennis. London (Murray), 1910.

IN addition to a pleasing version of the beautiful song of lament of the twin sister-goddesses (Berlin Pap. 1425), Mr. Dennis gives us a readable rendering of a collection of chants of praise to Osiris that formed part of the liturgy at the Heb-festivals of Isis and Nephthys ('Rhind papyrus,' B.M. 10188). A brief introduction

contains the main outlines of the Osiric myth and some general remarks, and the whole forms a useful addition to the educative 'Wisdom of the East' series, edited by Mr. Cranmer Byng and Dr. Kapadia. Mr. Dennis thinks that what will most impress the general reader in these liturgies "is the deep, sincere religious feeling that permeates them—the grief for the lost one, the hope of again beholding him, the cry from the heart for help, the reliance upon the divine all-ruling destiny that shall bring the trial to a happy ending, and the triumph of a desire realised and a hope fulfilled." This may well be so, for the religion of Egypt was here rooted in the depths of human nature; but what impresses us over and above all this is that with every page, if not with every line, we find ourselves puzzling over a wealth of veiled allusions to the central mystery of a profound faith that conditioned the religious experience of a great people for thousands of years, and turning in vain to our authorities for any real illumination on the subject.

PROCLUS' METAPHYSICAL ELEMENTS.

Translated from the Original Greek. By THOS. M. JOHNSON, Ocala, Missouri, U.S.A., 1909.

MR. THOS. M. JOHNSON, the one-time Editor of *The Platonist* and *Bibliotheca Platonica*, valiantly continues the tradition of Thomas Taylor, the whole-souled enthusiast of Platonic studies a century ago. In 1792 Taylor published a translation of Proclus's famous *Στοιχείωσις θεολογική*, and in 1816 reprinted a revision of his version in the second of his two quarto volumes on Proclus's *Theology of Plato*. Mr. Johnson has taken this as the basis of his own improved translation from Creuzer's text (1822), and has reprinted most of Taylor's notes and added many of his own. Proclus's *Elements of Theology* were highly appreciated by the Humanists; modern scholars, however, for the most part have regarded his *magnum opus* as an essay in speculation, put forward under the specious garb of seeming mathematically formulated propositions with logical demonstrations and corollaries. Especially has his doctrine of triads been ridiculed and his theory of emanation. But it is difficult to see why his philosophical trinity in unity should be so summarily disposed of when we find the notion everywhere as a fundamental condition of thought, notably in Indian philosophy, in Christian theology, and in a number of

modern philosophical systems. It is true it is reported of him that of all books he loved best Plato's *Timæus* and the Hellenistic poem known as the *Chaldaean Oracles*, and that this latter preference of his seems in the minds of less poetic natures to unfit him for stern philosophical thought. But Plato himself was also a poet and artist. Proclus was a mystic; but he had also a very capable head for metaphysic and deserves sympathetic interpretation, and a translation into English that is not so dominated by Taylor's style as is Mr. Johnson's. Deeply grateful as we have always been to Taylor for his marvellous industry and devotion to the cause of the revival of Platonic studies a century ago, we have never been able to abide his general style and unlovely technicalities. But what we most want in the case of the *Elements* of Proclus is a decent text, and anxious as we are to possess one, we would venture to advise Mr. Johnson to leave it to the Germans and not to attempt it himself. In illustration of the fascination this masterpiece of Proclus's has exercised on some minds, we might mention the case of a friend, a Greek, who always carried a copy of the text in his pocket to refresh himself in the strenuous struggle of a daily business life in the city.

BUDDHISM AS A RELIGION.

Its Historical Development and its Present Conditions. By H. Hackmann, Lic. Theol. From the German, revised and enlarged by the Author. London (Probsthain), 1910.

THE original German of this work was published in 1905. The sub-title accurately describes its contents, and the qualification for treating of present conditions is stated to be twenty years' study and personal contact with Chinese, Japanese, Korean, Tibetan, Burmese, and Singhalese Buddhism during ten years. Herr Hackmann's main interest has been to discover what Buddhism as a practical religion of the present day really is, and this he has endeavoured to do by living in the monasteries, watching the monks and the lay devotees, and inquiring about rituals and institutions. His judgment on the present-day monks in general is by no means favourable, as we might have expected from many other reports. The historical development of Buddhism in its native land and in the various countries outside India is briefly but carefully narrated according to the best authorities, and the book as a whole is a useful compendium of information on the externals of Buddhism; it is, however, written from the standpoint of one who

holds that as a religion Buddhism is "entirely inadequate," although its author does not deny that "great and true thoughts have been promulgated by it," and does not seek to minimise "the ever-powerful and admirable personality of the Buddha himself" (p. 299). In his preliminary short sketch of 'The Buddha and His Doctrine,' Herr Hackmann after stating, *tout court*, without the slightest qualification, that the Buddha taught that there was no soul and no God, proceeds to inform us that "a thorough-going inquiry" has made it quite clear that "Nirvāṇa is nothing else than a state of complete painlessness. But since in Buddhism pain is synonymous with existence, as existence with pain, Nirvāṇa may equally be described as non-existence." This seems to hang together with the crude no-God, no-soul doctrine, and if true would brand Buddhism as blank Nihilism. But Herr Hackmann hastens to add that existence must not be taken in the absolute sense; equally so, we should have thought, the other doctrine should not be taken in an absolute sense, but rather marks an effort to wean the learner from erroneous popular notions concerning Deity and soul. Existence is to be taken to mean earthly existence and those subjective states to which reincarnation may lead, and which are "nothing more than modifications of earthly existence, strictly speaking." It is admitted that Nirvāṇa does not mean extinction; this mild concession has been forced upon a certain type of Orientalists because of the repeated statements that Nirvāṇa is to be attained while a man is still living, and that he still continues to live after this consummation. The way that Herr Hackmann seeks to minimise this is by introducing a docetic doctrine that is foreign to Hīnayāna Buddhism (from the standpoint of which he is arguing) though familiar enough in Mahāyāna Buddhism, and Gnostic Christianity. It should, however, be set forth in terms very different from the crude and misleading statement made by the author when he writes that a living Nirvāṇi's "visible earthly shape is merely a kind of optical delusion in the estimate of the Buddhist." On the contrary, the 'presence' of a Nirvāṇi is said to be the most real thing in existence. Docetism, philosophically considered, can be construed as an intensification of reality, for it deals with the mystery of the 'fulness,' of fulfilment and not of loss, except in the sense of loss of imperfection. And in this connection it would be well to remind ourselves of the exceedingly important doctrine of Japanese Mahāyāna Buddhism, brought out so instructively in Mr. Suzuki's recent work, that "Nirvāṇa is Samsāra," which points to a depth of realisation hitherto unus-

pected by most students of Buddhism. Herr Hackmann's book is well written for one whose native tongue is not English, but it would be improved by revision of phrases and words here and there. There is a good index and a very useful bibliography appended.

GOD WITH US.

A Study in Religious Idealism. By W. R. Boyce Gibson, M.A.
London (Black), 1909.

THIS series of studies is not a manual of devotion, as the title might lead us to suspect, but a philosophical treatise which "seeks to reach the heart through the head." The main interest of Mr. Boyce Gibson, who dedicates his book to Eucken, is the Spiritual Life treated from the standpoint of an ethico-religious idealism. The more distinctive nature of his standpoint, for which the author suggests the not very attractive name of 'anthropotheistic,' is most clearly brought out in the final chapter on 'Universalism and the Problem of Evil,' where we are told that: "The anthropotheistic position presupposes man's virtual freedom and a God in whom we live and move and have our being. Its central application is the simple truth, 'God with us.' What is ultimate for anthropotheism is not 'God' in severance from ourselves, but God 'in and with man'—*i.e.* the Spiritual Life. By 'God' we understand 'the Supreme Personal Principle of the Spiritual Life,' the Principle through union with which we ourselves first become persons and ends in ourselves" (p. 213). In other words, Mr. Boyce Gibson endeavours to set forth a philosophy of spiritual Christianity. The key to the anthropotheistic position, he tells us, is to be found in Love (Pref. viii.), which must inevitably triumph. The way he arrives at this conclusion in treating of the problem of evil is curious and as follows: "By its very nature Evil implies opposition to Good, and is restless till it finds no more good within itself against which to struggle. Hence, with the complete disappearance of the good goes the evil that opposes it, and we are left with the paradox that Evil finally triumphant is non-existent" (p. 218). We might have imagined that precisely the same argument could have been used about Good with a like paradoxical conclusion; but Mr. Boyce Gibson dexterously turns Good into Love and continues: "It is quite otherwise with Love. Love cannot rest content until it is all-inclusive, and when it is all-inclusive, and evil is depressed to the status of a mere latency,

it is thus at its apogee of life and power, and in a position of stable equilibrium, where each deflection from the common good brings the whole force of the universe to bear redemptively on the incipient weakness or sin. Thus in being all-inclusive, love becomes perfect." The idea seems to be that there must be at least a potentiality of evil for good to exist; but surely we have here the condition of a preserved and shut-off heaven-world rather than the realisation of the actuality of things. It is somewhat to be regretted that Mr. Boyce Gibson has not given greater space to developing his own ideas on their own ground; for the most part he has contented himself with developing them in connection with his treatment of the views of Eucken, Stanley Hall (whose psychology, he thinks, would strongly reinforce Eucken's philosophy), Auguste Sabatier, Caird and James. This he does with much sympathy and insight, though with the last he has to differ on a number of points. Mr. Boyce Gibson is a keen thinker and able critic, but we like him best when he lets himself go, as in the following fine passage, where he pleads that the future may be woven to the present and the past by threads other than those of fate, "by ghostly filaments still plastic to the will—in a word, by possibilities whose best claim to reality lies precisely in the fact that they are still unrealised." But does experience ratify such a suggestion? Mr. Boyce Gibson believes it does, and we also believe with him: "All the highways of our life are paved with such possibilities: the ground-work of our destiny is but a tissue of them. Wave upon wave, depth beyond depth—if we may so vary the metaphor—these unsensed, unrealised realities stretch immeasurably away into the stillness of the future. They alone divide us from our better self. Between what we are and what we would be, what is there but the mystical Sea of Possibility" (p. 211).

THE CELL OF SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

Seven Early English Mystical Treatises printed by Henry Pepwell in 1521. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by Edmund G. Gardner, M.A. London (Chatto & Windus), 1910.

THE seven treatises in this admirably edited reprint, are by Richard of St. Victor, Catharine of Siena, Margery Kempe (a precursor of Juliana of Norwich), Walter Hilton, and three pieces all by the same hand, and that, too, in high probability, of the writer of *The Divine Cloud of Unknowing*. In his careful and

useful Introduction Mr. Gardner tells us that Richard Rolle, Walter Hilton and the unknown author of *The Divine Cloud* were all followers of Richard of St. Victor († 1173), who thus became one of the chief influences in English mysticism. It is therefore of interest to note (which Mr. Gardner has omitted to do) that Richard's *Benjamin Major* (expanded in English into *A Devout Treatise, named Benjamin, of the Might and Virtues of Man's Soul, and of the Way to True Contemplation*), is in no way an original creation; its whole method and style is that of Philo of Alexandria, and almost every phrase of it could be exactly paralleled from the Philonean tractates. As to the other pieces, they are for the most part characterised by the frequently recurring phrase 'Sweet Jesu,' and their weak sentimentality differs very greatly from the virile writings of Eckhart, Tauler, and Ruysbroek; nevertheless there is much of beauty in them for the lovers of this phase of the Path of Love, and that beauty is enhanced by the delightful old English phraseology. Mr. Gardner adopts his main title from St. Catharine's phrase '*la cella del cognoscimento di noi.*'

SOME MYSTICAL ADVENTURES.

By G. R. S. Mead. London (Watkins), 1910.

A BOOK of short studies, or 'essays towards' a great and debatable subject, may sometimes be a more helpful introduction to the author's mode of thought than a sustained and closely reasoned argument. This volume should appeal strongly to those who, repelled by the current notions and definitions of mysticism, have not yet wholly despaired of a religious experience which shall satisfy both the intellect and the heart. It is in fact, in a fragmentary and unpretentious way, a charter of the New Mysticism, and as such will be welcomed by the many sincere but disheartened aspirants who are not helped by negative methods of discipline, and who perhaps have sorrowfully concluded that the spiritual life is not for them.

In these pages the spiritual life—or, to use Mr. Mead's more vital and positive phrase, "the heroic life"—is viewed as a glad energy, a constant exercise of faculty, an eager practice of new ways of thought and feeling. Only in exercise does it become 'ascetic,' in the true sense of the word; yet it is at the same time æsthetic, enlisting the senses in the pursuit of higher modes of perception and activity. The keynote of the New Mysticism is

the complete and joyous acceptance of life, as against the renunciation of it. Herein is no repression or inhibition of power. Every healthy and normal human faculty is brought into play. Instead of withdrawing from the world, the modern mystic challenges it, not as a foe but as a friend. He 'overcomes by yielding.' Like the seer in Edward Carpenter's wonderful vision, he goes forth with a divine impulse to embrace all things—even Satan; and in that magical embrace Satan is changed into God.

The chapter entitled 'On the Track of Spirituality' contains many sayings illuminative of this view. It goes to show that the impersonal or non-attached life is in reality the larger and fuller life, the assumption of wider powers; and that those who can attain unto it are able to 'enjoy life' far more keenly and whole-heartedly than those whose interests are still centred in the separated self, and who fear to leap beyond it. "Being unattached in daily life means . . . playing at life-cards without money or reward. Enjoying a good game and not minding if you lose is a sign of spirituality." And if the spiritual man does not strive for prizes, neither is he deterred by penalty or loss. Where the 'little self' loses, the Great Self comes into possession and power. Unlike the ascetic of monasticism, the modern mystic fears nothing in earth or heaven. Not recklessly, but reverently, he gives himself to human experience as to a baptism, and makes a sacrament of his daily bread.

Above all, the New Mysticism does not dishonour the intellectual life. Logic and reason, the processes of the 'scientific method'—these it may transcend, but never despise. And the alternative modes of inner activity presented here are not a whit less strenuous, less exacting, than the discipline of science. The alternatives are not loose thinking and vague dreaming; still less are they attempts to prove any given thesis; for non-attachment is of the mind as well as the heart. But the faculty of Imagination, instead of being dismissed as dangerous and uncertain in regions where hidden knowledge is sought for, is welcomed as affording the best preparation of the mind for genuine 'discovery.' Everything is done to make the mind alert, elastic, versatile; *poised* with such nicety as to respond to every hint from every quarter; suppleness and agility being considered no less necessary than 'one-pointedness' to the all-round mental training which is suggested here.

Of the rarer mystical experiences—rare at least in an age which, as Mr. Mead acutely says, "seeks light rather than life"—the author speaks with modesty, but with unmistakable conviction.

"True Initiation," he says, "is a *natural* process. No man can give or withhold it. It is the fulfilment of a covenant that man has with his God, and none can say yea or nay but that God alone." These are comfortable words for the unwilling heretic, driven from the orthodox folds when often he would gladly remain within them, sharing such worship as is still possible to him, in the recognition and service of the common Good. As regards his fitness for the spiritual life he cannot be measured by their tests, and has no use for their diplomas. In some souls it is God alone who plants and waters, as well as giving the increase. But this is not to say that there are no tests and no limitations. "Those who believe in the brotherhood of man can seek initiation only into such mysteries as can perfect them in humanity or true philanthropy, as Cicero says" (p. 93). Mysticism must stand among the humane arts and sciences, or it must fall. For it is at once a science and an art—a knowledge and a practice; or better still, mysticism is the reconciliation of the inner vision and the outer life.

The final chapter is a reprint of the address delivered from the presidential chair of the Quest Society at its inaugural meeting last year. It was well to include this clear and winning call to spiritual knighthood; expressing as it does the claim of the One Quest as something other than 'research'—as something great and satisfying, while research offers an ever-shifting goal. For research demands expert knowledge and scholarship; its qualifications are not open to all. But the Way of the Quest invites with equal promise the unlettered pilgrim and the doctor of science. "The unclean shall not pass over it, but the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein."

E. W.

INDIA IN PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY.

By Arthur Lillie. London (Kegan Paul), 1909.

THIS is an expansion both in substance and theory of Mr. Lillie's *Influence of Buddhism in Primitive Christianity*, which appeared in 1893, and, if we do not mistake, in a still earlier edition. His main contention then was that "through the Jewish sect of the Essenes . . . Buddhist influences reached Palestine, and were passed on to Christianity." This theory he now expands by seeking to find in the Serapis-cult of Alexandria, in the Logos-doctrine of Philo, in Gnosticism, and in primitive Christianity, further traces

of the influence of what he terms 'Shiva-Buddhism'—that is the gradual blend of Buddhism with, on the one hand, the thinly disguised crude popular elements, and on the other, the philosophised developments of what had originally been a primitive non-Aryan Shiva cult of an orgiastic and sex-worshipping nature. The very difficult subject of the origin and development of the Buddhism of the Great Vehicle, both of its more admirable elements on the one side, and of its corruption on the other by the highly undesirable admixture of tantrism in the North of India prior to its expansion outside the peninsula, still requires a competent historian, and we fear that Mr. Lillie's essay shows too many signs of an insufficient acquaintance with the literature and an entire ignorance of Sanskrit and Pāli to convince instructed readers on many of his particulars. His theory, however, even if it could be established in his own terms, would simply mean that, as his title, 'India,' has it, we have in 'Shiva-Buddhism' points of contact with many phases of the vast complex and mixture of Indian religious thought and practice existing in the first centuries B.C. and A.D. The general question of the influence of India on the West has many phases, and many efforts have been made to throw light on the subject, from the early days of the introduction of Sanskrit learning into the West, a century or more ago, when the wildest claims were made, to the present day, when the battle still rages within more moderate limits. The main point that seems to have emerged with greatest clearness is that monachism, if not asceticism, in the West is to be traced in last resort to India; whether the doctrine of transmigration can be so derived is still hotly disputed by those who would ascribe an original element in Orphism. Many theories have been put forward as to the origin of the Essenes, and Buddhist influence has been urged by a number, and denied by a greater number, including even some of those who trace the origin of monachism to Indian inception, instead of to vague 'Oriental' sources. The connection of Jesus with the Essenes has been often argued and more frequently denied, as might be expected; while the question of Buddhist and Christian parallels has been dealt with at length, as in the much discussed works of Seydel in Germany, and the most recent, impartial and painstaking work of A. J. Edmunds, *Buddhist and Christian Gospels*, which in its last edition has grown into two volumes. C. F. Aiken's *The Dhamma of Gotama the Buddha, and the Gospel of Jesus the Christ* (Boston, 1900), contains an excellent bibliography of former attempts of the same nature. We cannot,

however, find in Mr. Lillie's book any signs of acquaintance with these works, and though his own industry is to be commended, it would have been better to have utilised such works in his revision. Equally so for his Gnosticism, Mr. Lillie goes back to the pioneer work of Matter, eighty years ago, for his information. The best study on the subject is Mr. Kennedy's recent attempt in the *Journal* of the Royal Asiatic Society (1902), to show the influence of Indian thought in the system of Basilides. Now the early influence of India on Pythagoras has been ably argued by Schrader, and ably criticised by other scholars; but there is no doubt that subsequently to the conquest of Alexander India for centuries was regarded by the philosophers of Greece and Alexandria as possessed of a peculiar wisdom; direct proofs of immediate influence, however, are hard to find, till we come to the life of Apollonius, the philosopher-reformer of the first century. The main interest of Mr. Lillie's book, however, is not this general influence, but the great question whether primitive Christianity was influenced by the mystic communities, and whether these communities were influenced by Buddhism. We have often confessed our belief that part of the secret of Christian origins is hidden in the mystic communities, but of immediate Buddhist influence we have never been able to assure ourselves; we prefer to believe that one and the same great spiritual influence was energising at the birth of both these great faiths, and that this accounts sufficiently for resemblances that are often of a very striking nature. It is a psychological rather than a historical problem.

ANT COMMUNITIES AND HOW THEY ARE GOVERNED.

A Study in Natural Civics. By Dr. H. C. McCook. New York and London (Harper), 1909.

DR. MCCOOK is one of the most energetic American observers of ant-life, and in the present volume he has given us an extremely interesting series of discussions on the various phases of the subject, which will appeal equally to naturalists, philosophers, and the general reading public. Though mainly founded on his own observations, he also takes note of those made by other entomologists in various parts of the world, among others, Forel, Aitken and Wheeler.

The various chapters deal with the main features of ant-life in general, and treat of such subjects as **Fraternal Confederacies**

and Communal Righteousness among Social Ants; Vesting, Feeding, Language, Female Government, War, Aliens, Aphid Herds, Slave-making, etc.; and the numerous parallels and differences between ant communities and human communities are discussed at some length. While fully recognising the vast superiority of ant organisation in many respects over our own, Dr. McCook on p. 296 insists on the intrinsic superiority of man in what appears to us too arbitrary a manner, saying "the author must not be understood as in any degree confounding emmet instinct with human intellect. There is an impassable gulf between them." To the writer of the present notice, it appears more probable that ants are on a totally different line of evolution from that of ourselves, and that in their own course they have reached a far higher level, though it may well be that when we have reached a corresponding level on our own line of evolution, it may conceivably be higher than the present conditions of ant-life. But we are in full agreement with Dr. McCook's final conclusion: "*If socialism as a form of human government would be equally or even approximately successful, it must first attain that perfect individual discipline and absolute self-control, self-abnegation, self-surrender, and self-devotion to the good of the whole community that one sees in a Commonwealth of Ants.*"

We must not forget to say that the numerous illustrations are among the best which we have seen, and much above the average of those usually met with in popular books of natural history.

W. F. K.

KAMI-NO-MICHI.

The Way of the Gods in Japan. By Hope Huntly. London (Rebman), 1910.

THE authoress does herself an injustice by the slipshod style in which she writes an interesting and highly moral tale. It is the story of a Christian missionary who goes out to 'convert' Japan, and encounters a young girl of the Shintō faith who is able to refute the proselytising lady with her own texts, and give a very good account of her religion, both as to creed and practice. In spite of its faults of manner and its exasperating profusion of notes of exclamation, the book gives a singularly fair and sympathetic presentation of Shintōism in its loftiest form; and the complete rout of the self-satisfied missionary forms a most refreshing 'happy

ending' to the novel. It is a pity to flatter the ignorance of readers by adding the footnote—'Fact'—to every mention of those supernormal phenomena which are now generally accepted by scientists, and familiar to all students of the religious life.

E.

PLATO'S DOCTRINE OF IDEAS.

By J. A. Stewart, M.A., LL.D., White's Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Oxford. Oxford (Clarendon Press), 1909.

THOSE who have read Professor Stewart's admirable study *The Myths of Plato*, in which he indicated their importance and serious purpose, and restored them to their proper place and value in the system of the greatest thinker of Hellas, will turn to his exposition of Plato's leading doctrine of ideas with expectations that will not be disappointed. In his latest work Professor Stewart now indicates the consistency of the master's development of the doctrine as against the favourite notion of modern criticism that Plato chopped and changed about and finally evolved a theory distinctly at variance with his earlier views. Professor Stewart's objection to the results arrived at by many distinguished Platologists is that they have entirely neglected the psychology of the experience which expresses itself in the doctrine of ideas. He contends that the unjust criticism of Aristotle has thus been perpetuated to the present day, and he sets to work to expose its fallacies.

"It is to Aristotle's version of the Doctrine of Ideas that these recent expositions ultimately go back," he writes, "— to a version vitiated, like most of Aristotle's versions of Plato's doctrines, by the Pupil's inability or unwillingness to enter into the Psychology of Experience to which the Master was giving expression.

"The Experience to which Plato gave expression in his Doctrine of Ideas was a double one—not always, I think, recognised by himself as double: it was the Experience of one keenly interested in, and highly capable of taking, the scientific point of view in all departments of knowledge, and it was also the Experience of one singularly sensitive to æsthetic influences. It was the Experience of one who was a great man of science and connoisseur of scientific method, and also a great artist.

"The Doctrine of Ideas, expressing this double Experience, has accordingly its two sides, the methodological and the æsthetic. The former side Aristotle misunderstands, and to the latter is entirely blind."

This is strong language, but Professor Stewart, as it seems to us, amply proves his point, and at the same time vindicates the living value, scientific interest and æsthetic beauty of the doctrine against what have always seemed to us, in spite of our admiration for their great learning and industry, to be the jejune and desiccated notions of it put forward by many professed lovers of Plato who are really followers of Aristotle's misunderstanding. Professor Stewart's study is a feather in the cap of English scholarship; he is thoroughly acquainted with all the literature, especially with the painstaking work of German scholars, and on every page shows us that he is a specialist dealing with specialists on their own ground, while at the same time pointing out a better way by treating the doctrine not as a 'past event' in the 'history of philosophy,' but as a vital issue, by asking and answering the question: "What has present-day Psychology to tell us about the Variety of Experience which expresses itself in the Doctrine of Ideas?"

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENA OF CHRISTIANITY.

By George Barton Cutten, Ph.D. (Yale). London (Hodder and Stoughton), 1909.

ALTHOUGH the scientific study of the externals of religion has enormously increased our knowledge and furnished us with the means of arriving at many more correct values than were previously possible, it has as yet done little to catalogue and classify religious experience, much less to explain its nature. Indeed it is only of comparatively recent years that scientific attention has been drawn to the inner and personal side of the phenomena of religion, and that attempts have been made to approach the solution of the many vital problems involved in such experience from the side of a more enlightened psychology, based on the investigation of phenomena of a similar nature to many of the psychological experiences of the religious. It is in this direction that we must seek to discover what the Germans call the *Wesen* of religion, for it is precisely in such experience that religion has its fundamental *raison d'être*. Religion is primarily a question of experience of a certain order involving the whole man—his intellect, emotions and

will, and it is useless to attempt to trace its genesis to externals simply. To discover a really practical psychology of religious experience is, therefore, perhaps the greatest task that human science can possibly hope to achieve; for if the sure analysis of normal consciousness is at present in a somewhat nebulous state, the nature and modes of the transliminal almost entirely baffle normal scrutiny. With respect to the lower phenomena, it is true, some good work has been done in certain directions, and the experienced psychologist is beginning to find his way amid their amazing complexity with a little more confidence. But any genuine attempt to follow the deeper experiences of the human soul in its quest for the Divine will bring the unprejudiced investigator into touch with records of such sublimity and amazing daring, that he will be speedily convinced that the present science of psychology is utterly unable to pronounce judgment on such experiences, and that just in proportion as such experience transcends the normal, so it requires an intelligence beyond the normal to estimate its true value.

Any serious attempt to summarise the results of the pioneer work that has been done in endeavouring to approach religion from the side of psychology is very welcome, and as such we welcome the volume before us, although it confines itself to one religion only. Dr. Barton Cutten's work claims to be an attempt, in some 500 pages, to present the reader with an outline of "the whole range of the phenomena of Christianity"—both abnormal and normal, pathological and healthful. That it covers the 'whole range' must be seriously doubted; but it is certainly a useful volume, and indeed claims to be the first attempt to present a summary of the many studies that have been made on a number of phases of the subject. This is true in a qualified sense only, for though Dr. Barton Cutten shows sufficient familiarity with works in English, he seems to have no acquaintance with the labours of continental scholars except in translation; and generally we may say that there are few signs of knowledge of documents at first-hand, the author contenting himself with quotations at second-hand from prior investigators. It is, however, perhaps not the part of a psychologist to be a scholar, and he may well contend that his rôle comes into play after the material has been collected. As to his main authorities, our author seems to be chiefly a follower of Ladd, whose *Philosophy of Religion* and other works he lays under large contribution; the works of Starbuck, James and Lenba are also frequently referred to.

In dealing with abnormal phenomena, Dr. Barton Cutten is at pains to be impartial, and writes with clearness and ability in his summaries, which deal with the main phenomena of Christianity under such headings as—the religious faculty, mysticism, ecstasy, glossolalia (or speaking with tongues), visions, dreams, stigmatisation, witchcraft, demoniacal possession, monasticism and ascetism, religious epidemics, contagious phenomena, revivals, faith cure, Christian Science, miracles, conversion, sex, imagination, inspiration, worship, prayer, etc. These and other subjects are treated judiciously and at times with insight.

THE FOOL OF FAERY.

By M. Urquhart. London (Mills & Boon), 1910.

M. URQUHART has her feet now firmly planted on the stairway of literary distinction, four steps up. In *The Fool of Faery* the authoress of *A Study in Commonplace*, *Our Lady of the Mists* and *The Modelling of the Clay* gives us a clever and delightful study of a type of Celtic temperament, exemplified in a natural mystic and nature-lover, condemned by circumstance to the drudgery of a Government office and residence in a suburban village, and of his spiritual comradeship with and instinctive understanding of the childish village fool, in whose quaint aberrations and faery-fancies he reads the larger language of the mysterious soul of things. The characterisation of the Philistine village environment, with its dull commonplace interests, and its narrow unintelligent prejudices and conventions, is sketched with insight and shows a remarkable faculty of keen observation. On the other hand the construction suffers somewhat from a too lengthy working out of preliminaries, and the intricate weaving of such varied interest seems too suddenly to terminate in friend's vain sacrifice of life for fool. The dedication is appropriately to Michael Wood, who has also read rightly the riddle of faery and its fools.

THE PLEROMA.

An Essay on the Origins of Christianity. By Dr. Paul Carus.
Chicago (Open Court Pubg. Co.), 1909.

THE thesis that Dr. Carus sets out to develop in this interesting volume of 163 pages is that "Christianity might have borne a

different name and Christ might have been worshipped under another title, and yet the world-religion which originated when the converging lines of the several religious developments in the East as well as the West were combined into a higher unity, would not and could not have become greatly different from what it actually turned out to be. Its character was in the main predetermined according to the natural law of spiritual conditions, and in this sense we say that Christianity was indeed the fulfilment of the times, the pleroma of the ages . . . Without denying the enormous influence which Judaism exercised on Christianity from its very start, we make bold to say that Judaism did not bear or bring forth Christianity, but that Christianity is, so to speak, a grandchild of ancient paganism, and the motherhood of Judaism is by adoption, merely" (pp. 2, 3). Dr. Carus sets out his thesis with the ability that characterises his researches in so many and varied fields of research, and with sympathy. Of the future of the faith of the Western world he writes: "Christianity has adapted itself to new conditions again and again; it has grown thereby and gradually developed into the religion that it is to-day, and there is no reason to doubt that it will do so again. The Christianity of the future will be broader, deeper, and more in accord with scientific truth" (p. 132).

JUDAS ISCARIOT.

Forming with 'Eleazar' (Lazarus) and 'Ben Tobit,' a Biblical Trilogy. By L. N. Andréyev. Translated from the Russian by W. H. Lowe, Rector of Brisley, Norfolk. London (Griffiths), 1910.

THE reader of these three startling sketches must, as the translator says, be prepared for shocks—"shocks to his æsthetic taste—shocks to his religious susceptibilities." Leoníd N. Andréyev is the possessor of a grim and gruesome and intensely realistic phantasy. In the drama of Judas the absorbing theme of interest is "the love of Judas for Jesus, and his jealous desire to be first in His affections, which culminates in madness, and the consequent betrayal of his beloved Master to death, and his own 'free death' (as Nietzsche calls suicide), in order that 'whither He is gone, he may follow Him'—not 'hereafter'—but at once." The story of the miraculously raised Lazarus and the disastrous results that followed, as conceived by Andréyev, must be read in its entirety; it cannot be summarised. It is revolting in the extreme. The

last short story affords, if we may say so, a comic relief to the tragical horrors that precede it. It begins: "On the day when the world's great crime was consummated, Ben Tobit was suffering from tooth-ache." It is not for the first time that Judas has been 'whitewashed'; in the very early days there was even a *Gospel of Judas* that represented the traitor as the one who most firmly believed in Jesus; but the story of the raised Lazarus as an outrage on nature is horribly original, and we are left shuddering. While then we feebly demand '*cui bono?*' we amazedly ask what of the 'tyranny' in Russia where such license is permitted?

MODERN LIGHT ON IMMORTALITY.

Being an Original Excursion into Historical Research and Scientific Discovery pointing to a New Solution of the Problem.
By Henry Frank. London (Fisher Unwin), 1910.

THOSE who hunger for scientific proof of the survival of bodily death will not derive much satisfaction from this work. Its author, an ex-minister in "two orthodox Christian communities," who had founded a church of his own in New York, was urged by his congregation to express the conclusions at which he has arrived with regard to the after-life. He therefore made a special study of the subject for some years and in this book gives us the result. The first half consists of a discussion of the theories of immortality held by the Druids—under which term Mr. Frank includes all the early inhabitants of Gaul, Britain and Scandinavia—the Assyrians, the Egyptians, the Greeks and the Hebrews. For this high theme the author seems hardly sufficiently equipped; but he is more at home when he treats of the early Christians.

Mr. Frank then turns to the attitude of science towards the soul and after much talk of the nature of matter, the meaning and origin of life, animal intelligence, the nature of instinct and other kindred subjects he formulates his conclusions, which he claims as original. They are briefly that each cell possesses a soul of its own which is not "in essence or ultimate substance anything different to [*sic*] that of the material body"; that the soul in man or any animal is merely the aggregate of these cell-souls; that there is an after-life, not for all, but for those "who give the promise of spiritual survival of the fittest." The proof of these last two conclusions is, however, omitted "for want of space"; this is a little unfortunate, as without it the book is valueless.

Portraits of Dr. Richard Hodgson and Mrs. Piper, together with some specimens of trance-writing, have presumably been inserted by mistake, as they are not alluded to in the text. Indeed no mention is made of Psychical Research, which seems a little hard on the valiant struggles the S.P.R. are making.

Unfortunately for the English reader the book is written in the American language; but even across the Atlantic it is not usual to write "differently than," or to use "howbeit" for "albeit," "novitiate" for "novice," or "betimes" for "at times." And, what is worse, the author promises a sequel.

C. B. W.

THE SEVEN RAYS OF DEVELOPMENT.

By A. H. Ward. London (Theosophical Publishing Co.), 1910.

IN this little volume Mr. Ward works out a scheme of phases of human development which he characterises as the Paths of Power, Healing, Action, Devotion, Knowledge, Imagination and Discipleship, as typified in the Ruler, Healer, Man of Action, Priest, Thinker, Poet and Master. A short essay is devoted to each of these subjects, summing up the results of trains of thought and speculation to which Mr. Ward has evidently devoted much attention, and originating in a study of one of the phases of recent theosophical literature. Prefixed to these essays is a diagram setting forth a psychological and extended psycho-physiological analysis of man and his possibilities; and between these resultant categories and the various types of development, Mr. Ward endeavours to establish a definite correspondence. In this we have difficulty in following him clearly; for whereas the types, with the exception of the development towards Masterhood which stands quite apart from the rest, are all apparently of equal worth and dignity, the psychological scheme is set forth in the form of a ladder of degrees from vitality to thought. This latter mode of classification may be a convenience from the evolutionary point of view, but the correspondence which is sought to be established, seems hardly to hold.

THE PRAYER QUEST.

By Winslow Hall, M.D. London (Headley), 1910.

DR. WINSLOW HALL tells us that he writes as "a groper, a striver," and goes on to say that "the frank statements of a learner are often

of more use to his fellow-men than are the confident and exalted utterances of a Master." Certainly there is much that is useful, besides a good deal that is original, in what Dr. Winslow Hall has to tell us in his book. "Prayer," he says, ". . . is the most important practice that man can deal with," ". . . "the main thing in life,"—and for this reason it is worth while to undergo any self-denial, any hardships, to attain to that Communion which is the highest achievement of the Prayer-life. Much has been written on the subject, but it is seldom that we have read a book so alive with the true spirit of mysticism, and at the same time so full of practical encouragement as *The Prayer Quest*. Dr. Winslow Hall makes it clear that true Prayer is incompatible with insincerity and low ideals; and moreover that it calls for the most detailed discipline of mind and life, including the cultivation of habits of alertness and physical care, of ordered praise and holiness.

He is not content to leave us in the dark as to how to practise these virtues, but gives definite suggestions which we feel will be valued by many whose intentions are excellent, but who fail for lack of method. As a result of steady perseverance, we are promised that Blessedness which is "life's supreme reward."

The book is dedicated to "Those True Children of Light, the Quakers," and there is much in it which reminds us of that spirit of joyous confidence in God which they have so gallantly and serenely maintained in the midst of a disheartened and jarring world.

M. E. E. H.

RAMA AND MOSES.

The Aryan Cycle and the Mission of Israel. By Edouard Schuré.
Translated by F. Rothwell, B.A. London (Rider), 1910.

FROM the Scythian forests to the Himavat would seem a far cry; yet M. Schuré, in his interesting study of the Semitic and the Aryan streams of thought, identifies his hero—Ram the Druid (!)—with the Indian conqueror.

The author's portrait of Moses, in whom he focusses the Semitic tradition, and whom he makes an Egyptian prince and priest, is striking. It hardly adds, perhaps, to the impressiveness of M. Schuré's stern figure—"the man who loved none but God"—to attribute to his use of 'etheric' force the destructive miracles with which Jehovah is credited in the Bible legend.

A. L.

THE PRIESTESS OF ISIS.

By Edouard Schuré. Translated by F. Rothwell, B.A. London (Rider), 1910.

M. SCHURÉ's picturesque style loses nothing in his tale of Pompeii. He gives a vivid and richly-coloured description of the luxury of the doomed city. His characters, however, depart not at all from the usual conventions of this type of novel; and the magic, white and black (of which there is a plentiful supply), is that with which the modern story-market has familiarised us. The office of Arbaces, that dear friend of our youth, is filled by a patrician sorceress who certainly yields to none in her evil fascinations.

The translation, excellent on the whole, has some singularly infelicitous moments, which can hardly do justice to the original.

A. L.

THE DIRECTION OF DESIRE.

Suggestions for the Application of Psychology to Everyday Life.
By Stanley M. Bligh. London (Frowde), 1910.

THIS suggestive book should prove of interest to most of our readers, if not to all. Its main thesis is that character considered as a complex of desires can be modified by the methods of directive psychology. Human personality is regarded as a subject for experiment, and Mr. Bligh contends that by careful cultivation we can practically transform our characters. The book is chiefly intended for those who have neither the time nor the inclination for reading longer or more technical works on psychology, but who nevertheless have a practical interest in investigating the possibilities of human personality, and who desire to experiment with their own on safe and promising lines. It is characterised throughout with good sense, reserve and freedom from dogmatism. Mr. Bligh seems to ask us to believe that the faculty of impersonal reasonableness which is throughout presupposed as the main factor in this self-direction, is developed in the very effort to develop it, and that his book is intended to show that experience can be transformed into directive wisdom by conscious experiment; in brief, that Heaven helps those who help themselves, and if they set out to do this methodically they will not only increase their knowledge of human nature in themselves, but be able to hand on that knowledge to others as an acquired result of scientific experiment.

THE WISDOM OF THE APOCRYPHA.

With an Introduction by C. E. Lawrence. London (Murray), 1910.

THIS volume of the 'Wisdom of the East' series consists of a reprint (with considerable deletions) of the Revised Version of the two extra-canonical Wisdom-books—the so-called *Wisdom of Solomon* and *Ecclesiasticus* or *The Wisdom of Jesus ben Sira*. Mr. Lawrence's Introduction is of a very general nature and does not deal with the many critical problems to which these two important apocrypha give rise; he is, however, enthusiastic, and rightly so, about them, and thinks they have been unjustly excluded from the canon. The publication in this form of the revised translation of two of the books, portions of which are still included in the Lectionary, is a striking commentary on the unmerited neglect into which the Apocrypha have fallen. Every Bible should contain the Apocrypha; yet most people now-a-days have never read a line of this important literature that links the Old Covenant books with the documents of the New Testament.

THE IDEA OF THE SOUL.

By A. E. Crawley, M.A., F.R.A.I. London (Black), 1909.

THE reader will in the first place be indebted to the author for a very learned and careful review of extensive anthropological material illustrating the primitive ideas of mankind concerning the 'soul' or 'spirit,' or, as the author has it, the 'pre-scientific psychologies' (pp. 79-188); these paragraphs on savage beliefs will prove useful even to scholars who know the greater part of the collected facts from other folk-lore handbooks. The addition of a chapter of three pages, however, on 'European Psychology,' of which twenty-six lines are dedicated to "Greek popular thought"—the influence of which on the development of psychological ideas among *civilised* men can hardly be overrated—is, to say the least, superfluous. I wonder whether the author has heard of *Psychē*, by that admirable scholar, *æternæ memoriæ*, Erwin Rohde, which treats the same subject in two large—and yet fascinating—volumes? It is of course equally impossible to deal with 'Semitic psychology' on a page and a half by extracting one scrap from 'the Bible,' another from 'the Cabala' and a third from 'Pauline psychology,' which by the way is entirely Hellenistic—more specially Hermetic—and devoid of any Semitic elements.

If the anthropological method consists simply in an undervaluation of the rich material offered by the literatures of civilised races in the interests of the comparatively poor and scattered stuff which can be collected through oral tradition from modern savages, historians and philosophers will soon grow tired of reading books of this kind. The review of the material given by the author in ch. iv. is *followed* by an interesting analysis (chs. v. and vi., pp. 189ff.) of the main types of fact, an arrangement which is not altogether convenient for the reader, who finds Mr. Crawley's main thesis at the beginning (chs. i. and iii.), his evidence in the middle and the connecting argument at the end of the book. It is a pity that the work has been handicapped in this way, for its chief theory is of no slight interest. The author thinks that the current theories about the soul-idea, which he attributes mainly to Prof. E. B. Tylor—the work of Herbert Spencer he never mentions, as far as I can see—namely, the dream-, shadow-, blood- and breath-soul hypotheses, are all defective. According to Mr. Crawley *the soul of men and things is originally nothing else than the memory-image as a duplicate of the respective sensations*. Nothing could be truer, and it is indeed a great merit of Mr. Crawley to have strongly insisted upon the importance of this fundamental element in the formation of the soul-idea. Only he should not have tried to exclude or to minimise the importance of all the other factors whose influence is so obvious. If the souls are described as being black, this is obviously because the shadow-idea has been blended with the visual memory-image, not because "blackness is a general result of decay" (p. 221); if souls are spoken of as being red, we cannot doubt that this colour originally belongs to the blood as the life-bearing energy of man, not to the sunset (*ibid.*). If souls are said to leave the body in the shape of little *eidōla* through the mouth, it is obvious that breath and memory-image are combined. The stories about the soul being caught and abstracted by mirrors, wells and water-demons prove the contribution of all kinds of reflections to that process of duplication which underlies the formation of the soul-idea. Finally attention is rightly drawn to the importance of the reflection of a person in the pupil of the eye of another—(which the author calls persistently the 'retinal image!')—the Greek *korē* ('girl') and Latin *pupilla* ('puppet')—for the process which Richard Avenarius has called the 'introjection' of a duplicate world into man's 'interior.'

A better acquaintance with the recent German psychological and philosophic literature on the subject, however, would have

convinced the author that his theory is not quite so new as he seems to believe. Yet it is not impossible that we must apply to the statement of many a truth the famous saying of Goethe's Mephisto: "*Du musst es dreimal sagen*," for we have read a review on Mr. Crawley's book in the *Archiv f. Religionswissenschaft* in which a famous German anthropologist, far from recognising the well-known psychological theories underlying Mr. Crawley's thesis, accuses the author of a too sophisticated mode of argument. Let us hope that the next author who writes on the primitive development of the 'soul'-idea, will combine Mr. Crawley's keen insight into the savage mind with a wider knowledge of historical cultures, and thus finally succeed in propagating a theory, the far-reaching consequences of which to many still prevailing metaphysical superstitions—the so-called 'Dualistic philosophy'—are too obvious to be developed here at greater length.

R. E.

THE LIGHT OF EGYPT.

From recently discovered Predynastic and Early Christian Records.

By Robert de Rustafjaell, F.R.G.S. London (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner), 1909.

IN February, 1907, Mr. de Rustafjaell was lucky enough to acquire, by purchase in Upper Egypt, seven Coptic volumes, a Greek codex of vellum, a dozen Greek papyri fragments, and an absolutely unique book in the as yet indecipherable Nubian language. The description of these MSS. is prefaced by a short account of the Egyptian Stone age which is well done and of interest, and an inadequately brief sketch of Egyptian civilisation and art from the earliest times to the Christian era, followed by an equally sketchy discourse on Christianity in Egypt in so far as it relates to the character, theology and art of the Copts. The whole is embellished with fifty-one excellent plates. The Greek MS. contains an account of the legendary lives and miracles of SS. Cosmas and Damian. Among the Coptic MSS. are the Martyrdom of S. Mercurius and an account of the miracles wrought at his tomb, a Sermon by S. Pisenthios and another on the Sacred Cross by Cyril of Jerusalem, and (of great importance for N.T. textual criticism) the fullest Sahidic translation of the *Revelation* document. Apart from the interests of textual criticism, the most important of the Coptic MSS. is a translation of the lost Greek of

a post-resurrectional narrative ascribed to the Apostle Bartholomew, of which fragments only have been previously known. It is of importance for students of Gnostic *Acta* and of the Coptic Gnostic works contained in the Askew and Bruce codices, and in the two MSS. (*The Apocryphon of John* and *The Wisdom of Jesus*) in the Berlin Egyptological Museum, of which at last Dr. Carl Schmidt definitely promises his long-expected translation in about twelve months. The 'Bartholomew' document is excellently translated by Mr. Crum.

THE IDEA OF A FREE CHURCH.

By Henry Sturt. London (The Walter Scott Publishing Co.), 1909.

MR. STURT is already well known as a protagonist of personal idealism. It is from this standpoint that he wrote his interesting volume, *Idola Theatri*, after previously contributing a paper on the subject to the eight philosophical essays written by members of the University of Oxford, and published under the title *Art and Personality*. As to Mr. Sturt's most recent work—it is a veritable bombshell of criticism, exploded in the innermost chambers. To say that it is thorough-going, is to say nothing; it is radically revolutionary. Nevertheless it is good that some one should say boldly what to-day in some form or other no few thoughtful people are thinking. It is better that it should be brought to the surface. Mr. Sturt contends squarely that: "The Christian religion is obsolete. Its insufficiency is exemplified by the substance of its exhortation, which represents neither the principles animating distinguished men, nor those of ordinary citizens; and does positive harm. The rest of Christianity is no less inadequate. We ought, therefore, to start a new church." The major and more arresting part of the book resolves itself into a drastic criticism of Christianity as insufficient for present-day needs and habits of thought, and that, too, not excepting its ethics, and least of all its historical claims. There are many things in Mr. Sturt's polemic, it must be confessed, that have to be squarely faced; for those who go with him, even though they may not follow to the end, cannot be put off with thread-worn traditional apologetics or by the ancient forensic trick of abusing the plaintiff's attorney. Mr. Sturt, however, does not desire to 'house-break' only; he has a plan of reconstruction which he calls somewhat

misleadingly, owing to the popular connotations of the term, 'The Idea of a Free Church'—that is, a Church founded on what its projector characterises as the ideal of 'Free Manhood.' As to the suggestions for carrying out the project, we are unable to discover that they are very dissimilar from the notions that obtain in some already existing religious circles, only shorn of all tradition and limited by a strictly national out-look. The suggested points in organisation are that: "The Church should be (a) national, (b) congregational with a strong central authority, (c) not cheap, (d) based on dogma which should be moderately definite, but flexible and capable of being changed. (e) There should not be a separate ministerial class." As to the manner of the new public worship, the main element in any religious cult, we are surprised to find that Mr. Sturt thinks that little need be said. The little he suggests is as follows (pp. 302 ff.): "In addition to preaching there must, of course, be prayers and hymns and reading of scriptures. It is plain that new prayers will have to be written and new hymns. . . . It is equally plain that we must have new scriptures. . . . It is Christianity that we have to blame for our want of ancient national scriptures, and a free church must, therefore, work to mitigate in some degree this irreparable deprivation. Scriptures read in churches should be mainly historical, the famous lives and deeds of great Englishmen with a sparing admixture of alien history." Frankly we do not believe that 'scripture' can be created on these lines; the suggestion seems to lack all appreciation of the fundamental element in scripture. The whole plan seems to us to be unworkable for the many. Positivism has already tried something of the kind; but its appeal has been responded to by only a few intellectuals and a following of the curious. As to new scriptures, if we are to have them—and we see no reason why we should not have many new scriptures—they must be written under inspiration; if there is to be a new cult, even nationally limited, it must be conditioned by the nature of the inspiration of the scripture-writers, rather than hammered out by 'common sense' or purely æsthetic congregational considerations. Would it not be wiser before any such 'reform,' or rather revolution, be set going, to educate the people towards a better understanding of the true nature of Religion, by familiarising them with the most salient features of the comparative study of the highest and most intimate elements in the existing great religions of the world, which sum up so many centuries of experience? Until this task has been successfully accomplished, any attempt

to start a new religion, and much more a new cult, would, in our opinion, be simply to add one more sect to the already mountainous scrap-heap of partial and peculiar beliefs. What we want to do is to understand Religion and not add to the number of religions.

THE QUEST OF THE INFINITE.

Or the Place of Reason and Mystery in Religious Experience. By Benjamin A. Millard. London (Allenson), second edition, 1909.

REASON claims that it should go hand in hand through the wonderland of mystery, and should test the conclusions of faith by its standard. But what reason? If reason is used in the ordinary sense and not as that '*logos*' which is of the nature of spiritual intelligence, then we should be on our guard.

"We must guard ourselves against misconception; lest in the exploration of God's wonderland of mystery we give to Reason a dominancy which does not rightly belong to it, an infallibility which is as unjustifiable as the infallibility of Church or Creed. The function of Reason is not a despotism. There are in the philosophy of the soul's fulfilment of itself 'intimations' of truth too subtle and ethereal to be caught and focussed by the mind; there is a logic of emotion, a spiritual witness which carries us far beyond the lagging steps of the intellect into the heart of the mystery of God."

It all depends, however, we should say, on the value we give to the terms. 'Mind' may be instinctual, immediate, spiritual.

The ultimate proof of religion lies in spiritual experience. Reason "may state and test and correct the expressions of Religious Truth; but it moves in a world greater than itself, a world, the phenomena of which transcend the intellectual faculty."

"The facts of Religion may be stated in terms of the intellect, and must be so stated if belief is to be practical and communicated. But the facts of Religion are, after all, not intellectual but spiritual, and, for the individual, at any rate, the full appreciation of (producing an effective faith in) these spiritual facts is to be achieved not only by means of the intellectual faculties, but by the direct contact of the spiritual faculties with the spiritual facts in the region of experience. The absolutely satisfying and final assertion of religious truth lies not in the mind but in the soul.

It is a thing, not of creeds and theologies, but of vision and knowledge."

We should say rather that what absolutely satisfies is that which satisfies the *whole* man, soul and mind, and body as well; this alone is spiritual truth. 'Vision' may mislead badly. Indeed, as St. John of the Cross says: "Visions are at best childish toys"; and, as St. Bonaventura quaintly observes, "they neither make nor prove the saint; otherwise Balaam would have been a saint, and the ass which saw the angel."

For the most part, however, the author is occupied with stating what he calls 'the principle of the New Apologetic of the Christian Faith.'

"The surest ground upon which that Faith can rest is not the proclamation of any external Authority, nor the dicta of Church or Council, nor the assertion of priest or preacher, nor the logical and finely constructed arguments of theologian or philosopher, but that which each individual knows in his own experience of what Jesus and His message are to him and do for him, in so far as he gives the Christ the opportunity of being or doing anything. This is the key to most of what is best in modern religious thought. Just as in the realm of physical science the point of view has shifted from that of 'special creation' to that of 'evolutionary processes,' and the change has affected the entire outlook of scientific inquiry, so in the world of Christian thought the point of view has been moved from external authority to that of the inner witness of the individual experience."

This is decidedly good news if it is so; for those who have come so far are circling back towards the faith of the earliest days of Christendom. In those days, however, it was not a question of history, not a question of a historic person, so much as the fact of the possibility of the spiritually awakened attaining unto his own Christhood, and so becoming consciously a Son of God. This is not apparently Mr. Millard's doctrine, for he uses the name 'Jesus' throughout in the historic sense, and makes 'Jesus' the eternal principle of salvation in all men. But what of the saints and mystics and wise-livers of the other great religions? Have they not, too, pursued the 'Quest of the Infinite' and found themselves at last made Divine?

NOTES.

THE DIVINE DANCE ACCORDING TO PLOTINUS.

THOSE of our readers who have been interested in the paper on 'The Sacred Dance of Jesus,' may perhaps like to glance through the following version of a striking passage of Plotinus' famous treatise 'On the Good or the One' (*En.* VI. ix. 8):

"If, then, a soul is conscious of itself in that other mode of time, it also knows that its true motion is not in a straight line,—save when it breaks from it; but that its natural motion is in a circle, as it were, not round some thing external to itself, but round a centre in itself. Now the centre is the that from which the circle is. The soul, then, will be moved round that from which it is; on this it will depend, contending unto it, as all souls should. The souls of gods tend ever towards their centre, and through their tending thitherwards are gods; for that which is in union with its centre is a god, whereas that which is far removed from it is man—[not the true man but man] the manifold and brute. This, then, which is, as though it were, the centre of the soul is what we seek; though we should understand there is some other That in which, as though it were, all centres meet. And we must not forget, moreover, that the centre of this circle of the soul is an analogy. For the soul is not a circle in the same way as is the figure [in geometry], but in that the primordial nature of the soul is 'in-itself' and 'round-itself,' and in that souls depend on something like a centre, and all the more when they are separate from body in a state of wholeness. But now, whereas a part of us is under the dominion of the body—as though a man should have his feet in water, but in the remainder of his body is above it—it surely is by that which is beyond the part submerged in body that we are, at the centre of ourselves, united with the That which is, as though it were, the Centre of all centres,—just as we make the centres of all the largest circles of a sphere coincident with the one centre of the sphere containing them.

"Now if souls were corporeal circles and not psychic ones, they all would meet in space in the one centre of the sphere, and

wheresoever that centre was, they would be round it. But since the souls are in themselves intelligible things and that One Centre is beyond intelligence, we must conceive the union of the soul with the Supreme is brought about by other powers than that by means of which the power of the intelligence is made to be one with its object,—yea by a more intimate conjunction than even the immediate presence, in likeness and in sameness, of intelligence with its object, and the union with a cognate nature with nothing keeping them apart. For bodies are prevented from communion with other bodies, but incorporeal beings are not kept apart by bodies. Souls are accordingly not kept apart from one another by space, but by otherness and difference. When, therefore, otherness is not present, the things that are not other are present with each other. That Centre, then, which has no otherness is ever present; and we are present with It when we are free from otherness.

“It does not yearn for us, so as to move round us, but we yearn after It, so as to move round It, and ever round It, although we do not always keep our eyes on It. But as a choros out of tune, keeps dancing round the choros-leader, when turned to face the play or audience, but when it turns again to him, sings well and dances truly round him; so we for ever keep a-dance round Him, and should it be that this should cease entirely for us, we should no longer be. We do not always keep our eyes on Him; but when we do, then do we win to Perfectness and Peace, and are no longer out of tune, but truly dance round Him the Dance Divine.”

THE APPALLING NUPTIALS OF INSECT LIFE.

VOL. xxi. (avril-mai-juin, 1910) of that excellent literary quarterly *Vers et Prose* contains a series of extraordinarily vivid and romantically conceived pen-sketches of insect-life by Maurice Maeterlinck. These graphic pictures of the more than savage comedy and tragedy of the small lives that escape the notice of general observation, are illustrative of the literary excellence and arresting interest of the life-work of the veteran French scientist J.-H. Fabre, who has summed up the results of fifty years of patient research in the ten volumes of his *Souvenirs entomologiques*. Strange to say, even in France the very name of Fabre is almost entirely unknown to the general public,¹ though, as Maeterlinck

¹ Since this was written a popular volume by Fabre has appeared, and has been widely circulated.

tells us, he is not only one of the most profound and ingenious students of insect-life, but also one of the purest writers of French and even one of the best poets of the last century. How fascinating a romance may be evoked from the dry facts of science by a touch of genius may be seen from the following rough version of a couple of paragraphs of Maeterlinck's lyrical prose :

"To sum up; their marriage customs are appalling. In contradistinction to all that goes on in other worlds, in this state of existence it is the female of the pair that displays strength and intelligence together with that cruelty and tyranny which seem to be their inevitable consequence. Almost every union ends in the violent and immediate death of the male; while not infrequently the lady starts off by devouring a batch of her suitors. As a typical instance of these fantastic nuptials we may take the scorpions of Languedoc, with their familiar lobster-like claws and their long tails ending in a death-dealing sting. The prelude to the marriage-feast is a sentimental walk together claw in claw; then, still claw in claw, they gaze unstirring beatifically in each other's eyes interminably; the day fades over their ecstasy, and then the night, while they still stand face to face petrified with admiration. At length heads draw together, then touch, mouths—if the horrible orifice that gapes between their claws can be so called—meet in a kiss, if kiss it be; and finally the union is consummated; the male is stabbed with the deadly sting, and the female crunches him up and swallows him with complete satisfaction.

"But the mantis, that ecstatic creature whose arms are ever raised on high in the attitude of prayer, the horribly religious mantis or Prie-Dieu, goes one better; she eats up her spouses—sometimes seven or eight in a string, the insatiable horror—in the very moment of their clasping her passionately to their heart. Her unthinkable kisses consume, in no metaphorical fashion but in grim and gruesome reality, the unfortunate choice of her soul—or of her stomach. She begins with his head, eats down to his middle, and does not stop till she gets down to his hind legs, and then only because she considers them too scaly. She then pushes away the wretched remains, while a fresh lover who has been tranquilly waiting for the end of the monstrous banquet, comes forward heroically to share the same fate."

THE QUEST.



THE INTUITIONISM OF HENRI BERGSON.

W. R. BOYCE GIBSON, M.A.

BERGSON'S philosophical method may best be characterised, in his own words, as the attempt "to detach the inward life from the network of symbols woven about it by our practical needs so that we may grasp it as it is, in all its fluent impalpability."¹

The symbolism here referred to as masking the true nature of the life it professes to interpret is that instrument of knowledge we call Science. This instrument, according to Bergson, has been shaped by man's practical needs in the course of his long effort to come to terms with matter. A more primitive way of compassing this practical adjustment is through instinct; and in insect-life especially we find many wonderful types of instinctive behaviour organised to meet the two main requirements of self-maintenance and preservation of the species. But instinctive behaviour is not life's sole solution of

¹ "À dégager la vie intérieure des symboles pratiquement utiles qui la recouvrent pour la saisir dans sa fuyante originalité."—*Matière et Mémoire*, (4th ed.), p. iii.

the problem of adjusting itself to its material environment. A study of the facts of evolution shows that a solution of the same practical problem, that of reaching a working understanding with matter, has been attempted on lines contrary to and diverging from those followed by instinct.¹ Instead of putting forth a kind of "divining sympathy" (*id.*, p. 191) and in the obscure light thus offered adjusting the functions of the body to the demands of the outer world, life has pursued an alternative policy. It has adopted the device of grappling with Nature not directly but indirectly; through the use of tools, and not, as in the case of instinct, through the limbs and organs of the body. Thus at the outset intelligence reveals itself as "the faculty of manufacturing objects" (*id.*, p. 151) and the *Homo sapiens* of the Ages of stone, bronze or iron stands out conspicuously as *Homo faber*, Man, the smith (op. p. 163). His intelligence now develops in closest surface-contact with matter, tests it from all points of view, learns to control it, is indeed exclusively absorbed in it. It becomes more and more definitely modelled on matter, and at the same time more and more definitely allied to action. Indeed to understand the nature of intelligence we must start from the need for practical action. "Given action as a datum," says Bergson, "the very form of the intelligence may be inferred from it" (*id.*, p. 165). The faculty of thought is, in fact, a mere "dependency of the faculty of action" (*id.*, p. 1). Matter, as it presents itself to *Homo faber*, whose ambition it is to make an effective tool, will be something that resists the pressure of his hands but may still be bent to his service. It is the spatial and physical properties of matter as an inorganic solid that will

¹ *L'Évolution Créatrice* (2nd ed.), pp. 184-191.

interest him and indeed compel his attention. A similar remark applies to his dealings with objects that move. As a hunter, for instance, he must determine the position of his prey, or the spot where it may presently be expected. The movement which brings the animal from one spatial position to another has in itself no practical interest for him. More generally, it is not the flux of events or ideas that arrests the attention of the practical man, but the fixation of these happenings in definite forms or words. If the interest were speculative, the case would be different. The mind would then tend to sink into the flux, move with the moving object, think with the growing idea. If, in despite of its own natural bias, speculation were to follow the precedent of practice and build up its ideal constructions with the artificial immobilities which represent the economical shorthand of practical requirement, it would inevitably miss reality. Philosophical speculation must therefore beware of using the intellect as its instrument. The intellect has been forged to meet practical ends, and no *science* is its true self save as a practical organon. The *intellect* finds its true sphere of usefulness when construing movement in terms of immobility. This is its practical *raison d'être*. The trouble begins only when philosophers drag into the sphere of speculation methods of thought which the exigences of practical life have hammered into shape.

The intellect, then, is no proper philosophical instrument. It cannot grapple with Reality, it cannot shed any light on the inner nature of things. For Reality, argues Bergson, is essentially movement, life, spirit, a perpetual becoming. It is never something given, or already made. It is that which is either

making or unmaking itself. Hence to interpret Reality is to understand the meaning and drift of movement, life, creation, and these are the very facts which the intellect cannot understand.

Bergson's view of the incompetence of the intellect in matters philosophical is grounded in the conviction that the intellect's outlook through the whole course of its development has been practical, and that a practical tendency, as such, is disqualified from taking any interest in any object for its own sake. Genuine philosophical explanation, the attempt to understand a fact as it really is in its own intimate nature, will therefore be purely theoretical in its outlook. It will not attempt to explain anything by means of some other thing external to it, but its every explanation will be a self-explanation, a disinterested explanation from within. It is the fundamental illusion of science that it fancies itself to be a theoretical discipline when it is really moulded on a practical model. It believes itself to be giving a disinterested explanation when it is all the while at the mercy of an ingrained practical tendency which completely disables it from rising above the level of symbolism. And the essential defect of this practical tendency for truly theoretical purposes is that it is instinct with a bias of spatiality acquired through its long apprenticeship in the sphere of extended matter. Practical thought is prone, ineradicably prone, to give to its explanations a spatial turn, or to express them in symbols which imply the fundamental spatial idea. The planet's movement is explained through the fixing of its *orbit* and of the *position* of the planet at any given time relatively to the positions of other planets or other points in space. The path and position in the path—

spatial immobilities, both of them—here symbolise the planet's orbital movement as a whole, or at any given point of time. When Zeno tries to persuade us that the arrow in its flight is really motionless, because at any moment it must be at a certain spot and therefore at rest there, he is puzzling us with this same fundamental confusion between the path and the passage, the orbit and the movement along it. The former alone is divisible into points, and there is no point-to-point correspondence between it and the movement over it. We cannot divide the movement into as many sections of movement as there are points in the path which it traces. The movement is never at a point but always passing through it. What is true of the line is not true of that which traces it, and to take the trace as a theoretically adequate symbol of the tracing agency is the error that vitiates all philosophical explanations which attempt to reach reality under the leading of the intelligence.

It is then obvious that Bergson is no pragmatist, if to be a pragmatist is to hold that action is the key to ultimate truth. He is a pragmatist, to be sure, in the sense of maintaining the pragmatic structure of science, where every concept and every perception also is a practical question set to Nature.¹ But it is precisely this pragmatic character of science which precludes it from understanding movement or life in any other way than through a veil of artificial symbolism. Again Bergson is a pragmatist in respect of the function of the body, if to be a pragmatist is to hold that the body is an instrument for action and not a nest for

¹ Cp. *Einführung in die Metaphysik*, p. 41. I quote by preference from the convenient German translation (by Diederichs, Jena, 1909) of Bergson's 'Introduction à la Métaphysique,' which was published in the *Revue de Métaphysique et de Morale*, 1908.

the hatching of perceptions or the storing up of memories. To understand the body, argues Bergson, we must view it as an instrument of the soul's freedom. Our nervous system is so ordered that we may respond to a given stimulus in a number of different ways, and it is in giving effect to our choice among the various reactions that are open to us that the body subserves its one distinctive function. In a word, our body is an organised structure of dispositions for action. But this is pragmatism on the lower level. Were bodily services ultimate, and Science truth's last word, Bergson would stand out as a pragmatist, but not otherwise. Nor can Bergson be said to attach any undue importance to the pragmatic doctrine which states that there is no truth-difference where the practical results are identical. Thus in one passage, where the testing of two hypotheses is in question, Bergson points out that the practical results of an experimental verification would here be absolutely the same, but this does not preclude him from holding that the option between the two hypotheses has still a fundamental truth-significance.¹ In fact, to put the matter bluntly, Bergson is not pragmatic enough. It is the lack of reference to action, practice, and above all purpose, which, in my opinion, constitutes the essential limitation and stumbling-block of his strictly philosophical outlook.

But postponing all such criticism for the present, let us emphasise once more the central limitation of the scientific outlook and method as conceived by Prof. Bergson. It arises, as we have seen, out of the propensity of practical action to grasp the meaning of the flux of things by means of the clear-cut fixities

¹ *Matière et Mémoire*, p. 70.

and distinctions through which alone it can win practical control over it. But what is for science a limitation only becomes a defect when philosophers, oblivious of the fact that man's intellect has been bred in the service of action, and, through its long intimacy with matter, has acquired an obstinate prejudice in favour of space, number and juxtaposition, still carry into their reasoning the inveterate pragmatism of this spatial apprenticeship. The philosophers who from Plato's day to Kant's have set over the portals of their Academy a dedicatory inscription to the Muse of mathematics, erecting a single Temple to Knowledge on a mathematical basis, have been perpetuating the fundamental misconception which blocks the way to a true philosophy of movement, life, freedom, progress, and spiritual creation. The philosopher, on Bergson's view, must indeed pass through his mathematical apprenticeship; he must be equipped, as is Bergson himself in notable degree, with adequate scientific knowledge won on scientific ground,¹ but, *qua* philosopher, he must view his facts otherwise than does the scientist. He must recognise that scientific knowledge is one thing and philosophical knowledge another, and as he passes into the Temple of Knowledge must leave his mathematical burden behind him and think no more of number or of space.

But there is a forecourt to this temple, a kind of Court of Purification. Here the philosopher must stay awhile—and if he chances, like Bergson himself, to be a pioneer must stay a very long while—intently engaged in depragmatising his concepts, and turning a disinterested mind towards reality. His endeavour must be to fix his thought, not on any timeless

¹ Cp. *L'Évolution Créatrice*, pp. 212 ff.; also *Einführung*, p. 51.

Eternity or changeless Idea, but on that Pure Duration which is the very stuff of life itself. For of all the forms in which the mobile has been viciously stiffened in the interests of practical control, none is more fundamentally pernicious than the distortion of the notion of time or duration into that of a time-line stretched out like a line in space. Bergson's *Prolegomena to Philosophy* consist in a thorough revision of the time-idea. It is only on condition that we strip this idea of all its spatial accretions, grasping it not in a series of measured beats but inwardly as our very life-pulse itself, as real, concrete, lived duration, that we can ever hope to have any vision of reality. But once the time-idea has been disembarrassed of these clinging influences of space and number, the veil of abstract symbolism woven by science over the intimacies of our inward experience will be rent asunder, and we shall pass into the presence of the sacred Powers of the philosophical Temple: Freedom, Life and Spiritual Creation.

But it is not the defacement of the time-idea alone against which our thought and will must be set as we tarry in the forecourt. We must learn to dispense with the main prop of all intellectual enquiry, the instrument of analysis. For analysis cannot dissect the indivisible soul of life without murdering it, and presenting us in its place with a mere translation or symbolic transcript of the original. This original it breaks up into abstract elements which it fits in to some pre-acquired system of symbols, allowing the individuality of the object to slip disregarded away. Analysis is ruthlessly impersonal and external, and as such can never touch the soul of reality or express the true music of life.

There is little doubt but that the rigour of these purificatory processes is a hard school for the neophyte. The transition from outlook to inlook, as Bergson himself warns us, is painful and full of effort. But supposing we survive the ordeal and are duly initiated and inured, our space-sense firmly renounced and the methods of analysis disowned, what is to be our reward? With what new power and privilege shall we enter into the Temple?

Our gain will be this. We shall have acquired the first rudiments of *intuition*, we shall have learnt to concentrate ourselves within the supreme faculty which can alone enable us to see things as they are without the aid of symbols; and further, we shall have won the right standpoint from which to think out a metaphysic.

As *intuition* is the key-word of Bergson's metaphysic, we should carefully consider the meaning which Bergson attaches to the term. In the sense of the word with which we are alone concerned it is of course to be sharply distinguished from sensory intuition, the intuition of sense or of imagination. In order to distinguish it from this infra-intellectual intuition, to use Bergson's own expression,¹ Bergson occasionally refers to it as supra-intellectual or ultra-intellectual intuition (*id.*, p. 389), and sometimes more specifically—and also more dubiously—as metaphysical intuition.² With regard to sensible or infra-intellectual intuition, Bergson agrees with Kant that intelligence and it belong to each other, and they belong to each other the more intimately inasmuch as they have grown to each other through an evolutionary process of mutual adaptation. Bergson, how-

¹ *L'Évolution Créatrice*, p. 388. ² *Einführung*, pp. 35, 56, 57.

ever, disagrees radically with Kant in holding intensely with all the vigour of his own powerful philosophical conviction, to the reality of a profounder form of immediacy, through whose vital inspiration a new and a higher experience, an Absolute Metaphysic of Movement, Life, Spirit, and above all of Freedom, is to find coherent expression. It is to this spiritual immediacy that Bergson habitually refers when he makes use of the simple word *intuition*. But this is not all. For even when we identify intuition with this its ultra-intellectual type we must still distinguish between two uses of the term which unfortunately tend to run together in Bergson's own expositions.

The fundamental and proper use of the term 'intuition,' the use to which Bergson normally puts it, is that of specifying that spiritual sensibility through which we apprehend Reality as intrinsically tense, mobile, free and creative. "Intuition," we read,¹ "is that form of mental fellow-feeling by virtue of which we are able to pass inwardly into an object so as to come into touch with the unique ineffable quality that distinguishes it from everything else." So again we read of "that mental fellowship with the life of another which we call intuition" (*id.*, p. 43). This aspect of intuition as a sympathetic vision of life as it is in itself, as a power of vital perception rather than of spiritual cognition and as analogous to sensible intuition in its immediacy of apprehension,² is undoubtedly the one Bergson has in mind when he looks to that which can transport us into the life of true duration. But perception or vision is one thing, a reasoned philosophy of vision quite another thing. We need

¹ *Einführung*, p. 4. ² Cp. *L'Évolution Créatrice*, p. 389.

not dispute the fact that vision in its immediacy is already instinct with a higher reason, a reason that grows up in response to the vision's own need of self-expression, and that it is in this sense 'mental' or 'rational,' but this rational disposition, even its rudimentary prophetic utterance, cannot possibly stand for a philosophy of Intuition. And Bergson himself realises this quite clearly both in a more general way in a passage where he describes Metaphysics as "a toilsome, even painful effort to pass from the reality to its conceptual expression and not from the mere concept to the reality itself,"¹ and also in another passage (*id.*, p. 13)—unhappily unique of its kind, so far as I know—in which he touches more specifically on the relation between Intuition and its philosophical expression. After insisting that Intuition can realise itself adequately only when free of conception, he adds "or, at least, only when freed from concepts of a fixed, stereotyped kind, so that it can shape for itself concepts differing completely from those that we ordinarily use: pliant, mobile, and as it were fluent ideas, ever ready to adjust themselves to the dissolving forms of Intuition." And then follow the significant words: "But we shall bring this point up again at a later stage." I do not know whether Bergson has since taken up this "important point" either in lectures at the Collège de France or in occasional writings with which I am unacquainted. But at least he does not do so in the article in question. On the contrary he proceeds to use the terms 'intuition,' 'metaphysic,' in ways which blend being and knowing, intuition and concept, indistinguishably together, till we

¹ *Einführung*, p. 34. By 'Reality' Bergson understands not the reality of *Erfahrung*, as with Kant, but the reality of *Erlebnis*.

are almost left with the impression that the mere intuition of duration is in itself a metaphysical accomplishment. The use of the phrase 'metaphysical intuition' and the opposition between 'analysis' and 'intuition' both imply this ambiguous use of the term. What we should have expected to see opposed to analysis would have been some characteristic form of metaphysical method through which our vision of mobility should have found systematic expression in terms of "the pliant, mobile, as it were fluent ideas" already referred to; some method through which vital distinctions could have been drawn and systematically developed without in any way rending the living continuity of the duration-process. But instead of drawing the contrast between two forms of conceptual analysis, one by means of 'fixed' concepts, the other by means of the plastic ideas already mentioned, Bergson contrasts analysis with intuition, as though intuition were itself a *method*.¹ Again in the use of the expression 'metaphysical intuition' we have the suggestion explicitly emphasised that intuition can perform a metaphysical function. But if intuition is metaphysical, why should not ecstasy, the ecstasy of the religious mystic, be theological, and sensible intuition as such intellectual? I do not wish to minimise the intimacy of Intuition and Knowledge, but the deeper the intimacy, the more important, surely, must it be to keep the factors *vitally* distinct, to keep them apart, that is to say, in that sense of the word *apartness*

¹ The nearest approach to a recognition of this more vital analysis is Bergson's differentiation between quantitative and qualitative distinction. (*Essai sur les Données immédiates de la Conscience*, p. 92, and cp. footnote, p. 57.) But this qualitative distinction, though recognised, is not enlisted in the service of the "higher" Empiricism.

which, far from implying separation and therefore externality of relationship, implies a certain indispensable distinctness of function without which we should find ourselves thrown back upon that flat homogeneity of universal sameness which to Bergson would be intolerable. It is absurd to suppose that the price which a philosopher has to pay for the privilege of maintaining clear distinctions is that of seeing his system rend itself along some fresh seam with every new distinction that he makes. Let us then hold with Bergson that metaphysic is in some sense the very movement of intuition,¹ for, as we have just said, we wish to respect the vital intimacy between philosophy and the life which it interprets; but let us none the less be clear that the mere visionary activity which moves about in worlds not realised is not creating a metaphysic by the mere process of deepening or even of disciplining its insight. This would be indeed a royal road to knowledge! If only we could become metaphysicians without making distinctions, and fulfil our philosophic mission in the spirit of Browning's musician: "The rest may reason and welcome; 'tis we musicians know." Unfortunately the musicians do not *know*: they are simply *sure*; and they are satisfied that their assurance of the reality of the spiritual revelation that music brings them is genuine and ultimate. But emotional assurance is not knowledge, nor can it ever become knowledge without the assistance of ideas. Similarly, the movement of intuition will never become a metaphysic without the assistance, the systematic assistance, of ideas.

But let us turn from this so-called 'metaphysical' intuition to the visionary intuition which is ours when

¹ Cp. *Einführung*, p. 40.

we succeed in viewing movement *as* movement, life *as* life, subjective experience *as* subjective experience; when reality appears to us no longer as a symbol, nor freedom as necessity in some forlorn disguise. What does this visionary intuition show us? Bergson answers in one word: *duration*.

And what is duration? Perhaps the truest answer is to say that duration is Bergson's secret; but as it happens to be also the hinge on which his whole philosophy turns, it is essential that we should make an effort to fix its meaning in our mind. I would not for the world liken Bergson to a sophist, but it is impossible for me to recall the pursuits I have made in the attempt to capture the true meaning of duration without being reminded of the chase of the sophist in Plato's *Sophistes*. Readers of Bergson will already be familiar with the protean quality of duration as it figures in his volumes, and a few indications will serve to make that quality clear to others to whom Bergson's writings may not be so familiar.

"Time is invention," says Bergson, "or it is nothing" (*L'Év.*, p. 369), and by 'time' Bergson means "duration, real duration." More generally (*id.*, p. 11), "duration means invention, the creation of forms, the continuous elaboration of the absolutely new." Now this creative evolution is of the essence of what Bergson means by reality; it is therefore natural that duration should figure as the very stuff of this reality, "*l'étoffe même de la vie*" (cp. *id.*, pp. 4, 390), and so we are introduced (*id.*, p. 392) to "the notion of a reality which persists inwardly, and is in fact duration itself." Again, with Bergson reality is essentially progress; hence it is also natural that duration should be pictured as "the unbroken progress of the past ever

grappling the future to itself and moving forward with increasing momentum" (*id.*, p. 5).

Another group of definitions shows us duration as a *cause* and a *force*. In the domain of life, we are told, "duration really seems to act after the fashion of a cause,"¹ and if we refuse to look upon duration "as a cause of gain or loss, as a concrete quality, as a force after its own manner," it is because we confuse in our minds the true with the apparent duration" (*id.*, p. 119). In another passage the duration of antecedent movements of consciousness is equated with the influence these exert on the conscious processes which come after them (cp. *Essai*, p. 151). And in harmony with this conception, "effective, irreversible duration" is equated with memory, *i.e.* the prolongation of the past into the present."² Finally there are many passages which suggest a quasi-temporal meaning for duration. Its irreversibility is insisted on (cp. *L'Év.*, p. 6); it is characterised as "pure succession" and distinguished from the succession that unrolls itself in space as also from the timelessly eternal (*Essai*, p. 77),³ and again it is pictured as a medium "in which is ceaselessly taking place a radical renewal of all things" (*L'Év.*, p. 392).

Now the inference to be drawn from this variety of meanings may very well just be this,—that duration and reality are synonymous, indeed identical, and that whatever reality is—and reality for Bergson is life, freedom, creation, progress, influence, tendency, move-

¹ *Essai sur les Données immédiates de la Conscience*, p. 117.

² *L'Évolution Créatrice*, p. 18, cp. *Einführung*, p. 27; cp. also *id.*, p. 34, where '*durée*' is explicitly stated to be psychological (in other words, psychical) in its essence.

³ Cp. also the following clear statement: "*La durée toute pure est la forme que prend la succession de nos états de conscience quand notre moi se laisse vivre, quand il s'abstient d'établir une séparation entre l'état présent et les états antérieurs*" (*Essai*, p. 76).

ment, force, conscious activity, in a word, mobility, becoming—that also duration must be; moreover, if Bergson chooses to call reality duration, we must be prepared to accept his decision in the matter. But in that case a new word, a separate name, is badly needed to stand simply and solely for time despatialised, time divested of all its spatial wrappings. For it is impossible to believe that by simply discarding its borrowed spatiality, time will show itself to be a cause, a force, an influence, a psychical reality, the very essence of mobility and the very stuff of life.

But let us leave the name alone and consider the nature of the reality which 'duration' stands for. That reality in its most concrete and characteristic form is, as the title of Bergson's latest book proclaims, *Creative Evolution*. It is creative evolution which is the active essence and very stuff of life, the reality which can be adequately grasped only through intuition. Our ultimate appreciation of Henri Bergson's metaphysic must be based on our conviction as to the value of his theory of Creative Evolution, evolution as creative.

In his conception of evolution as creative, Bergson seeks to transcend two contrasted schemes of Evolution which he refers to as the mechanical and the teleological respectively.

Our author's opposition to all theories of life that are conceived in a mechanical vein and present automatism as the characteristic mode of human behaviour, is radical and fundamental. In the treatise on 'Laughter'¹ with which he made his *début* in the philosophical world, the fundamental idea is that

¹ *Le Rire : Essai sur la Signification du Comique* (Paris, 1901). Cp. Albert Steenbergen's excellent volume on *Henri Bergson's Intuitive Philosophy* (Jena, 1909), pp. 46-52.

laughter has a characteristic social function, that namely of exposing and punishing, after a manner that happily befits the crime, the stiffnesses, mannerisms, ingrained conceits, in a word, the automatisms into which our freedom is so apt to fall. And in Bergson's next important work, the epoch-making volume on *Time and Free Will*, we have the spirit of mechanism identified with the bias towards conceiving reality in terms of space, and this bias itself we find branded as the supreme obstacle to the formulation of a true theory of liberty as spontaneous and creative. Finally in *L'Évolution Créatrice* we have the additional contention brought forward that the full reality and the ultimate reality is the primal impulsion from which all life has sprung, the *élan vital*; and that matter, space, and every shape and form of immobility and automatism are derivative products which owe their being to some more or less persistent relaxation of the vital tension in which life and liberty essentially consist. If we endeavour, with Herbert Spencer, to frame our theory of evolution out of these derivative products, these fragments which life has evolved or precipitated in its creative progress, we simply put the cart before the horse, or, shall we say, the skeleton before the living body, forgetting that "it is the living body that forms within itself the skeleton around which it has the appearance of having grown."¹

Bergson then rejects root and branch every attempt to explain evolution in terms of mechanism. His rejection of teleology, though milder and more qualified, is no less decisive. In so far as the theory of final causes stands for an explanatory view of the evolution

¹ Lotze, *Metaphysic* (Eng. Tr. edited by Bernard Bosanquet, M.A., 2nd ed.), i. 207.

of life, its traditional formulation calls, in Bergson's opinion, for a revision so drastic that it eventually becomes misleading to give the revised scheme a teleological label. Bergson's Evolution, as creative, is also non-purposive.

His main criticism of the teleological form of explanation as currently conceived is that it presupposes a given universe. It assumes that all is already given, that "*tout est donné*." This fundamental misconception it shares in common with all forms of mechanical explanation, and Bergson's ultimate reason for rejecting both mechanism and the finalism which he criticises is just this, that both theories alike accept the universe as an accomplished fact, and so leave no room for the imperious impulse to create in which the *élan vital* essentially consists. And the root of the error of mechanist and finalist alike is a failure to grasp the true nature of time. The end which the finalist points to as the goal of the universe beckons to the life that seeks to realise it from the far-end of a time-line which, in last resort, is spatially conceived and spatially qualified. But once we have laid time out in this way, we have at one stroke asserted the real simultaneity of all moments of time.¹ We have drained time of all its duration-significance. Its succession becomes the mere ghost of spatial juxtaposition, and an inexorable logic will soon transform the judgment "all is already given," implied in this spatial distortion of duration, into the judgment "all is predetermined," and this again implies that time is useless and progress a mere spinning on one's heel.

¹ *Essai*, p. 74; cp. p. 77. An English translation of the *Essai* (by F. L. Pogson, M.A.) has been recently published by Messrs. Williams & Norgate under the excellent title of *Time and Free Will*.

The first reform of finalism must then consist in an acceptance of the idea of a duration in which nothing is given or made, but everything is in the making, in which nothing is pre-determined, and full scope is left for the creative energies of freedom.

With this salutary reform Bergson associates another of a still more drastic character. Finalism, argues Bergson, must learn to turn its eyes from the future and concentrate them more and more within the past, taking care of course, in so doing, not to spatialise the past, as it has been all too prone to spatialise the future. Granted that life must present a certain harmony of development, still the source of the harmony lies not in any community of aspiration shared by all living beings, but in that identity of impulsion which came into the world with the *élan vital*. To see things converging we must look back. If we look forward, what we see everywhere is a tendency to dissociation, duplication, divergence; as modern evolutionary science very clearly shows. "One of the most indisputable results of biology," writes Bergson, "has been to show that evolution has proceeded along diverging lines" (*L'Év.*, p. 189).

Bergson's two main arguments against the current teleology are then the following: (1) it implies a spatialised view of time or duration; (2) it implies that the trend of evolution is convergent. Let us briefly attempt to estimate the value of these two main criticisms passed by Bergson on the teleological conception of evolution.

With regard to the first of these, Bergson's criticism, in my opinion, is badly needed, though I do not consider that it applies to all forms of teleological explanation. There is a prevalent form of teleology

which conceives the end as already realised in principle, and this in a sense which is quite incompatible with any true theory of human liberty. It admits that we must strive freely to compass our end and realise our ideals, and it further admits that free striving presupposes alternative possibilities of conduct. But when driven back upon the notion of a real possibility it takes up a deterministic position which stultifies all its previous admissions. Nor could it do otherwise without betraying its fundamental logical conviction that what is possible is also, in some sense, necessary. When it is stated that the possible is already realised in principle, what is really meant is that the possible is realised in advance, that its character is already predetermined in accordance with the principles of a Logic whose ultimate category is necessity. Bergson, on the other hand, agrees fundamentally with Prof. James in holding that there are possibilities which are not necessities, and is to this extent at least an uncompromising indeterminist. His ultimate Logic is the Logic of possibility, and not the Logic of necessity, and his first criticism of teleological doctrine amounts, as I take it, to this, that it rests on a logical basis which compels it to interpret freedom in terms of necessity. The first reform of finalism must be to do justice to the notion of a real possibility, of a possibility that is not also a necessity.

Bergson's second criticism of the teleological position is, in my opinion, far less successful. Taken strictly it implies a substitution of initialism for finalism in a sense which identifies action with its initial impulse. Every moment is a fresh beginning, and there is no view-point which might connect the initial shape with its consummation. Such view-ahead

would imply convergency of outlook, and convergency of outlook would imply the ominous fixed mark beckoning from the end of the time-line, and this again would imply the fundamental fallacy of false duration, of time interpreted in terms of space. Hence the view-ahead must go, and with it the note of convergency which it implies. We are thus pressed towards that reform of our purposive instincts which insists on our looking no longer forward but back. The end, the goal, the ideal is refunded, in the form of a vital impulsion, into the initial phase of our activity, and our creative ardour appears doomed to evaporate into a ceaseless will to create which does not appear to have sufficient power of persistence to create anything that can be called a purposive whole.

It is true that when Bergson bids us look in evolution not for a common aspiration but for a common impulsion, he is in reality bidding us look not backwards but inwards. For if, in reconcentrating ourselves upon the past, we avoid the fallacy of false duration, and do not figure the past as a time-line stretching out indefinitely behind us, we must needs conceive it as a cumulative power rich with all the spoils of time and ready to develop further in the same inward direction with every new pulse of its activity. But if we take this inward view of evolution—as Bergson's Intuitionism eventually compels us to do—we must go deeper than Bergson does when he falls back upon the *élan vital*. We must reach down to what is indeed most initial in all purposive process, namely, to the needs out of which all vital impulses emerge. True teleology will have no quarrel with Bergson if in referring its view back from aspiration to impulse, it draws it down to the need which is the common root of aspiration and

impulse alike. What it does ask from its critic is that his criticism shall go full-length to rest finally among the facts and verities of spiritual experience. But Bergson's criticism falls short of this just requirement, and he has still to meet the objections of those who maintain (1) that the *élan vital*, as a cosmical principle, is no adequate substitute for the needs which our self-consciousness discloses when viewed from within, more particularly for the needs of the ethico-religious consciousness; and (2) that a study of these ultimate needs of our self-conscious nature would reveal their true purposive and practical character.

I would propose to state my own criticism of Bergson precisely in the form of the objections just referred to. Bergson, as I understand him, fails to bring us back to the basic needs of the ethico-religious consciousness, and precisely for this reason fails to realise the essentially teleological character of the spiritual tension and impulsion which he himself accepts as the ultimate reality revealed to us through intuition.

I am myself convinced that Bergson's Philosophy of Intuition will not reach its full stature till it starts afresh from a high empirical level, from the needs and problems of the ethico-religious consciousness. It is quite possible that Bergson's next great work will supply the lacuna I am here referring to. Meanwhile it is hard to see how Bergson proposes to develop his philosophy fruitfully from the position he has so far taken up. The ground is admirably prepared. Bergson shows indeed the greatest skill in drawing his reader expectant and breathless after him to the point of vision, and it would be more than ungracious not to recognise the great suggestiveness and value of the

discussions and similes through which he seeks to lighten the burden of intuitive insight which he imposes on the metaphysician of the future. Thus by the very force of the contrast which he draws between pure duration and the time-line in space, he is peculiarly successful in making us feel that the great space-barrier, the barrier of distance, does not exist for time or the soul, so that where we are *active*, whether in the privacy of our own thought, or in intercourse with other minds, there we also *are*. Vital insight, sympathetic imagination, emotional tact, these if perfected would pass freely through the soul and through the universe and find no barriers to intercept them. There would be, in a word, complete absence of all the drawbacks and limitations of externality. And where the new insight fails to frame a conceptual revelation of itself, Bergson helpfully enlists the service of imagery. Thus he likens the progress of creative development to an evolution in which every fresh experience is as it were organised dynamically¹ (and without any hint of numerical distinctness) into the living wealth of memories and dispositions which the past pours into the present, to the growth of a musical melody whose successive notes lose all suggestion of numerical distinctness or linear sequence as they drop back to swell the total impression of the chords already struck. Through such helps as these, discursive as well as imaginative, and repeated in a great variety of forms, we learn to familiarise ourselves with the idea of mutual penetration and with all the implications of that idea. We learn to think of the present as intimately one with a past that is ever reorganising itself in relation to each new experience with which the present enriches it, to think of the

¹ *Essai*, p. 79.

future as a spaceless realm of possibilities which can no more be predicted than the present can be repeated. We accustom ourselves to trace our way through this whirl of transparent interchanges back to the *élan vital*, the source of all life and movement in the universe.

But meanwhile we make little progress in metaphysic, or rather, to put the matter more fairly, we go but a little way towards mastering the Metaphysics of Intuition.¹ It becomes clear as we proceed that we have set our metaphysical hopes too high. Nor need we seek far for an explanation. The secret of Bergson's relative failure to develop a Metaphysic of Intuition on constructive lines lies, in my opinion, in that lamentable aversion to finalism which prevents him from perceiving the essentially teleological character of psychical experience. The *élan vital* in all its forms and manifestations is creative, but it is not purposive. Its liberty, forceful and aggressive as it is, lacks direction. It even lacks the simple guidance of a need which, having no plan of action before it, still strives in a direction dictated by its own distress, rejecting what fails to satisfy it, and never resting until it is satisfied. If Bergson, as an Intuitionist, had started from the concrete needs of the spiritual life, that life which even in its faint beginnings recognises the promptings of the ideal, and if, identifying himself with the inner movement of these aspirations, he had followed them up through their fumbling tentative gropings after relief until the satisfaction-point had

¹ The dissatisfaction which I may feel with Bergson's Intuitionism in its metaphysical aspect does not of course prejudice my admiration of Bergson's philosophical work in other directions. Thus I would join the great army of his admirers in ranking his defence of the possibility of freedom in *Time and Free Will*, his profound and illuminating handling of the problem of mind and body in *Matière et Mémoire*, and his critique of the scientific understanding in *L'Evolution Créatrice*, as conspicuous triumphs of philosophical thinking.

been reached and the impulsive tension provisionally relaxed, he would, I think, have found and cherished that indispensable preliminary unit¹—called by Prof. Stout an interest-process—apart from which there can, so far as I can see, be no prospect of an ordered philosophical psychology or a systematic super-structure of metaphysic. If we are to steer clear between the static state of consciousness, on the one hand, with the insoluble question it raises as to its time-length and termini; and on the other, the pure, unteleological dynamic state of consciousness, so continuously and indivisibly one with the psychic fringe about it that we seek in vain for the qualitative distinctions which shall individualise it;—if, I say, we are to steer clear between the Scylla of static atomism on the one hand, and the Charybdis of dynamic indivisibility on the other, we must fall back upon that self-determining unit towards which modern psychology is now so significantly turning. We may refer to it under many names, as a need that seeks, however blindly, for satisfaction; an endeavour that presses or gropes after the fulfilment of its desire—and whether the desire be dimly conceived or not makes no difference in principle—or we may think of it as a doubt that struggles to issue in belief, a vague distress that seeks to pass from discomfort into ease, an interest that embraces a topic and realises itself in understanding it, a question that calls for an answer, a problem that demands solution, a germ that presses towards maturity, an idea that claims realisation, or a purpose that pleads fulfilment—in a word, some lost equilibrium, vital, psychical or both, which tends to recover itself. But

¹ Is this 'conation-unit' *adequate* for a theory of Volition? or of Action? There are further questions here left undiscussed.

whatever shape this pulse of being may assume, it represents life's movement in its simplest fundamental form and provides an adequate starting-point for theory.¹ It is appropriately jointed, having a beginning, a middle and an end, and admits of being studied and analysed, for an interest-process of this kind has characteristics that are relatively permanent, properties and functions that can be distinguished and related to each other as parts of a single unity without slipping off into something else at the first effort of the mind to understand them. Bergson maintains that we cannot analyse a progress but only a thing,² and that if we persist in analysing such progress we simply transform it by so doing into a thing. In a word, we destroy its dynamic character. But this is surely not so except in so far as our analysis is edged with mechanical prejudices, in which case it will, of course, murder the life it dissects. But a sympathetic analysis, the secret of whose method has been wrung from life itself by long familiarity with its inner meaning, this surely may be trusted to do its work as a friend and not as a clumsy alien or a ruthless enemy. It will not say to the interest-process: "I know it is your essence to move, but since it is my essence to bring my object to a standstill, your nature must submit to mine and for my better convenience just spread itself out in space." Teleological psychology respects the mobility of life and does not exclaim in the expressive language of Lotze: "If only these ideas could be stuffed!"³ At the same time, it recognises in its object a certain definiteness of orientation, a

¹ This vital unit, suggested originally by Avenarius, has been rendered psychologically serviceable by Prof. G. F. Stout, in connection with his teleological theory of Conation.

² *Essai*, p. 167.

³ *Metaphysic* (Eng. Tr.), ii. 162.

certain steady disposition or set, a certain coherence of impulse, a certain appreciable tendency in one direction rather than another; and on the basis of this recognition it is surely justified in building up its teleological structure, and so working effectively in the service of Intuition.

Let us then recognise that the spiritual life has its needs, its emotional dispositions, its tendencies towards the ideal. These may indeed be rooted in the past and we may frankly agree that the spirit's surrender to the rich current of inspiration which flows from the Edens of memory and of history is the best possible security for the healthy direction of its own activity towards the future. But who does not see that this free communion with the powers that impel the present will inevitably promote that directivity, that purposive aspiration, that convergence of evolutionary tendencies which Bergson so strenuously opposes; and may we not surmise in the light of the religious discoveries of the still living past that the *élan vital*, in proportion as its deeper pulsations affect us, will give some vivifying hint of "a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will"; or that we shall at least find ourselves in the grip of spiritual ideals, sustained by the presence of practical obligations which, as demands and facts of the spiritual life, must determine the form and the content of all spiritual philosophy?

We would at least maintain as our own conviction that the Metaphysic of Intuition will, on consideration, be found to rest on an experiential basis that is profoundly practical in its ultimate tendency, and thus prove to be as deeply implicated in the practical interests of the spiritual life as is the science of the

intellect in the practical interests of material existence. May we venture upon the hope that the conviction we hold, that Spiritual Philosophy is at root a Philosophy of Practice, a conviction which expresses the very soul of Eucken's Activism and is the root-assumption underlying every redemptive philosophy of life, may eventually find its just recognition in Henri Bergson's completed work and be incorporated as the fitting prelude to that further development of his philosophical thought which we await with so much interest and confidence from what we would like to call his 'deferred' treatment of the great and pressing problems of moral and religious experience.

W. R. BOYCE GIBSON.

THE NEGATIVE EVIDENCE FOR SURVIVAL.

E. E. FOURNIER D'ALBE, B.Sc.

I HAVE sometimes indulged in speculations as to what would happen if mankind were suddenly confronted with what we may call a 'scientific proof' of survival of bodily death, or, to express it better, with cogent evidence that the cohesion and identity of the human personality is not destroyed by the death of the human organism. I invariably arrived at the conclusion that such a proof would produce a revolution in our larger activities, in our outlook upon life, and in the centre of gravity of our interests beside which the impending transfer of our lines of communication from the solid or liquid surface of the earth to the atmosphere would vanish into insignificance.

The chief reason for such a conclusion has always been the realisation of the fact that the bulk of what we call civilised humanity does not believe in such survival, or, at all events, that it orders its actions and conduct precisely as it would do if physical death were the end of the individual. The strange thing is that few will acknowledge that fact. The majority profess a belief in some kind of an etherialised future, but that belief has, as a rule, all the characteristics of obsolescence. It is placed apart, in a compartment by itself, out of touch with other and more practical convictions. It resembles an inherited organ which has become useless and is therefore transmitted in a less complete

and explicit form, in a more and more rudimentary form, to each succeeding generation.

And it is easy to see how this state of things has arisen. Beliefs, like organs, must be exercised if they are to live. They must fill their place and take their share in the day's work. They must not be confined to an hour's perfunctory duty on Sundays, or associated with a mass of ideas and observances whose interest is mostly historical and antiquarian. They must compete with other beliefs in the struggle for existence. I do not mean that they must compete with their opposites and defeat them. The worst enemies of a belief are sometimes its friends. A belief can be killed with kindness, and that is precisely the fate of the traditional belief in 'immortality' at the present time. It is dying of kindness. It is set apart, beyond the reach of logic, or of observation and experiment. Other beliefs, such as, say, that in the alleged decay and transmutation of some of the chemical elements, are made to fight. They are attacked by all the methods of intellectual warfare, and have to defend themselves or perish. They are hardened in the struggle, and emerge stronger after every combat.

The belief in the survival of bodily death is not made to show fight. It retires into more and more inaccessible regions. It withdraws to the mountain tops, leaving the rich fertile plains to rivals who have shown their fitness to hold them and cultivate them.

I maintain that such a belief, with such a policy, is doomed to perdition. Those of us who hold it must be prepared to defend it from modern attacks by modern methods. The defence must meet the enemy on his own ground, and must proceed largely by counter attack. Battles are now-a-days fought on an enormous

scale, and with a degree of obstinacy and even bitterness commensurate with the magnitude and seriousness of the interests involved. Battles are fought, not for the sake of the fighting, but for the sake of winning. In the modern battles of belief men fight to kill. It is not a matter of academic debate or intellectual exercise, not an occasion for the display of oratorical skill and subtlety, but a conflict in which the defeated side is doomed to utter extinction, and knows it.

It is a battle of that kind which will have to be fought in the domain of thought about this question of survival. Surely the question is vital enough! All the passions, hopes, and fears of humanity are concerned in it. It affects us all most intimately and directly. It does not need a modern Calvin or John Knox to paint the after-life in lurid colours to convince us of that. In fact, their methods of appeal are discredited and have become ineffectual. Our appeal, while sharing the candour and earnestness of modern science, will necessarily be tinged with its hue of progress, of vigour, of conquest. If we do succeed in discovering the realm of the immortals, we shall enter upon it, not with a cringing apprehension, but with the laurel of victory on our brows.

The class of evidence in favour of survival which I propose to deal with at present may be called negative evidence. It is, in the nature of things, incapable of proving actual survival. But it can make it both possible and probable. It will serve, in fact, to demolish the negative evidence against survival which is currently adduced by the materialistic school of thought. For according to that school, the negative evidence to hand makes survival, if not impossible, at least highly improbable.

In presenting the negative evidence in favour of survival, we can take two main lines of argument. We can, in the first place, show that the alleged evidence against it is inadmissible, and any argument from it invalid. If we do that, we shall show survival to be, at least, *possible*. Or, on the other hand, we can draw certain conclusions from an assumed absence of survival, and show that such conclusions do not harmonise with facts. This will show survival to be a *probable* contingency. I propose to utilise both these classes of negative evidence.

That which, in the presence of death, impresses us most and inspires us with awe, is the total cessation of intelligent communication between ourselves and the deceased person. A merely temporary cessation of such communion does not impress us in the least. Sleep and even waking pre-occupation bring that about, and so does an absence beyond the reach of the many improved means of signalling. No, it is the thought that *never again* shall that disused mechanism that lies prone before us, vibrate to the touch of the departed intelligent operator, it is that thought which gives us pause.

The mere cessation of the audible or visible signals from the departed does not prove the non-existence of the operator, and it is strange to think how undeservedly the possibility of survival has suffered under what is probably a very misleading appearance. But the materialist is candid enough, and intelligent enough, not to base his disbelief in survival on the mere absence of communication between us and the departed (or extinct) intelligence. His argument is more lengthy and circumstantial. He identifies the individual himself with what we call

the mechanism or physical organism, and argues that when that mechanism no longer retains its efficiency it loses its cohesion and therefore whatever individuality it possessed.

Before examining this line of argument any further, I should like to point out that this identification of the mechanism with the operator, or in more colloquial phrase, of the spirit with the body, if hasty and ill-judged, is yet of very great antiquity. The care with which the ancient Egyptians preserved as much as they could of the perishable body, and the modern worship of the relics of saints, both point in the same direction. When Ziska, the blind leader of the Hussites, was dying, he ordered his followers to make a drum out of his skin, that the sound of it might strike terror into the hearts of the Austrians even as his name had done during his lifetime. And do not even the most modern of lovers exchange keepsakes which they have worn and which have thus, in a way, become a part of their personality? And when Tom Bowling dies, we sing:

Here a sheer hulk lies poor Tom Bowling—

whatever may have become of that hypothetical emanation known as his 'soul.'

When, therefore, the materialist ignores that 'soul,' and identifies the total individuality with the physical organism, he only goes one step beyond popular parlance and the philosophy of the million.

But it has ever been the business of science to rise above the philosophy of the million, to attain a wider outlook and to proclaim the larger truth so perceived. It is thus that we have substituted the terrestrial globe for the flat earth once poised upon an elephant

and a tortoise; replaced the gambols of Titans and Thursen by the age-long evolutions of geology; and discovered the bacteriological nature of infectious disease. All these triumphs have been achieved by a firm determination not to be misled by appearances, not to follow the untutored logic of the masses, and, above all, not to regard any dictum of current science, however influentially supported, as final and unassailable.

Since, both in the popular mind and in materialistic 'philosophy,' the identification of the mechanism with the operator tells against the presumption in favour of survival, we shall have to subject this identification to some destructive criticism before proceeding to more positive evidence.

Look at it closely, this identification of the man with his body, this '*L'Homme Machine*' of the eighteenth century rationalists. We examine a watch, note the escapement which regulates the time of swing, observe the train of wheels, and finally arrive at the source of power, the spring from whose tension the watch derives the strength to overcome the little frictions and resistances of its life. Then we regard the human body, with its infinitely more complex mechanism, yet, in the main, intelligible. We are struck with a certain amount of analogy. Our generalising instinct comes into play, and straightway the thought arises that this human mechanism, and perhaps the whole human being, may, after all, be nothing but a glorified watch, designed in some dim and remote past, or fortuitously evolved among countless failures during a long evolution whose human phase started somewhere in the pleistocene age of geology. The idea has a certain amount of fascination.

about it. It gives one that thrill of power and enjoyment which we feel whenever two main lines of thought suddenly merge into one, that blissful moment which shows us a glimpse of the Paradise of pure reason.

Alas, for another Paradise Lost! For that fascinating generalisation is as misleading as is the conclusion from ocular evidence that the sun moves round the earth. The human body is indeed a mechanism, but it is neither self-evolved nor self-sustaining. It is designed and maintained by the true individual within. The design is so obvious, the purpose so evident, that it took all the grand genius of Darwin to reduce it to the level of some more or less fortuitous result of numberless haphazard and unconscious experiments.

To place ourselves at once on the basis of ascertained fact, and in touch with the latest observations, let us hear what one of the greatest living authorities on plant physiology, Prof. W. Palladin, of St. Petersburg, has to say on the difference between living plant cells and cells killed by means of acetone, freezing, or a narcotic like chloroform or nitrobenzol.¹ After showing that the production of ferments and even the breathing of the cells is not brought to an end by killing the cells, Dr. Palladin continues: "It almost looks as if there were no difference between living and dead cells. But closer study reveals a difference, and a very essential one. The application of any of the methods of killing enumerated, produces such a revolution in the elements of the cell, such a destruction of its connections, that the cell, formerly a harmonious entity, like our solar system, now appears

¹ See Abderhalden's *Fortschritte der Naturwissenschaftlichen Forschung*, vol. 1, p. 255. Urban and Schwarzenberg, Berlin, 1910.

split up into a number of independent elements, which are, indeed, enclosed in the same casing, but have lost all other connection. Just as we observe the dissolution of the atom in the case of radium, so we see, at the death of the cell, that great organic atom split up into its elements.

"We know nothing living which has a simpler structure than the cell. Brücke is right when he calls the cell an elementary organism. After death the elements of the cell become independent units, working in complete independence of each other."

The ultimate living units of the cell have been called by various names. Darwin called them 'gemmules,' Spencer 'biological units,' de Vries 'pangens,' Weismann 'biophores,' and quite lately Hertwig has proposed to call them 'bioplasts.' I have myself ventured to call them 'psychomeres,' which emphasises their existence as parts or constituents of the human soul.

"At the present time," continues Dr. Palladin, "we proceed from theoretical speculations to the collection of facts. The facts so far available show us that when the cells are killed, their integral elements become independent. In other words, the killing of the cell *eliminates the regulating principle upon which the efficient action of the ferments depends.*

"It was Claude Bernard who said: 'Il y a dans le corps animé un arrangement, une sorte d'ordonnance, que l'on ne saurait laisser dans l'ombre, parce qu'elle est véritablement le trait le plus saillant des êtres vivants.' The ferments in a killed cell remind us of soldiers who have lost their commander. They begin to act independently of each other and therefore without sense."

Dr. Palladin goes on to enumerate the essential

differences between living cells and cells which have been killed. These are three:

(1) The activity of the various ferments is not co-ordinated. Sometimes there is an over-production, as in some forms of killed yeast, which produce more carbonic acid after killing than they do during life. But that production has no relation to the requirements of the cell as a whole.

(2) The ferments in a killed cell destroy each other, all central restraints having been abolished.

(3) Most significant of all, the ferments in killed cells are unprotected against the action of poisons and bacteria which the living cell can fight successfully.

It is strange, and one might almost say pathetic, to learn that a plant poisoned with chloroform or other poison will, before it succumbs, breathe more heavily than it does ordinarily. That is on a par with the increased 'nervous' reaction of a plant which has been wounded. The symptoms of pain and illness are quite perceptible in plants, and should teach us that there is a kinship between all living beings.

But to return to the facts we have just considered. I think that two conclusions are self-evident. In the first place, there is a great deal of mechanism of the most elaborate kind embodied in each cell. And secondly, that array of mechanism is, during life, subject to an intelligent and purposive control which ceases at death.

Now what is that intelligent and purposive control? The difference between the watch and the cell mechanism is that we are acquainted with the kind of intelligence which designed the watch, but we do not know any intelligence capable of controlling the vast and intricate mechanisms of the cell.

There are two ways of escaping from this difficulty. The materialistic solution simply denies the intelligence of the control, and endeavours to reduce it to a still more complex mechanism. That attitude somewhat reminds one of the hypothesis concerning the origin of life which supposed that seeds were carried to the earth from other planets.

The other explanation is what we may call the 'theistic' one. It supposed that the intelligence manifested is the divine intelligence itself, and thus reduces the question to one of theology.

But there is, I think, a third solution which leads us much further than either of the above. It is that the intelligence displayed in every cell of our body is simply our own intelligence, which is not now exerted consciously simply because it has become habitual, having been most strenuously exerted in our pre-natal days before our present waking consciousness had arisen. It has since been delegated to our 'psychomeres,' which, as parts and delegates, so to speak, of our own soul, perform the local administrative functions for us.

We are now in a position to deal with the materialistic assertion that the human individual is a mechanism. We find that the human body is a mechanism of great complexity, which during life is controlled in all its details by ourselves, by the various strata of our consciousness. And so the example of the watch brings us to the triumphant assertion of the supremacy of consciousness over mechanism, of mind over matter.

We can go even further. What is *any* mechanism but an extension of the human personality? Let us somewhat modify the ordinary idea of the human

body, and define it as *matter which is subject to the intelligent and purposive control of the human mind*. What a mighty and magic change in the outlook! We no longer live in a world in which the most formidable animal is a strong man. We live in a world of monsters more imposing than the Dinosaur or the Megatherium. Here is a kind of fish swiftly cleaving the surface of the water. It has eight legs or fins, and a tail. It dips its legs rhythmically, and shouts in doing so. It fights and struggles desperately to gain an advantage over its rivals. Arrived at the winning line, it resolves itself into a boat and a boat's crew. But for a few glorious and strenuous minutes, it was an individual with a single life of its own and a single purpose in life.

On a larger scale, you have the great battleship, a huge mechanism with a distinct individuality, a monster which must be fed every day and provided with stores of available energy, a thing which can attack and defend, which staggers under a blow, and sometimes heals its own wounds, but can nevertheless be killed, whereupon its soul, the crew, does its best to escape.

What are all tools but detachable limbs adapted to purposes for which 'nature,' otherwise our inherited and submerged consciousness, has made no provision. A bicycle, a motor-car, an aeroplane are all extensions and expansions of the human body just as surely as the shell is an expansion of the body of the crab. Not only are the outer frontiers of our bodies (in the wider sense) changed with every change of clothes, of tools, of apparatus, or of abode, but the frontiers of our souls are for ever shifting, now expanding, now contracting, and no man can really say: "Here my Self ceases, and my Not-Self begins."

What, then, becomes of the mechanical explanation of the human individual? So far from finding that the mechanism is the primary datum, the individuality an accident, and thought but a "phosphorescence of the brain," we find that the soul or mind or individuality is the primary thing without which a mechanism is inconceivable. Not only that, but wherever there is mechanism an intelligence is pre-supposed. Take away that intelligence and the 'regulating principle' vanishes. The living body, with all its cells, becomes a mob, an army disorganised. It is just as if in a factory in full swing every machinist and workman were withdrawn at the same instant and without warning. The machines would go on working, working perhaps at an increased rate, like a motor-car running amok. The various articles would still be produced so long as the mechanical stoking of the boilers continued or the fuel held out. But all would be confusion. There would be no 'co-ordination,' no relation between the various products and the factory as a whole. The soul would have left the body. The intelligence and experience would still be there, but the factory would soon consume itself, or burn up, or explode, or simply fall a prey to extraneous entities.

But who would dare to conclude from such an occurrence that the factory never contained any life or intelligence, or that such life and intelligence must necessarily perish for ever with the perishing of the factory?

E. E. FOURNIER DE ALBE.

(The conclusion of this paper will follow in the next number.—ED.)

THE SIKH RELIGION.

M. A. MACAULIFFE, B.A., I.C.S. RET.

II.¹

RAM DAS had a son called Arjan who subsequently became his successor. On one occasion as Arjan was proceeding to Lahore to attend a relative's wedding his mother gave him the following injunction :

Ever worship that God who hath no end or limit ;
By remembering Him all sin is removed and ancestors are saved.

O my son, take this thy mother's blessing.

May God never forget thee for a moment, and do thou ever repeat the Name of the Lord of the world !

May the true Guru be merciful to thee, and mayest thou love the saints !

May God's preservation of thine honour be thy raiment, and singing His praises thy daily food !

Ever quaff the nectar of God's Name ; mayest thou live long and may the remembrance of God afford thee endless delight !

May joy and pleasure be thine, may thy desires be fulfilled, and mayest thou never feel anxiety !

Let thy heart become the bumble-bee, and God's feet the lotus from which it extracteth its sweets.

When Guru Arjan succeeded his father he hastened the completion of the city of Amritsar, and projected the construction of the beautiful Sikh edifice called by Sikhs the Har Mandar and by Europeans the Golden Temple, the Sikh Holy of Holies.

¹ For Part I. see the last number.—Ed.

After due consideration Guru Arjan decided to collect his own hymns and those of his predecessors in one volume for the guidance and edification of the Sikhs. This, which was a work of great labour and discrimination, was completed three hundred and six years ago, and received the name *Granth*. Every man who has written or compiled a book must be prepared for misrepresentation. In the literature in which we are taught from our earliest years to find consolation, we read that the malignant critic existed even in the days of Job, and some of us know that he exists even up to the present day. There was a complaint laid before the Emperor Akbar, that Guru Arjan had compiled a book in which the Muhammadan priests and prophets and the Hindu incarnations and gods were spoken of with contempt. The great and tolerant Emperor, after having some of the Guru's hymns read to him, declared that he found no impiety in them. He expressed himself pleased with the teaching of the *Granth*, a volume which he considered worthy of reverence, and he expressed his displeasure with the Guru's slanderers and enemies. A Muhammadan historian corroborates the statement of the Sikhs that the great Akbar subsequently paid a reverential visit to the Guru, and solicited his prayers for his spiritual and temporal welfare and happiness.

Unfortunately for Guru Arjan, the tolerant Emperor Akbar died soon after, and was succeeded by his son Jahāngīr. Jahāngīr's son Khusro, nominated to the throne by Akbar in supersession of Jahāngīr, claimed the Panjāb and Afghānistān, which his father was unwilling to concede him. Guru Arjan befriended Khusro, and gave him five thousand rupees to escape to Kābul from his father's vengeance. Jahāngīr who,

contrary to the impression received from Moore's *Lalla Rookh*, was a very cruel monarch, hated his father's friends. For instance, he procured the murder of Abul Fazl, the great Persian historian of Akbar's reign, because he believed that Abul Fazl had abetted Akbar in his rejection of Islām. Personal enemies also calumniated the Guru, misrepresented the tenor of his religious propaganda, and especially reminded Jahāngīr of the Guru's assistance to Khusro. The Guru was summoned to Lahore and called upon to answer the charge of having been friendly to Khusro, the Emperor's enemy, though his son. The Guru replied :

I regard all people, whether Hindu or Musalmān, rich or poor, friend or foe, without love or hate : and it is on this account that I gave thy son some money for his journey, and not because he was in opposition to thee. If I had not assisted him in his forlorn condition, and so shown some regard for the kindness of thy father the Emperor Akbar to myself, all men would despise me for my heartlessness and ingratitude, or they would say that I was afraid of thee. This would have been unworthy of a follower of Guru Nānak, the world's Guru.

The conclusion of this speech was not calculated to soothe the Emperor's feelings. He ordered the Guru to pay a fine of two lakhs of rupees, and also to erase the hymns in his *Granth* which were opposed to the Hindu and Musalmān religions. The Guru replied :

Whatever money I have is for the poor, the friendless, and the stranger. If thou ask for money, thou mayest take what I have ; but if thou ask for it by way of fine, I will not give thee even a kauri, for fine is levied on wicked worldly persons and not on priests and anchorets. And as to what thou hast said regarding the erasure of hymns in the *Granth Sāhib*, I cannot erase or alter an iota. I am a worshipper of the Immortal God, the Supreme Soul of the world. There is no monarch save Him ; and what He

revealed to the Gurus, from Guru Nānak to Guru Rām Dās, and afterwards to myself, is written in the holy *Granth Sāhib*. The hymns which find a place in it are not disrespectful to any Hindu incarnation or any Muhammadan prophet. It is certainly stated that prophets, priests and incarnations are the handiwork of the Immortal God, whose limit none can find. My main object is the spread of truth and the destruction of falsehood; and if, in pursuance of this object, this perishable body must depart, I shall account it great good fortune.

The Emperor made no reply, but the Guru was subsequently informed that he must pay the fine adjudicated or be imprisoned. A movement was set on foot to raise the amount of the fine by subscription, but the Guru absolutely forbade it. The second charge against him, that of impiety, was then renewed, with the result that he was offered the alternative of being put to death or of expunging the alleged objectionable passages in the *Granth* and inserting the praises of Muhammad and the Hindu deities. The Guru replied:

The *Granth Sāhib* hath been compiled to confer on men happiness and not misery in this world and in the next. It is impossible to write it anew, and make the omissions and alterations thou requirest.

On this he was, according to the custom of the age, put to the torture as a preliminary to his execution.

He was seated in a cauldron heated with a blazing fire, and red-hot sand was thrown over him. It is said that the Guru in the intervals allowed his torturers to gather strength for fresh exertions, composed the following:

When very great troubles befall, and nobody receiveth one;

When enemies pursue and relations flee away;

When all from whom man looked for assistance have fled, and
all succour is at an end;

If he then remember God, no hot wind shall strike him.

God is the strength of the strengthless.

He neither cometh nor goeth ; He is permanent ever ; by the Guru's instruction know Him as the True One.

If man be weak from the pangs of nakedness and hunger ;

If he have not a kauri in his pocket, and there be none to console him ;

If no one gratify his aims and desires, and he be never successful,

Yet, if he remember God, he shall obtain a permanent kingdom.

To the praise of the female sex, the daughter-in-law of an inveterate enemy of the Guru found her way to him in prison, closely guarded though he was, gave him sherbet and food and consoled him like a ministering angel from on high.

Guru Arjan at his death was fully convinced that his Sikhs could now protect their lives and property only by the force of arms, and accordingly he left an injunction to his son Har Gobind to sit fully armed on a temporal as well as a spiritual throne, and maintain such an army as his circumstances would permit.

The history of his son Har Gobind, who succeeded him, is rather secular than religious ; so is the history of his two successors, Gurus Har Rāi and Har Kṛiṣhan. They were followed by Guru Teg Bahādur, who lived in the time of the bigoted Emperor Aurangzeb. Aurangzeb caused him to be arrested and brought before him in Delhi. He then addressed the Guru :

It is my pleasure that there should be but one religion. Hinduism is false and worthless, and those who profess it shall suffer punishment hereafter. I pity them, and therefore wish to do them a favour. If they of their own accord keep the Muhammadan festivals and fast, and repeat the Muhammadan creed and prayers, I will reward them with wealth, appointments, land-revenue grants, and lands with irrigating wells. In this case thou, too, shalt have many disciples and thou shalt become a great

priest of Islām. Therefore accept my religion and thou shalt receive from me whatever thy heart desireth.

The Guru replied :

O Emperor, thou and I and all people must walk according to God's will. If it were His will that there should be only one religion, He would not have allowed the Muhammadan and Hindu religions to exist. He hath no partner, and can do as He pleaseth ; neither thou nor I can oppose Him.

According to a Muhammadan historian, Aurangzeb caused Guru Teg Bahādur's body to be cut up into pieces and suspended in different parts of the imperial capital, Delhi, as a warning and a terror to all enemies of Islām.

Guru Teg Bahādur's hymns, which were composed during his incarceration, breathe an eminently quietistic spirit and resignation to God's will. He descants on the hollowness of the world, the inherent perversity of the human heart, and the instability of friendship. He wrote several such verses as the following :

I have seen that the love of the world is false ;

Everybody, whether wife or friend, is intent on his own welfare ;

Everybody speaketh of his relations and attacheth his heart to them with love ;

But at the last moment nobody will accompany him.

The praise of God entereth not into the heart of man ;

Day and night he remaineth absorbed in mammon ; how shall he sing God's praises ?

In this way he bindeth himself to children, friends, mammon and selfishness.

This world is false as a mirage ; yet man on beholding it fleeth after it.

The Lord the Cause of happiness in this world and the next is forgotten by the fool.

Among millions few there are who find the way to worship God.

O good people, in God's asylum there is rest.

The man who is untouched by covetousness, worldly love, selfishness, joy, and sorrow,

And who is not a slave to his passion, is the image of God.

He who in adversity repineth not,

Who in prosperity feeleth neither affection nor fear, and who deemeth gold as dross;

Who uttereth neither praise or blame, and who suffereth not from avarice, worldly love, or pride;

Who is unaffected by joy or sorrow;

Who hath renounced all hopes and desires, and expecteth nothing from the world;

Whom lust and wrath touch not—in such a person's heart God dwelleth.

There is an anecdote of his prison-life which, as it is of the highest political importance, I shall give. One day as he was on the top storey of his prison, the Emperor thought he saw him looking towards the south, in the direction of the Imperial Zanāna. He was sent for next day, and charged with this grave breach of Oriental etiquette and propriety. The Guru replied :

Emperor Aurangzeb, I was on the top storey of my prison, but I was not looking at thy private apartments or at thy queens, I was looking in the direction of the Europeans who are coming from beyond the seas to tear down thy *pardas* and destroy thine empire.

A Sikh writer states that these words became the battle-cry of the Sikhs in the assault on Delhi in 1857 under General John Nicholson, and that thus the prophecy of the ninth Guru was gloriously fulfilled.

Successful as Sir John Lawrence was in the part he took in quelling the Indian Mutiny in Upper India,

the Sikhs of the Panjāb would never have gone to Delhi at his bidding but for this prophecy of Guru Teg Bahādur. The recollection of this address still powerfully contributes to Sikh loyalty to our countrymen in India.

When Guru Gobind Singh succeeded his father Guru Teg Bahādur, he naturally remembered the persecutions and injunctions of his predecessors. He procured a supply of sharp pointed arrows and practised archery with great industry. Several circumstances caused him to be at variance with petty chiefs who dwelt in the lower Himālayas. As some of his troops threatened a defection on the threat of hostilities, he uttered the following :

Be loyal to your sovereign ; leave death and life in the hands of God. Desert not your posts, abandon not your duty, and you shall be happy in this world and the next. If you die in battle, you shall obtain glory to which not even monarchs can aspire. Shame not your sires and your race. He who forsaketh his master in battle shall be dishonoured here and condemned hereafter. The vultures, knowing him to be disloyal, will not touch but spurn his flesh. He shall not go to heaven hereafter, nor obtain glory here ; abundant disgrace shall light upon his head. Be assured of this that human birth shall be profitable to him who loseth his life with his face to the foe. For all the drops of blood that fall from his body, so many years shall he enjoy the company of his God.

When the hill chiefs absolutely charged him with aggression and declared war on him, he replied :

My Sikhs have only come into collision with those who wantonly annoyed them. The Sikhs are ever awaiting battle. To fight and die is the duty of the brave. Come and see the power of the Sikhs.

As the allied armies approached to contend with him he uttered the following :

Eternal God, Thou art our shield,
The dagger, knife, the sword we wield.
To us protector there is given
The timeless, deathless, Lord of heaven ;
To us All-steel's unvanquished might ;
To us All-time's resistless flight ;
But chiefly Thou, Protector brave,
All-steel, wilt Thine own servants save.

The Guru gained a signal victory in the battle of Bhangāni. Notwithstanding this, however, he continued to be embroiled in hostilities with his enemies of the mountains. On hearing that they had again decided to give him annoyance, he proclaimed as follows :

What God willeth shall take place. When the army of the Turks cometh, my Sikhs shall strike steel on steel. The Sikhs shall then awake and know the play of battle. Amid the clash of arms the Sikhs shall be partners in present and future bliss, tranquillity, meditation, virtue, and divine knowledge. Then shall the English come, and joined by the Sikhs rule as well in the East as in the West. The holy Bāba Nānak shall bestow all wealth on them. The English shall possess great power, and by force of arms take possession of many principalities. The combined armies of the English and Sikhs shall be very powerful as long as they rule with united councils. The empire of the English shall vastly increase, and they shall in every way attain prosperity. Wherever they take their armies they shall conquer, and bestow thrones on those who assist them. Then in every house shall be wealth, in every house happiness, in every house rejoicing, in every house religion, in every house learning, and in every house a woman.

At the conclusion of the Guru's apocalypse the Sikhs respectfully bowed.

One of the most important acts of Guru Gobind's life was the institution of his Pāhul or baptism. He appointed a day for an open-air gathering of his Sikhs,

and when all were seated he drew his sword and asked if there was anyone among his beloved Sikhs ready to lay down his life for him. He found five men absolutely willing to do so. He baptized them and they in turn baptized him. After giving them some instructions regarding dress, he added the following injunctions: They must always wear long hair, a comb for it, a sword, short drawers, and a steel bracelet. They were enjoined to practise arms, and not show their backs to the foe in battle. They were ever to help the poor and protect those who sought their protection. They must be faithful to their wedded spouses. They were to consider their previous castes erased, and deem themselves all brothers of one family. Sikhs were freely to intermarry, but must have no social or matrimonial relations with smokers, with persons who killed their daughters, or with those who had fallen away from the tenets and principles of their Gurus. They must not worship idols, but must believe in the one Immortal God. They must rise at dawn, bathe, read the prescribed hymns of the Gurus, meditate on the Creator, and be loyal to their masters.

The Guru's teaching and example had the magical effect of changing a pariah, or outcaste through an interminable line of heredity, into a brave and staunch soldier, as the history of the Sikh Mazhabi regiments conclusively proves. This metamorphosis has been accomplished in defiance of the hide-bound prejudices and conservatism of the old Hindu religious systems. Prior to the time of the Sikh Gurus no Asiatic general ever conceived the idea of raising an army from men who were believed to be unclean and polluted from their birth; but the watch-word and war-cry of the Sikhs "Wāhguru ji ka Khālsa, Wāhguru ji ki fatah!"—

the Khālsa of God, victory to God—and the stimulating precepts of the tenth Guru altered what had hitherto been deemed the dregs of humanity into warriors whose prowess and loyalty never failed their leaders.

The Guru wrote verses to stimulate the bravery of his Sikhs, and he also had portions of one of the Hindu Purāṇas translated with the same object. In the course of subsequent warfare, he was besieged in Anandpur, but after a heroic defence obliged to evacuate it. Two of his sons were subsequently slain in open warfare. His two youngest sons were betrayed by a Brāhman to the Muhammadans and murdered, and his mother gave up her spirit on hearing of the inhuman sacrifice of their young lives.

After another unsuccessful battle the Guru made his way to the south of India, where he was subsequently killed by a Muhammadan. He was not successful in realising the hope to which he gave expression in the following lines :

Grant me, Divine Power, this boon that I may never flinch
from noble deeds ;

And that when I go to fight I may not fear the enemy, but
make certain of my victory ;

That I may school my mind to the ardent desire to sing Thy
praises ;

And that, when my last moment cometh, I may die fighting in
a very mighty battle !

The Sikhs claim that their religion prohibits idolatry, hypocrisy, caste-exclusiveness, the concremation of widows, the immurement of women, the use of wine and other intoxicants, tobacco-smoking, infanticide, slander, pilgrimages to the sacred rivers and tanks of the Hindus ; and it inculcates loyalty, gratitude for all favours received, philanthropy, justice, impartiality,

truth, honesty, and all the moral and domestic virtues known to the holiest Christians. It would be difficult to point to a more comprehensive ethical code.

The Sikh religion mainly differs from Christianity in that it inculcates the transmigration of the soul, and an ampler belief in destiny than is perhaps compatible with great success in civil life. The belief in destiny, however, has made the Sikhs some of the finest and most daring soldiers in the world. No change of their religion could make them braver or more loyal.

To my mind Sikhism offers fewer points of attack than any other theological system, and if patronised and cherished as its religious and political importance deserves, by a powerful government, it might become one of the first religions on this planet, but under a government policy of what is called "religious neutrality" the Sikhs are not only reverting to Hinduism, but embracing the cult of Atheism, if not the baneful political practices attendant thereon. The Rājah of Kapūrthala, once a Sikh state, has openly renounced Sikhism. The Panjāb chiefs, who are nominal Sikhs, have generally been brought up among Hindus or some other *entourage* fatal to their orthodoxy. It is too often forgotten that the orthodoxy of a Sikh means loyalty to his sovereign.

The Sikhs are not loved by the other races of India, and this I know full well from personal experience. They saved the Indian Empire in 1857, and they have been our most loyal and devoted subjects and among our bravest soldiers in the hour of need. Sir John Malcolm, one of the keenest European observers who ever went to India, wrote:—"Wherever the religion of Guru Gobind prevails the institutions of Brahma must fall. The admission of proselytes,

the abolition of the distinctions of caste, the eating of all kinds of flesh, the form of religious worship, and the general devotion of all Singhs to arms, are ordinances altogether irreconcilable with Hindu mythology, and have rendered the religion of the Sikhs obnoxious to the Brahmans and higher tribes of the Hindus."

Indian races and especially the Sikhs have been in the habit of calling the English their *mā bāp*; that is, their fathers and mothers. Fathers and mothers generally look after the religious education of their children.

This policy of religious neutrality, an expression which contains an ingenious sophistry, was inaugurated a century ago. It was believed that if the Indian Government gave no support to any of the indigenous religions of the country, its inhabitants would sooner or later in a body embrace Christianity. That belief has been signally and cruelly disappointed. No one who knew anything of the Indian religious systems ever thought it would be fulfilled. But the rulers of India, for want of a school of Oriental learning in this country, rarely possess more than a scanty acquaintance with its religions, and are too apt to regard them as heathen beliefs unworthy of study or attention.

Even if the people of India were to embrace Christianity, many able and experienced thinkers have contended that that would not be at any rate to their temporal advantage, nor would it make them more loyal to our gracious monarch. A recent writer in an appreciative notice of my work on the Sikh religion, in *The Expository Times*, thinks that it would. But has the belief in Christianity by the subjects of the Tsar tended to make certain strata of the Russian population more loyal and devoted subjects? England was a very

Christian country, the home of Puritanism, when it executed Charles I. France was a fairly Christian country when the French people decapitated Louis Seize on the Square of the Revolution. Moreover, were the inhabitants of India all Christians, is it not likely that they would have more members of the English House of Commons and others suggesting grievances and disaffection to their benevolent rulers, and claiming for them what are called the "full rights" of British citizens—rights the exercise of which, in the opinion of several great men, are leading even this hitherto loyal country with hastening pace towards a revolution. If we take another view of the question, would not the natives of India, if converted to Christianity be in a better position to combine against the ruling power than they are now when they are the votaries of antagonistic religious systems?

Though religion and morals were originally distinct, they are now generally combined as potent influences for the guidance of mankind. Most religions possess useful, soul-satisfying and ennobling precepts, and generally the followers of the vast congeries of beliefs over the world raise their voices to the Almighty and worship Him with one accordant hymn. Persons of liberal and thinking minds may often well reflect in their tranquil moments that, until there are more stable foundations of belief, it would be well not to disturb the minds of the professors of, at any rate, the great religions of the world, but let them indulge their own hopes of eternal beatitude with minds undisturbed by jarring controversies, and pursue the varied paths by which they conceive that their hopes would ultimately be realised.

M. A. MACAULIFFE.

THE SYMBOLISM OF THE 'MIRACULOUS DRAUGHT' LEGENDS IN THE GOSPELS.

ROBERT EISLER, PH.D.

THE first passage we have to deal with is *the story of the miraculous draught in Luke 5:1-11*. The reason why it has been introduced into the context of the third gospel is obvious. 'Mark' wrote at a time when the 'fisher of men' symbol had become nearly as familiar to the Christian Church as it is to the present reader; thus he could allow himself to cut out the whole explanatory sermon of Jesus preceding the symbolic 'call,' in order to give his account a dramatic vivacity which must have been wanting in the more accurate reproduction of the sermon and its immediate effects in the original 'Logia-' tradition. This laconic but impressive rendering was followed by 'Matthew,' who may have appreciated its qualities; 'Matthew,' however, would not omit the beautiful parable of the draw-net, and so inserted it into a series of kindred similes in ch. 13. Still later, when the 'call' pericopē had become one of the fundamental texts of the new doctrine, its brevity must have been felt somewhat out of keeping with its dogmatic importance. On this account and for the intrinsic reasons which can be surmised from an analysis of this addition, the original account of 'Mark' was embellished with a consciously framed allegory which has been successfully explained ever

since the rise of the Tübingen School. The vain toiling of Simon and his comrades during the whole night signifies the practically fruitless mission among the Palestinian Jews; the launching forth into the deep at the special bidding of Jesus and the unexpected haul symbolise the highly successful mission to the farther distant heathen lands, which Peter would not undertake before he had received a special divine command through the vision related in *Acts* 10⁹⁻²². The sin of which Peter becomes suddenly conscious in verse 8 is his hitherto neglect of and even opposition to the mission to the Gentiles. The second boat called in to assist, is a figure of the decisive share—underrated from obvious motives in this allegory—which Paul took in the successful extension of the ‘man-fishing’ to the Gentiles.¹ That the nets threatened to break and that the boats began to sink from the weight of the excessive number of fish, does not seem to signify—as Carpenter once suggested—the quarrel between the Petrine and the Pauline party, for this had certainly nothing to do with the too rapidly increased number of converts. I think it is an unmistakable hint of the imminent danger of disruption, and even submersion in the flood of Paganism, brought upon the original Church through the rapid rise of syncretistic or so-called Gnostic heresies among the new, originally Pagan Christians of the Pauline church. Consequently we cannot doubt that the allegory of the ‘miraculous draught’ contains even more obvious references to the conversion of the Gentiles than the previously analysed legend of the statēr.² As to the exact sense of the ‘fish-

¹ Cp. on this detail the acute reasoning of P. W. Schmiedel in Cheyne's *Encycl. Bibl.* col. 4575.

² See ‘The Fisher of Men in Early Christian Literature’ in the last number.

ing' symbol in this narrative, we may safely assume that here too the baptising and not only the catechising of the converts is intended, although we must confess that the text itself does not afford any conclusive argument for deciding this important question.

The main 'motive' of the story can be paralleled in a well-known group of popular tales. In the *Arabian Nights*, for instance, the reader will find the same 'plot' in at least two different places. In the story of Ali Nur ed Din and Enis en Djelis we read of Harun ar Raschid meeting the fisher Kerim, who is fishing before the gates of the imperial palaces in Baghdad. The ruler of the believers addresses the fisherman with the gracious and portentous words: "Fish with my luck." The fisherman, trembling with joy, casts his net into the stream. When he draws it ashore again, the net is found bursting with innumerable fish of all kind. Then the Khalifa changes dress with Kerim and one of the innumerable stories of Harun ar Raschid in disguise follows. In the original form of the tale, however, the 'good luck' of the just king—(a superstition on which the reader may compare Dr. J. G. Frazer's five lectures on *The Early History of Kingship*, pp. 118, 124ff., or more especially *Odyssey*, 19109, 113) — must have been magically conferred on the fisherman, not only by the Khalifa's words, but also by the gift of the sacred imperial garments; only in all probability for the sake of an easier transition to the following humorous adventure of Harun, has the story-teller inverted the much more rational sequence of events in his primary source. Still more interesting is the close analogy between *Luke* 5:1-11 and a variant of the alleged fable in the 'Story of the Three Apples' (XVIIth Night). Harun

and his vizier Jāfar while passing through a slum of Baghdad encounter an extremely poor old fisherman with his net and his basket, who complains about his misfortunes in a couplet of flowery verse. The Khalifa asks: "What is thy calling?" The old man answers: "My lord, I am a fisher, and I have a wife and children waiting for me at home. *I left my house at noon and until now, past midnight, God has not permitted me to catch anything* for the support of my family." (Cp. the words: "Master, we have toiled all the night and have taken nothing" in *Luke 5s.*) "Wilt thou return," said the Khalifa, "to the Tigris and cast thy net *with my luck?* Everything thou catchest, I will buy for a hundred dinars." The fisherman is delighted with this proposal, goes with the Khalifa to the shore, casts his net into the river and catches a heavy box, which Harun buys for the sum named. In the box is found the body of a girl, who had been thus thrown into the water, as they soon come to discover, on an unjust suspicion of adultery—a conclusion which betrays at once the close relation of this fairy tale to the 'Danaë' type, with the floating box containing the heroine and caught in the net of the fishers, and the fisher-king 'Diktys' of Seriphos. The author of *Luke 51-11* must have known a Greek counterpart of our Arabian tale and equated Peter the Apostolic Fisher with the mythic Diktys and Jesus with a figure, which in the Seriphian story seems to have been Zeus, the lover and protector of Danaë, while adapting all minor details of his narrative with the greatest skill to the theological purposes of his gospel.

Several significant variations of the fish-draught, as it is related in the third gospel, are offered by the parallel account in the last chapter of the evangel

according to 'John,' a pericopē which is beyond doubt a 'tendency' appendix to 1-20, differing not only in substantial details but even in the vocabulary from the fourth gospel, yet obviously dependent in these very respects on the 'synoptic' style.¹ This version no longer distinguishes the Pauline from the Petrine boat, neither does it mention the temporary failure or even resignation of the fisherman which occurs already in the Pagan model of the legend. Evidently the memory of the dissension between Paul and the 'Pillars' of the Jerusalem community as well as of the harm caused by this controversy to the first progress of the Gospel had faded away at that time, or at least lost its former importance for the rising 'catholic' Church. Similarly the boat of the disciples is no more in danger of sinking, and it is expressly stated that the net was *not* rent: this means that the Church has now victoriously asserted itself against the dangers of the initial stage.

But these alterations are of small importance compared with the striking fact that in *John* 21, although there is no perceptible outward motive for such an outburst of impetuosity, Peter *leaps into the water* to meet the Lord by swimming *a distance of some 200 cubits*; only after this is he able *alone* to drag the net ashore, which had before proved too heavy

¹ Cp. P. W. Schmiedel, *Enc. Bibl.*, 2543 §40. The easiest explanation of these peculiarities is afforded by the plausible hypothesis of Rohrbach and Harnack, that it is the lost conclusion of *Mark*, relating the Galilean apparition of the risen Christ, announced in *Mark* 16, which lies at the foundation of both *John* 21 and the lost conclusion of the *Gospel of Peter* found at Akhmim (chh. 12 and 13: Magdalen and the women at the empty tomb, parallel to *Mark* 16:1-8; ch. 14: the twelve disciples, deeply depressed, return each to his home; but Simon Peter and Andrew together with Levi the son of Alphaeus, and others *take their nets and go to the lake of Galilee*. . . .) This would account at once for the peculiar 'synoptic' style and the predominance of Peter in *John* 21. Consequently *John* 21 offers a version of the 'draught story' which may be in more than one respect *older* than *Luke* 5:1-11, although details such as the assertion that the net was *not* rent prove beyond doubt the writer's, or, as we may call him, the last redactor's, acquaintance with the text of *Luke*.

for *all* the fishermen (*John* 216, 11). This feature of the narrative admits only of one explanation: at a very early date the question (cp. *e.g.* Tertull. *De bapt.*, ch. 12) arose among those Paulinist theologians for whom baptism was an indispensable condition of salvation, whether the disciples themselves, before they were sent on their missions, had received the baptism of Christ—instituted according to them by the (probably apocryphal) words: "Teach all nations, baptising them," etc., in *Matt.* 28, 19—and where and when this important ceremony had been performed. Of course no such text was to be found in the Synoptists; yet the urgent theological need had to be answered if the dogma itself was to be maintained against possible attacks, and indeed different legends arose under the pressure of this necessity. The author of the *Zacharias-legend* at the end of the *Proto-Evangelium Jacobi* would not even believe that John the Forerunner could have baptised his hearers if he had not himself received the sacrament before from Jesus, and accordingly invents a fanciful tale to accommodate his theological prejudice. Similarly in the circle in which the fourth gospel was composed, the ministry of Christ to the disciples in *Luke* 22, 7 was interpreted as having been the symbolic washing performed through baptism, without which they "*could have no part with him*" (*John* 138). But even as in this very account, representing the view of one school whose ideas the evangelist wishes to refute through a 'saying' of the Lord, Peter seems dissatisfied with the symbolic act of washing only his feet¹ and begs for a more extensive cleansing

¹ The reader will remember that the African, Milanese and Gallican Churches continued for a considerable time to practise the footwashing ceremony in connection with the baptism (cp. J. W. F. Höfling, *Das Sakrament der Taufe*, 1846, i. 544f.). It is not impossible that in the Church of

of his body, so a party in the Church seems to have opposed those who allowed—as does, *e.g.*, the very early *Didaché*—a mere sprinkling with water or a merely partial washing, and to have insisted on the full immersion, in the same way as baptism is practised up to the present day in the Orthodox Church. To satisfy these and perhaps as a protest of the 'Petrine' school against *John* 13¹⁰, the voluntary immersion of Peter was inserted into the narrative of *Luke*, if indeed it has not simply been preserved from the Markan source by the author of our appendix to *John*. The meaning of this detail is clearly that the chief of the Apostles received the full baptism by immersion in the presence of the Lord through his own fervent desire to approach his Saviour¹; most probably the tradition preserved by Clemens Alexandrinus (*Zahn, Suppl. Clem.* 69), that Peter alone of all the disciples was baptised by Jesus himself, refers to this event in *John* 21 or to a parallel account in *The Gospel of Peter*; for in *John* 13 the feet of all the twelve alike are washed by Jesus.

The best evidence for this explanation is to be found in the following accidental details of our text.

Asia Minor, where the Gospel was written, the washing of the feet alone had for some time even supplanted the original total immersion. Serv. *ad. Æn.* iv. 167 proves that the footwashing was a Pagan marriage custom. Accordingly its adoption as an initiation rite must belong to that circle of mystic marriage ceremonies, which a certain group of the Marcionites (Irenæus i. 14, p. 183, Harvey)—and probably not they alone—had derived from such metaphoric phraseology as *Mark* 2¹⁹, *Matt.* 22¹, *John* 3²⁹, 2 *Cor.* 11², *Rev.* 19^{7ff.}, 21², obviously under the influence of parallel Pagan rites, as performed in the Dionysian mysteries, in the service of Cybele, etc.

¹ Cp. *Matt.* 14²⁸: "Lord if it be thou bid me come unto thee *over the water*." This is an interesting parallel also in so far as the Christ walking—like Jahvè in *Job* 9⁸ (cp. *Ps.* 77²⁰)—over the water is of course an allusion to the mystic 'fish,' "treading the paths of the sea" (*Ps.* 8⁹; cp. *Q.* i. 644, the quotation from Paulinus of Nola). As long as Peter believes, he too is one of the 'fishes,' caught in the net of the Divine Word, and consequently also able to "pass through the watery paths." Cp., *e.g.*, S. Ambrosius in *Hexæm.* V. 65: "Thou art a fish, O man . . . leap over the waves, as thou art a fish; the breakers of this world will not submerge thee."

Strange as it seems Peter does not *put off* his clothes before jumping into the water, but on the contrary *having little on before*—this is the meaning of the Greek word *gymnos*¹—he puts on his overcoat (*tòn endyētēn*) at the critical moment—evidently *not* in order to appear more decently clad before Jesus, as some rather naïve commentators have supposed, but because in the baptism the neophyte “puts on² Jesus the Christ” (*Gal.* 3:27; *Rom.* 13:14) and through him immortality (*1 Cor.* 15:53), so that “being clothed we shall not be found naked” (*2 Cor.* 5:3). In fact, the Early Christian Church, because of these three passages and the corresponding symbolic rite,³ was quite accustomed to call the baptism a ‘garment’ (*endyma*), an ‘eternal robe,’ or even a ‘garment of immortality.’⁴ That the *motive* of the Apostle’s putting on of the mystic ‘overcoat’ before beginning the successful haul-

¹ Cp. *Demosth.* 21:16, Plato, *Legg.* xii. 954a; Xenoph. *Anab.* i. 103; and prior to them Hesiod, *Opp.* 389. Light dress is also characteristic of the fishermen on the monuments, e.g. in all the paintings, etc., which have been mentioned (*Q.* i. 639); also on Pagan parallels from Herculaneum or from the Farnesina house they have nothing on but the small *perizōma*, or at best a single short tunic. With this light dress which Peter wears before his immersion, we must compare the ritual prescription that the convert has to put off everything but the “small shirt” (*chitoniskos*) before receiving baptism. In this state he is expressly called ‘*gymnos*.’ Cp. the evidence in Anrich, *Das antike Mysterienwesen*, etc., pp. 200f.

² Gk. ‘*endyei*’; but cp. with the noun ‘*endyētēs*’ in *John* 21, the verb ‘*ependysasthai*’ in the absolutely parallel passage *2 Cor.* 5:3.

³ A new white linen garment was given to the neophyte in the course of the baptismal ceremony (cp. Höfling, *l.c.*, 539f.). Very interesting is a letter of St. Jerome (*Ep.* 64:20) in which he says: “When we are prepared to put on the Christ and have put off our woollen garments, then shall we be clothed in a white *linen* garment.” The reader will remember the statement of Herodotus about the aversion from woollen garments in the Orphic order and about the exclusive use of linen funeral robes. Yet we must not conclude too much from this coincidence, because the same taboos were observed in the mysteries known through an inscription from Andania, in the mysteries of Isis, and above all by the Jewish Essenes.

⁴ Cp. Basil., Migne, *Patrol. Græca*, xxxii. 1033; Greg. Naz., *ibid.*, xxxv. i. 361; Greg. Nyss., *ibid.*, xlvi. 420; Const. Apost. viii. 6 (p. 382 Anal.); Lit. Basil. 776; Chrysost. 89a; *Præs. auct.* 95b. Swain’s *Syr. Hymns of Rabulas*, 1 and 4; *Acta Thomæ*, 132: “He who puts on (*endyomenos*) the purification of baptism.”

ing of the net must have been taken from the plot of the Pagan fish-draught legend, will easily be admitted by those readers who remember the fisherman clad in the luck-bearing garments of the Khalifa in the above-quoted fable from *The Arabian Nights*.

The theological metaphor of "putting on Jesus," which the author has so skilfully combined with an apparently insignificant detail of his source, is so very strange a phrase that only the frequent, almost proverbial, use of it in Christian pastoral rhetoric could have made us forget for a time its obviously mystic and enigmatical character.¹ Indeed it is only since the recent rediscovery of the old esoteric cypher-system of the earliest Orphic and Pythagorean texts in all its archaic simplicity that we can offer an altogether satisfactory explanation of this symbolism.

Whatever had been known previously of numeral mysticism in Early Christian literature—*e.g.* the famous 666 in *Revelations*, the 888 for the name of Jesus (IHΣΟΥΣ) in Marcion, the 801 = Omega-Alpha for the Dove (ΠΕΡΙΣΤΕΡΑ) of the Holy Spirit, etc.—was all based, as well as the Pagan parallels of 'Mithras' (ΜΕΙΘΡΑΣ) or 'Abraxas' (ΑΒΡΑΞΑΣ) = 365, etc., on the so-called Milesian or common Greek system of expressing numbers by the letters of the alphabet,—namely, A=1, B=2, Γ=3 . . . Stigma=6 . . . I=10, IA=11, . . . K=20 . . . Koppa=90, P=100, etc. Yet Carl Robert had shown years ago that there existed another system of number-writing, anterior to this decimal mode, found *e.g.* on inscribed

¹ It is entirely misleading to derive the Pauline phrase from Seneca's (*Epist.* vii. 5 [67]¹²) "*indue magni viri animum*," "put on the great man's soul." On the contrary, Seneca uses here the terminology of certain Oriental mysteries (cp. n. 1, p. 265 below, and *e.g.* *Orac. Chald.*, p. 51 n. 2. Kroll, "*psychē hessamenē nouē*," "the soul clothed with the spirit," and the kindred passages in Cumont's *Religions orientales*, p. 309, n. 54.

tablets of the Dodonean oracle-priests, etc., which is quite familiar to every reader of Homer as the twenty-four cantos of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* are simply numbered with the twenty-four sequent letters of the Greek alphabet—A=1, B=2, Γ=3, . . . K=10, Λ=11, . . . Φ=21, X=22, Ψ=23, Ω=24—, without the supplementary signs Stigma, Koppa and Sampi used in the other series. Now this oldest cypher-system is—according to a recent fortunate discovery of Wolfgang Schultz, which the present writer has already been able to test in a very large number of different cases¹—the very system used by the Orphic and Pythagorean mystics to conceal their innermost mystery-secrets. And in fact, according to this method of evaluating letters, the Greek word for the mystic garment, ‘*chitōn*’ (XITΩN=22+9+19+24+13=87) is an ‘*isopsēphon*,’ as the mystics themselves call it, or numerical equivalent for the name ‘Jesus’ (IHΣΟΥΣ=9+7+18+15+20+18=87). Of course this is really ridiculous futility; but it was a sufficient argument for “him who had understanding to count the number” (*Rev.* 13:18), to prove conclusively to an adept of Pythagorean lore, that the “name” of Jesus, “into which” (literally: *eis onoma*) the Christians were baptised, could be “put on” even as a heavenly “garment,” instead of the “old man” (*Col.* 3:9), the physical garment of flesh, the “*sarkōn chitōn*” of Empedokles (*Fr.* 126, Diels), defiled by sin and impurity, which had been warped by Jahvè and woven in the depths of the earth according to a picturesque phrase in *Psalms* 139:13, 15 (cp. *Job.* 10:11). I need not say that the idea of wrapping the initiate in a mystic robe, in order to assimilate or to identify him

¹ Cp. the index of my newly published book *Weltenmantel und Himmelszelt* under the headings ‘*Psēphoi*’ and ‘*Isopsēphie*.’

with the divinity, is as frequently met with in the Pagan mysteries as it is alien to the old Jewish cult-system. If, however, the simile was used by Paul—obviously under the influence of Hermetism¹—it can be safely supposed in later texts like *John* 21, or his possibly Markan source, and all the more if this piece of mystic number-lore is perfectly in keeping with other essential features of our narrative, such as the fact that precise numbers full of symbolic bearing are given both for the cubits over which Peter has to swim from the boat to the Lord Jesus, and for the multitude of 'great fishes' caught in the Apostle's net. For—as has been noticed by critics before²—*the number 200 represents according to Philo (in Genes. 5:22) 'repentance,'* as though meaning that Simon needed but to repent (cp. *Luke* 5:8), in order to approach the Saviour by means of a sacrament, which is called throughout the whole 'synoptic' tradition, upon which the author of *John* 21 is so clearly dependent,³ a '*baptism of repentance.*'

¹ According to a doctrine of Hermetism (*Poimandres*, c. 25 and kindred texts, cp. Mead's *Thrice-greatest Hermes*, i. 418ff.) the human soul is enveloped when passing through the seven—or five—planetary spheres as it were in seven or five garments, with seven or five vicious energies; when ascending to heaven it has to get rid of all these foul envelopes and to replace them by as many heavenly robes. Now *Coloss.* 8:8ff. evidently alludes to this symbolism, as Paul exhorts the Christians to put off the "old man" together with the five evil qualities of anger, wrath, malice, blasphemy, filthy communication, and to put on the Christ as the "new man," together with the five virtues (12) "bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering." Cp. also the significant passage in *Acts* 14:12 where Paul is taken for an incarnation of Hermes by the people of Lystra.


² Cp. E. A. Abbot, *Encycl. Bibl.* col. 1797.

³ It is quite possible that the immersion of Peter comes from the lost conclusion of *Mark*, for a comparative study of the different mythic traditions about the recovery of the golden ring or cup will easily convince the reader that the figure of a legendary diver—cp. e.g. the famous 'Delian diver' with the 'Delian fisher,' mentioned below p. 271, or Dionysos Dyalos with Dionysos Halienos—occurs as a regular double of the fortunate 'fisher,' and because 'Mark' may have had the same theological interest in a 'baptism' of Peter as the continuator of 'John.' In this case even the Philonian number of the 200 cubits may be taken from the Markan version. For as Abbot (*l.c.* 1797₂) has acutely noticed, the mystic two hundred occurs also in *John* 6:7 (two

Again, part of the secret hidden behind the number 153 of the fish is explained by S. Augustine (*Tract. 123 in Joann. Ev.*) on Pythagorean principles. Indeed, again according to Philo (vol. i., p. 10, Mangey), the 'fulfilment' of any potentiality, say 3, is $1+2+3=6$; the 'fulfilment' of 4, the famous tetraktys, is $1+2+3+4=10$, etc.¹ Consequently the 'fulfilment' of 17 is $1+2+3+4+5+6+7+8+9+10+11+12+13+14+15+16+17=153$; now, as Augustine has well pointed out, 'ten' is with Philo the number of the decalogue, while 'seven' represents, according to *Rev.* 14, 31, the Holy Spirit. Thus 'seventeen' symbolises the 'fulfilment' of the 'law' by the superaddition of 'grace,' the charismatic gift of the Spirit, which descends upon man in the Christian baptism, and 'one hundred and fifty-three' is again the 'fulfilment' of this most holy and most significant number 'seventeen.'

But there is something still more deeply symbolio concealed behind these 153 fishes. As I have pointed out above (pp. 259f.), the 'fisher' is only able to draw his netful of converts to the shore, after he himself has undergone the regenerating immersion and the immortalising clothing with the Spirit in baptism; that is, only he who has become a 'fish' through putting on as a garment the great 'Fish' Jesus Christ in the baptismal waters (cp. p. 264 above), can duly accomplish the mystic task of 'fishing men' and of leading his

hundred shillingsworth of bread), and there the symbolism—as though meaning "not all the *repentance* in the world would suffice to *buy* the divine food, it must be received as the *free gift* of God"—is certainly derived from *Mark* (637), that is from a chapter which contains in vv. 41-44 (cp. 8:19-21) a very obscure arithmetical riddle. Finally, if the 200 are from *Mark*, the 153 fish will also be his property. The number must then have been *omitted on purpose* in *Luke* 56, and it does not seem wholly improbable that the numerical mysticism in this pericopē of *Mark* should have caused its early suppression.

¹ The Pythagoreans call such numbers triangular, because they may be illustrated by such figures as , etc.

captives to that shore where the Messianic meal of the 'roasted fish' is waiting for them. Now, strange as it may appear to the 'uninitiated,' even this will be found expressed by the number 153 for him "that hath understanding"; for the '*psēphos*' of the fisherman's name 'Simon' ($\Sigma\text{I}\text{M}\text{O}\text{N}=18+9+12+24+13=76^1$) if added to that of the Greek word for the sacred Fish ($\text{I}\text{X}\text{O}\text{Y}\Sigma=9+22+8+20+18=77$ —the reader will not overlook the peculiarity of this latter number) gives exactly the required sum 153 of the fish caught in Peter's net.²

¹ The reader will remember that this number 76 had a great *astrological importance* for the Hellenistic world, since the '*hendekateiris*,' the luni-solar period of *nineteen* years of the Metonian calendar, had been superseded by the Calippian cycle of *seventy-six* (4×19) years, the so-called '*hekkai-hebdomēkontaētēris*.' But the most striking and certainly not entirely fortuitous coincidence is, that the name Simōn—the classic form which although less accurately transliterating the Hebrew than Symeōn (thus *Acts* 15:1, & *Peter* 1:1), is regularly used in the New Testament—proves to be an '*isopsēphon*' or numerical equivalent of Ōannēs ($\text{O}\text{A}\text{N}\text{N}\text{H}\Sigma=24+1+18+13+7+18=76$), the Bērōssian Greek spelling for the *Babylonian fish and fisher-god Hani*. The importance of this fact will be discussed in a following paper.

² In *John* 21 as elsewhere Simon is also called by his 'honorific' name 'Petros' (= 'Rock,' Aram. *Kephā*), the bestowing of which on that anything but rock-like disciple of Jesus "is still an enigma"—to quote *e.g.* the words of Johannes Weiss. May it not throw new light on this name if we see that it is an '*isopsēphon*' of the Greek word for 'net' ($\text{I}\text{I}\text{E}\text{T}\text{P}\text{O}\Sigma=16+5+19+17+15+18=90=4+9+10+19+20+15+18=\Delta\text{I}\text{K}\text{T}\text{Y}\text{O}\text{N}$)? That would mean that not only Jesus, (*Q.* i. 645), but also Shimeōn was somehow identified with the Divine Word as the mystic '*net*' in the Early Church. Of course 'Petros' is only a translation of *Kēphā*. But the Aramaic form is beyond doubt also a number-symbol ($\text{ܩܦܗ}=1+80+10+20=111$), just as בן רע , plural *Banē r'ges*, the much-disputed artificial surname "son of thunder" borne by James as well as John, the Zebedeids (*Mark* 8:17), yields the sum of $300+3+200+50+2=555$, while Jesus ($\text{I}\text{H}\Sigma\text{O}\text{Y}\Sigma$), an artificial and irregular transliteration of *Josuah* gives 888 in the Milesian system (cp. the 666 of the Beast in *Rev.*). On the other hand the equally unexplained assuming of the name 'Paul' by the Jew Saul of Tarsus will be easily understood if we remember that the name Saul is numerically insignificant, while $\text{I}\text{I}\text{A}\text{Y}\text{A}\text{O}\Sigma (=16+1+20+11+15+18=81=9\times 9)$, besides yielding a 'square' number, is an '*isopsēphon*' of 'Messias' ($\text{M}\text{E}\Sigma\Sigma\text{I}\text{A}\Sigma=12+5+18+18+9+1+18=81$). Thus it becomes evident that Saul has literally 'christianised,' or so to say, 'messianised,' his name by the change of the initial letter. With the title 'Petros,' symbolising numerically the 'net' (*diktyon*) of the fisher, we may compare the name of 'Linos,' whom Peter is said to have constituted as the first Bishop of Rome, and whose name, besides being a personal form for '*linon*' = 'fish-yarn,' and also the well-known name of 'Orpheus' grandfather, the lyre-player and prophet, is again a numerical symbol ($\text{A}\text{I}\text{N}\text{O}\Sigma=11+9+$

After all this various evidence of the allegorical or, as we might even say, kabbalistic character of the whole narrative, the reader will no longer wonder with some short-sighted commentators why in *John* 21¹⁰, Jesus bids the disciples bring some of the fish they have caught, and yet they are all subsequently fed upon the one single fish which they already find on the coal-fire when they come ashore; for the writer could certainly not have intended by his veiled symbolism to suggest such nonsense as that the newly-caught 'fish'—sc. the 'neophytes'—were devoured by the Apostolic 'fishermen.' On the contrary, nothing could be more plausible than to suppose that he wishes to show how 'some' of the symbolically captured—namely the fully-initiated and proved converts—are allowed to witness and even to partake of the sacred communion in the flesh of the one redeeming 'Fish,' a conclusion which indicates that the author connected the fishing symbol on the one hand with the baptismal and on the other with the eucharistic rite, just as the perhaps exactly contemporary pictographic scheme in the catacombs of S. Callisto has been proved to do (cp. *Q.* i. 639, ii. 78).

As to the outline of this Pseudo-Johannine version of the 'miraculous draught' story, it is of course—apart from the already explained minor differences—about the same as that of *Luke* 5¹⁻¹¹, and must accordingly have been derived either through the intermediary of the third gospel (cp. p. 265 n. 3 above), or through the now lost conclusion of *Mark*, or through *The Gospel of Peter* from the above described group of Pagan fish

13+15+18=66). The custom of building up or selecting numerically significant names is beyond doubt an Orphic or Pythagorean practice. Cp. on Pythagoras=99, or in another system 1111, on Persinos=111, on Brontinos=121=11×11, on Onomakritos=144=12×12, etc., the present writer's book *Weltenmantel*, etc., p. 684.

and fisher myths. The most convincing evidence for the accuracy of this hypothesis will be found in the fact that not only the motive of the miraculously rich haul itself, but also the importance of a certain mystic number of the fish caught can be traced in one of these Pagan parallels.

Indeed both the extant lives of Pythagoras, both that of Porphyry as well as that of Jamblichus, the common material of which is derived from a lost biography of Pythagoras by Apollonius of Tyana (1st century A.D.), contain a significant story, the influence of which on *John* 21 is too obvious any longer to be disregarded. According to this Pythagorean or, as may equally well be said (*Q.* i. 132f.), Orphic tradition, the mythic prophet, whose previous incarnations as 'Euphorbos' or 'Good Shepherd' and as 'Delian Fisher,' correspond exactly with Peter the fisher and the shepherd of God's lambs in *John* 21.15, once met on a journey between Syracuse and Kroton a band of fishermen dragging a heavy-laden net ashore. By means of his miraculous wisdom the sage is able to foretell the precise *number* of fish that will be found in the net. As his prophecy proves true to the letter, and as no fish dies during the counting as long as Pythagoras is present, the fishermen recognise him as a superhuman being, and willingly obey when he bids them accept from him the price of the catch and cast all the fish again into the sea.

The ætiological character of this legend is perfectly transparent. For the Orphic and Pythagorean brotherhood fish or at least certain species of fish were *taboo*. To explain the origin of this totemistic prohibition the story of Pythagoras and the fishermen was invented, just as in India, where fish-eating is severely forbidden

by the Laws of Manu, we find a close parallel in the older, so-called 'B,' version of the *Brhaddevata*, vi. 88-90. The passage in question comments upon a certain prayer to the Ādityas in the *Rgveda* viii. 67, which was composed, according to the *Anukramanī*, either by Matsya (= 'Fish') Sāmmada, the 'Great Fish,' or the 'King of the Great Fishes,' or by 'many fishes caught in a net,'¹ and relates how certain fishermen saw these fish in the water, caught them with a net and hauled them on to dry land. Thereon the fish recited this famous hymn to the Ādityas²; and instantly these gods appeared, delivered the fish and promised the fishermen as a compensation for their loss perpetual abundance of other food on earth and eternal beatitude in heaven. It goes without saying, that both the Greek as well as the Indian tale belong clearly to the so-called 'grateful animal' type, and are excellent instances for indicating how the first half of all these stories—the liberation of this or that animal by the hero—must have arisen, not from Buddhist loving-kindness to all living creatures, as Benfey

¹ All these Sanskrit texts are taken from R. Pischel's memoir on the fish-symbol printed in the *Proceedings* of the Berlin Academy of Sciences for 1905, p. 506ff., where the reader will also find ample material concerning the cult and taboos of the sacred fish in ancient and modern India. The 'Fish' or the 'fishes in the net' as composers of a mystic hymn—of course we have to think here also of a priesthood clothed in fish-skins—afford a striking analogy to the fish-shaped Babylonian prophet Hani-Ōannēs, and to the Greek composer of hymns, Orpheus (cp. Q. i. 321). Cp. also the so-called *Matsya* or 'Fish' *Purāna*, which was revealed, according to the *Agni-purāna* 23f, by the mythic Fish, which saved Manu from the deluge, and the legend in the *Bāghavata-purāna* 84, where Viṣṇu is said to have rescued the Vedas (=sacred knowledge) from the depths of the sea in the shape of a Saphari-fish, and while incarnated in his fish-body to have revealed a secret doctrine concerning his own divine self. The *Varāha-purāna*, 394f., describes a mystic ceremony in which Viṣṇu, represented by a golden fish, is put into a gold bowl full of water, and addressed with the following words: "As thou, O God, in the shape of a fish hast redeemed the Vedas from the underworld, so save me too, O Keshava."

² The characteristic features of the prayer are (v. 8): "May not this yarn fasten us!" and (v. 11): "Save us, O Aditi (=Endlessness), who hast mighty sons (the Ādityas) in the deep and in the shallow water, from him who wishes to kill us; may our posterity not be harmed by any!" etc.

supposed, but from the all-pervading totemistic superstitions of primitive mankind.

In the Greek version the hero is of course the fishergod himself, the 'Dēlios Halieus Pyrrhos,' that is Apollo, as the exclusive owner of the fishing-rights along the coasts of Delos (Q. i. 314 n. 1), as the 'Pythian speaker' or 'Pythagoras' and as the Delphic incendiary 'Pyrrhos' (Q. i. 133). The peculiar 'Orphic' or 'Pythagorean' feature of the legend is the importance attached to the *number* of fish caught. The fact that it is not disclosed to the 'uninitiated' either by Porphyry or by Jamblichus, will not prevent us from guessing it with comparative certainty. For just as the 153 fish in Peter's net have been found foreshadowed by the '*psēphos*,' or 'number,' of the Apostle's mystic designation as 'Simōn,' the newly baptised '*ichthys*' or 'fish,' so nothing can be more probable than that the tradition about the '*avatār*' or former incarnation of Pythagoras as 'Dēlios Halieus Pyrrhos' should supply the arithmetical key for the mystic fisher story.

Indeed the three above-quoted Greek epithets are beyond doubt numerical symbols. 'Dēlios' ($\Delta\eta\lambda\iota\omicron\varsigma = 4+7+11+9+15+18$) and 'Halieus' ($\Lambda\lambda\iota\epsilon\upsilon\varsigma = 1+11+9+5+20+18$) both yield the mystic sum of 64, which is 'square' (8×8)—square numbers are the most powerful, according to Censorinus—and 'cubic' ($4\times 4\times 4$) at the same time, and is moreover composed of a series of the first impair or uneven and therefore lucky numbers ($1+3+5+7+9+11+13+15$)¹. 'Dēlios' + 'Halieus' is consequently 128, the seventh power of the Dyad ($2\times 2\times 2\times 2\times 2\times 2\times 2$), and moreover the '*psēphos*' of two other mystic terms of Pythagoras,

¹ On all these peculiarities of the number 64 see Philo, *Quæst. in Genes.* i. 91.

namely of '*autos theios*' ($\text{AYTO}\Sigma \text{ΘEIO}\Sigma = 1 + 20 + 19 + 15 + 18 + 8 + 5 + 9 + 15 + 18 = 128$), "he himself a god," and of '*tetraktys*'¹ ($\text{TETPAKTY}\Sigma = 19 + 5 + 19 + 17 + 1 + 10 + 19 + 20 + 18 = 128$), the great Delphic mystery of Pythagorism. If the third name '*Pyrrhos*' ($\text{ΠΥΡΡΟ}\Sigma = 16 + 20 + 17 + 17 + 15 + 18 = 103$) is added to the already analysed group of letters, the total sum is $128 + 103 = 231$. Now this apparently harmless number is in reality an *exact counterpart to the 153* in *John 21*. Like the last mystic sum it is a Pythagorean 'triangle,' namely, the total sum or 'fulfilment' of the numeral series from 1 to 21,—that is $1 + 2 + 3 + 4 + 5 + 6 + 7 + 8 + 9 + 10 + 11 + 12 + 13 + 14 + 15 + 16 + 17 + 18 + 19 + 20 + 21 = 231$. Again 21 is the product of the most sacred numbers 3 and 7, just as 17, the basis of the 'fulfilment' 153, is the sum of the sacred 10 and the not less powerful 7. May we not then safely assume under these circumstances, that 231 fish, corresponding with the 'name' and 'number' of the '*Delian Halieus Pyrrhos*,' were taken and counted in his presence, just as Pythagoras, who could remember all his previous incarnations, had predicted it to the Sicilian fishermen?

And if this reconstruction of the numeric symbolism in the Pythagoras saga is correct, can we overlook for a moment the strict analogy between the '*kabbala*' in *John 21* and this Pagan parallel? But even if the sceptic should be unwilling to admit so much, the influence of the Pythagorean legend on *John 21*, and perhaps already on the lost Marcan conclusion, cannot reasonably be questioned. For it is quite unlikely that the Christian author would have mentioned a precise number of fish at the end of his narrative, had he not

¹ Pythagoras was himself identified with the '*Tetraktys*' or '*Great Four*' because his name gives, after a special system, which has also been re-discovered by Dr. Schultz, the mystic sum of 1111 (cp. p. 268n. above).

known the Pagan version in which the prophet had *foretold* the exact total at the very outset of the net-fishing, all the more as the fulfilment of such an arithmetical prophecy is a far more impressive wonder than the very ordinary occurrence of a rich haul after a period of unfruitful toiling as related in *Luke*. Indeed, no folklorist, accustomed to compare the different versions of one and the same popular tale, will venture to deny that the fish narrative, which contains the numeric prophecy without giving the mystic number, the second, which gives the number of fish in the catch but omits the prophecy, and the third, which suppresses both corresponding details, are but regular and easily explicable variants of one original plot. Most probably the lost conclusion of *Mark* was directly dependent on the alleged Pythagoras saga, and it was because of this too obviously Paganist detail that it was cut off from the rest of the gospel at a very early date; *Luke* must have known this version, but did not find it necessary to omit more than the characteristic Pythagorean number-symbol. The attitude of the Egyptian *Gospel of Peter* towards the lost Marcan source is unfortunately no longer to be determined. But it is easy to see why an enthusiastic reader and defender of the fourth gospel (cp. 21_{27f.}), which is as a whole permeated with a symbolism of the same abstruse kind, should have regretted the condemnation of *Mark* [17] and appended a somewhat modernised edition of it (cp. p. 259 above), at the end of the 'pneumatic' evangel.

Thus the final result of our minute analysis of early extant texts containing the Christian fish and fisher-symbolism will be found to confirm in a most striking way the conclusions which had been arrived at by the previous study of archæological evidence (Q. i.

639ff.). The parable of the draw-net in *Matt.* 13₄₇ and the conclusion of the otherwise lost sermon to the Galilean fishermen, the 'calling' of Peter, Andrew and the sons of Zebedee in *Mark* 1₇=*Matt.* 4₁₈ are genuine sayings of Jesus. But in these the fishing of men symbol is nothing but a transparent Messianic metaphor, taken from the Old Testament, devoid of any mystic meaning, and in no way connected with the idea of a spiritual rebirth or with the rite of baptism, the latter indeed having never been practised by the Lord himself. The remaining three texts, on the contrary, without exception presuppose *Christian proselytism among the 'Gentiles,'* and are consequently the likeliest already to show the first distinctive traces of that retroactive influence of Hellenistic paganism, which was to play such an important part in the early development of the new, originally Jewish, sect. In fact, just as the fisher-glyph has been found side by side with a pictogram illustrating the Orphic formula "As a kid have I encountered the milk" in the Domitilla catacomb, and coupled with the image of the lyre-playing Orpheus on the 'Firmus' sarcophagus from Ostia, so the New Testament legends about the miraculous draughts of Peter—*Luke* 5₁₋₁₁, *John* 21₁₋₁₄—can be proved to depend upon characteristic fisher tales of Pythagorean or Orphic origin.

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FOR Dr. Eisler's previous studies on the fish-symbolism and the cult of the fisher-god, see 'Orpheus—the Fisher' (Oct., 1909, and Jan., 1910), 'Orpheus and the Fisher of Men in Early Christian Art' (July, 1910), and 'The Fisher of Men in Early Christian Literature' (Oct., 1910).—ED.

THE WAY OF THE SPIRIT IN ANCIENT CHINA: FROM THE WRITINGS OF CHWANG TZE.

G. R. S. MEAD, B.A.

THE 'three teachings' of China are Taoism, Confucianism and Buddhism. Buddhism is of foreign importation and was introduced into China not earlier than the first century A.D.; Taoism and Confucianism are of native origin. Chwang Tze,¹ who lived in the latter half of the fourth and the early part of the third century B.C., was a follower of the Tao (*lit.* the Way), and is the most brilliant writer of the classical philosophical period of ancient China. Mystic and 'anarchist,' 'naturalist' and champion of simplicity, witty and whimsical, he is by far the most thorough-going critic that Confucian conventionalism has ever had. He has quite naturally therefore ever been regarded by the Literati or orthodox scholars as an arch-heretic, and his writings have always been banned from the official curriculum which mechanically sifts out the *Intelligentia* of China for state-preferment.

Confucius (551-478 B.C.), though almost deified by his followers, was not an originator, but a hander-on and reformer, rearranging codes and polity from pre-existing material and tradition. In similar fashion Chwang Tze regarded Lao Tze (b. 604 B.C.), Confucius' senior by half a century, as the reviver of what he claimed to be a still more ancient Way, which he

¹ The name is transliterated variously; I have chosen the simplest.

fabled as originating in a primitive and paradisiacal state of human culture, when men lived 'according to nature,' and the innate 'goodness of the heart of man' was yet unspoiled by what he considered to be the artificial laws and regulations of those who would fain rule others before they had learned to rule themselves—or, perhaps he would have said, before they had rebecome themselves and so let the true governance of things operate through them with unimpeded sway.

The reputed words or sayings of Lao Tze are extant in a short *ching*—'canon,' 'classic' or 'scripture'—called the *Tao-Teh-Ching*,¹ which is generally regarded as the most authoritative document of philosophical Taoism—that is, of early Taoism as distinguished from its later degraded forms, blended with folk-superstitions and magic, popular Buddhist rituals, and psychic extravagances of all sorts. The style of this little treatise is rugged in the extreme, quite particleless; it might be said to resemble in language the 'cyclopean' style in architecture. It is therefore exceedingly difficult to translate; nevertheless, or perhaps because of this, a larger number of versions of it exists than of almost any other Chinese classic.²

The style of Chwang Tze is far more developed and is universally admired for its great refinement and beauty by the Chinese. He is nevertheless still very difficult to translate. The extant text consists of thirty-three chapters or sections divided into three groups known as the 'inside' (1-7), 'outside' (8-22)

¹ Prof. Giles has strenuously assailed the authenticity of this collection as a whole, and claims that the judgment of the majority of native scholars supports him; his view however has not met with acceptance in the West.

² In this paper, however, we are not concerned with the *Tao-Teh-Ching*; for Chwang Tze nowhere refers to such a book. He simply quotes a number of sayings of the Old Philosopher, some of which are found in the *Tao-Teh-Ching*, but just as many are not.

and 'miscellaneous' (23-33). The classification is ancient, but why the first two groups were so distinguished is no longer known. Of the 'miscellaneous' chapters some are clearly not written by Chwang Tze himself.

There are three translations, all into English, by Balfour, Giles and Legge.¹ Balfour's pioneer work was naturally superseded by the versions of the last two distinguished sinologists. These were made quite independently of one another; for though two years elapsed between their publication, Dr. Legge informs us that he did not look at the translation of Prof. Giles until he had completed his own. The two versions frequently differ very considerably from one another; as to which is the more correct, however, no one but the most highly skilled sinologist can presume to say, for even the native commentators are in disagreement or at a loss in many passages. It is, however, Giles' version that has charmed me ever since its publication, and I have commended it to many as the most delightful book on Taoism with which I am acquainted. The translator seems to breathe with the spirit of the writer and to throw himself unreservedly into the subject; he is also far more easy to follow than Legge, who seems to hold himself apart and often to have little sympathy with his author. For this reason, and also because Giles' translation is now no longer procurable except at second hand, I have thought it preferable to use his rendering except in a few instances which are indicated.²

¹ Balfour (F. H.) *The Divine Classic of Nan-hua; being the Works of Chuang Tse, Taoist Philosopher* (Shanghai, 1881); Giles (H. A.), *Chuang Tzu, Mystic, Moralist and Social Reformer* (London, 1889); Legge (J.), *The Texts of Taoism* (S.B.E., vols. xxxix. and xl., Oxford, 1891).

² Alternative renderings of words or phrases are indicated by an L. (for Legge).

There is little that is systematic in the writings of our mystical philosopher. For the most part the leading ideas are set forth in a series of narratives and illustrations, some of which are most humorously conceived; gay thus mingles with grave, and wit or a comical phrase often comes to the rescue. And so, though Chwang Tze, like Heraclitus, might be named the Obscure, he might just as well be called the Laughing Philosopher, as was Democritus. To give a few instances, an argument ends with the laughing gibe: You are woolly inside (17)¹; or with such homely proverbs as: You look at your cross-bow and expect to have broiled duck before you (29); or: He has drowned himself on dry land (255). Of self-advertisement it is said: You blaze along as though the sun and moon were under your arms (19.4); and of the over-zealous that they wore all the hair off their shins in their officiousness (113); while to the ineffectual it is suggested that if you blow through a hole in a sword-hilt, the result will be simply *whssh!* (254). As to our general ignorance of the simplest things, the sage remarks: The cock crows. But the wisest of us could not say why (25.11). To these few examples may be added a specimen of the humorous way in which our Laughing Philosopher introduces the discussion of a profound problem:

“The Spirit of the Clouds when passing eastwards through the expanse of Air happened to fall in with the Vital Principle. The latter was slapping his ribs and hopping about; whereupon the Spirit of the Clouds said, ‘Who are you, old man, and what are you doing here?’

¹ The inferior figures refer to the numbering of the sub-divisions in Legge's translation; Giles has not sub-divided the chapters. I omit the quotation-marks where clearly unnecessary.

“‘Strolling!’ replied the Vital Principle, without stopping.

“‘I want to know something,’ continued the Spirit of the Clouds.

“‘Ah!’ uttered the Vital Principle, in a tone of disapprobation” (115).

At the outset and throughout we are confronted with paradox and contradiction. For we are dealing with a doctrine that is incapable of finding expression in words (51); the teaching of the Spirit¹ is an instruction without words. Those who understand signify their assent with a smile, they do not speak (69, 11), for it is laid down with much humour that those who understand do not speak of it, while those who speak of it do not understand it (1310, 221). And yet we have the ‘Words’ of Lao Tze and the ‘Writings’ of Chwang Tze paradoxically telling us about it, though the latter believes that the best language is that which is not spoken and that perfect speech is to put away speech (2211). “For speech is obscured by the gloss of this world and the vain-gloriousness of the speaker” (23); it pertains to the state of the contraries (25). Who, it is asked, knows the argument that can be argued without words? For “this alone is the perfect or great argument, the Tao that does not declare itself in words” (27); the discussion of it obscures its reality. “They who discuss it speak of it as the Obscure and are so spoken of themselves” (227). And yet though it cannot be declared by speech, silence also is inadequate for its expression (2511).

It is thought by some that the Tao idea is to be genetically derived from the Supreme of the Indian

¹ I have ventured to call the doctrine the Way of the Spirit. It should, however, be understood that Tao means simply Way, and that there is no agreement as to any further precision of meaning.

Upanishads, the That from which all speech and thought are said to fall back unable to grasp it, and concerning which all human speculation meets with the answer: No, No! Not this, not that. There is a certain analogy undoubtedly; but direct derivation is difficult to prove.

"By no process of thinking, by no cogitations can it be known; the first step indeed is not to think *about* it, or make it the object of anxious consideration" (221), for so doing we fall out of the pure reality. Yet, in spite of all this, we are paradoxically told that to know Tao is easy (324), for embracing the contraries, the instruction is by contradiction—an intolerable proceeding for the 'either-or' mind. This becomes slightly less puzzling for the non-mystic when we read (324): "To know Tao without speech appertains to the natural (L. heavenly). To know Tao with speech appertains to the artificial (L. human)." This seems to mean that the spiritual and the intellectual are very different things; and express themselves very differently.

There is a breezy heterodoxy and wide tolerance about it all as compared with the orthodoxy and bigotry of the schools of the time and of many another age, not excepting our own; there is an originality also that sought to free itself from the bonds of convention. For, as is well said, the happiness of ordinary people seems to consist in slavishly following the majority, and not being themselves (181); men all rejoice in others being like themselves, and object to others not being like themselves (116); for to that which agrees with our opinions we assent, from that which does not we dissent (271). On the contrary, we are told, the sages of the past "did not favour uniformity of skill and occupa-

tion, and did not demand the same deeds from all " (185). It is useless treating a bird like oneself, so also in dealing with men of different natures (1911.) There is need of the greatest sympathy and tolerance; whereas in the schools, every one, alas! he says, regard the course he prefers as the infallible course (331). For the bigoted, one's own standard of right is the standard, and others have to adapt themselves to it. They will die for this, he adds ironically (2310). Such bigotry, moreover, is defined as "to suffer those who are like oneself, but as for those unlike, not to credit them with the virtues they really possess" (31). On the contrary (326) the true sage is tolerant. "He regards certainties (L. what is deemed necessary) as uncertainties; therefore he is never up in arms (L. at war with himself)." In regard to the views of others "he holds his own opinions, but not obstinately" (2510).

In keeping with such notions we are not surprised to find that the authority of books as books is lightly regarded. Books, we are told, are what the world values as representing Tao. But "books are only words, the valuable part of words is the thought contained in them" (1310). The 'six canons' of the Confucianists are cavalierly set aside as "the worn-out footprints of ancient sages" (148). The citation of authorities and of the words of others is characterised as a sign of inner poverty. For "when language is put into other people's mouths, outside support is sought, and language based on weighty authority is used to bar further argument" (271).

But if the artificial and its authority is to be discounted, the natural is inexhaustible in value. There is need of the greatest consideration for the smallest trifle; for there is value in the most insignifi-

cant thing. All men know the use of useful things, he tells us ; but they do not know the use of useless things (49). There is no size in reality (13) ; the greatness of a thing depends upon the greatness of its application, as Giles comments (p. 10). A special meaning is thus given to 'great.' "Great knowledge embraces the whole ; small knowledge a part only" (22). There is nothing greater than the "tip of an autumn spikelet" (26). For "Tao is not too small for the greatest, nor too great for the smallest" (139).

To minds permeated with the doctrines of the perpetual flux of things, of manifestation by means of contraries, and of the completion of every particular with the whole, paradox and contrariety, as we see, came easy, and we further find not only a cheerful admission of the inadequacy of all knowledge, but also a deliberate attempt to ignore the knowledge already acquired. "We can only know that we know nothing and a little knowledge is a dangerous thing" (334). This is not a blend of Socrates and Bacon but the reflection of Shen Tao, who is said to have set himself to work deliberately to discard all his knowledge and self-interest. In all this play on the values of words the meaning of course depends on the point of view ; it can be shifted from one to the other contrary at will. Thus we can both affirm and deny such two-faced propositions as : Not to know is profound. To know is shallow. Not to know is internal. To know is external (227). But underneath it all there are hints of an attempt to get at a deeper and subtler phase of understanding. Men, we are told, one and all value that part of knowledge that is known. "They do not know how to avail themselves of the unknown in order to reach knowledge" (258). As we have seen, there was

as it were the cultivation of a higher ignorance, that is a deliberate attempt at ignoring what our philosopher would have called 'little' knowledge in order to win 'great' knowledge. Further still, and more understandably, we are told: "The perfect man ignores self, the spiritual man ignores merit, the true sage ignores reputation" (13). Moreover, "the man who nourishes his purpose (L. mind's aim) becomes oblivious of his body; while he who is carrying out Tao becomes oblivious even of his mind" (286)—that is presumably the limitations of his normal mind. And why? Because the activities thus become entirely spontaneous; for "to be unconscious of the feet shows that the shoes are easy" (1912).

If, then, knowledge and ignorance are both two-fold and one of another, equally so is intellect double-natured. Do not develope your artificial (L. human) intellect, but develope that intelligence that is from God (L. Heaven), is the injunction (192); for "man's intellect, however keen, face to face with the countless evolutions of things, their death and birth—can never reach the Root" (222). To make the Root the essential and to regard objective existences as accidental—is of Tao (335). And yet in some sort this is not a mere setting of the abstract over against the concrete, the formless over against that which has form, spiritual against material; for it is the people at large that discuss these contraries, whereas those on the road to attainment care not for these things (225). Tao cannot be attained by those who exercise their faculties in worldly studies or sink their aspirations in mundane thoughts—such are "the dullards of the earth" (161). It is again neither by argument (210) nor from extensive study that this may be known, nor by dialectic skill

(22₅). But Lao Tze goes still further than this, when he is reported to have said: "I have no pretension to be possessed of cunning knowledge, *nor* of divine wisdom" (13₈). This, as is so much else in the writings, is directed to a special address. The Chwang Tze movement was a reaction against the tyranny of the Literati, and even Confucius himself is repeatedly brought on the stage and satirised. In many a story he is made to contradict himself and sing the praise of the Tao. It is love of knowledge, Chwang Tze contends, that is at the bottom of all the trouble; things were all right until the philosophers arose. As for their leader, he is said to aim at being a subtle dialectician, "not knowing that such a reputation is regarded by real sages as the fetters of a criminal" (5₃). The retort put in the mouth of Confucius is that the Taoists travel beyond the rule of life (L. way of the world), whereas he travels within it (6₁₁). On the contrary Chwang Tze contends that the trouble is with the Literati, who "set up their virtue outside themselves and involve the world in such angry discussions that nothing definite is accomplished" (10₃). So long then as the rulers aim at knowledge, the external and artificial, and neglect Tao, the empire will be overwhelmed in confusion (10₄). "Knowledge of the Great Unity—this alone is perfection" (24₁₄).

What then is this? It is Tao, the Great Way (20₃), in the sense in which 'Great' has been already defined above (p. 282). It is further the Supreme Mystery of all things and cannot be described, and yet we are told: Tao has its laws (L. emotions) and its evidences (L. sincerity). It may be transmitted but it cannot be received (L.)—in its fulness apparently; for it may be obtained though it cannot be seen. It has

its root and ground in itself. Before heaven and earth were Tao was. From it came the mysterious existence of spirits, from it the mysterious existence of God (L.). "To Tao the zenith is not high, nor the nadir low; no point in time is long ago, nor by lapse of ages has it grown old" (67). Tao is that which informs all creation and is of all phenomena the Ultimate Cause (66); or as Legge has it, the That Itself from which all things depend, and from which all transformation arises. Yet is it not a pure transcendency, for there is nowhere where it is not (66). And yet again, Tao causes fulness and emptiness, but it is not either; renovation and decay, beginning and end, accumulation and dispersion, but it is not either (226). "Nothing can produce Tao; yet everything has Tao within it, and continues to produce it without end" (2210)—namely in its offspring, says the commentator.

Tao cannot be only one of a pair of opposites. It is individual bias that causes such contraries (25); whereas those who understand the principle of the identity of all things are called the truly intelligent (24). "It is only lack of understanding of Tao that speaks of there being true or false in it" (23). This all seems to be an attempt to suggest a certain state of mystic consciousness to which, on the one hand, it is said, there is nothing which is not objective, and equally nothing which is not subjective; while on the other we are told symbolically: "When subjective and objective are both without their correlates, that is the very axis of Tao. And when that axis passes through the centre at which all infinities converge, positive and negative alike blend into an infinite One" (23). But this cannot be a state of abstract unity. For the Tao of God (L. Heaven) operates ceaselessly, and all things

are produced (L. perfected); and equally the Tao of the true sage operates ceaselessly and "all within the limit of surrounding ocean acknowledges his sway" (13₁), for the one co-operates with the other.

The means whereby Tao expresses itself is Virtue (Teh). This Virtue is the spirit of the universe, and Virtue is also the connecting link between heaven and earth and God and man (12₁). Tao produces all things but is not seen. Teh moves through all things but its place is not known (24₄). Virtue all embracing,—hence charity or benevolence. Tao all influencing,—hence duty to one's neighbour or righteousness (16₁). But when we come to man there is only partial virtue, for we read: Adaptation by arrangement is Teh. Spontaneous adaptation is Tao (22₅). Tao is the sovereign lord of Virtue, and Life its glorifier (23₁₁). But this Virtue seems almost as hard to reach as Tao itself; for we are told: If the mind is unobstructed the result is wisdom. If wisdom is unobstructed the result is virtue (26₉). There is a curious subtlety in it all that eludes the normal man; for instance: "As to right and wrong, hold fast to your magic circle (the axis and centre of which have been already referred to, p. 285) and with independent mind walk ever in the way of Tao. Do not swerve from the path of Virtue; *do not bring about your own good deeds, lest your labour be lost*" (29₂). He who makes God (or Heaven) the Source, and Virtue the Root, and Tao the Portal (or Gate),—he is the true sage (33₁).

It will be noticed that where Giles uses 'God' Legge prefers 'Heaven,' for the latter strongly objects to the use of 'God' except where the meaning has clear reference to a 'Personal Being.' Into controversy on this point there is no need to enter; God in man

(personal) and God in nature (impersonal) and God beyond both seems to be the idea that possessed our sages, one of whom exclaims: "The Master I serve succours all things, and does not account it *duty*. He continues His blessings through countless generations, and does not account it *charity*. Dating back to the remotest antiquity, He does not account Himself old. Covering heaven, supporting earth, and fashioning the various forms of things, He does not account Himself skilled. He it is whom you should seek" (6₁₃). The most remarkable feature of this ancient Taoism is that there is no trace of a Devil in it. The opposition is in man, it is the human that is out of harmony with the Divine; in the perfect or true man alone does the conflict cease (6₅).

Among a people so imbued with the idea of filial piety as the Chinese we are not surprised to find that love to man's greater parents as well is inculcated. These greater parents, the father and mother of all things, are said to be Heaven and Earth (19?), and of man 'Heaven' in a special sense is father (6₁₀): "A man looks upon God (L. Heaven) as his father and loves him in like measure, should he not then love that which is still greater (6₅)? That which is 'still greater' is Tao, for "man is born in Tao as fish in water" (6₁₁). 'Heaven' in a higher sense stands for the spiritual ruler of heaven and earth (11₇), for Spirit. "The Spirit spreads forth on all sides: there is no point to which it does not reach, attaining heaven above, embracing earth beneath. Influencing all creation, its form cannot be portrayed. Its name is 'of God' (L. the Divinity)" (15₃). This 'Heaven' is called in Legge's translation the Great Unity, the Great Mystery, the Great Illuminator, the Great Framers, the Great Boundlessness,

the Great Truth, the Great Determiner ; and Giles continues in his version : " The ultimate end is God (L. Heaven). He is hidden in the laws of nature. He is the hidden spring. . . . May we not call this actuality our Great Guide ? " (2414).

I cannot but think that there is some connection between these ancient Far-Eastern ideas and the old Oriental æon-cult of Asia Minor, dependent on the supreme idea of Endless Time and Boundless Space, to the elucidation of which Dr. Robert Eisler has devoted so much research and acumen in his recent important work.¹

For such Space and Time is characterised in Giles' version as 'existence without limitation' and 'continuity without a starting point,' in a sentence which Legge renders : " He has a real existence, but it has nothing to do with place, such is his relation to space ; he has continuance, but it has no relation to beginning and end, such is his relation to time " (239). So that though all things are said in a certain sense to come from non-existence, yet this very same non-existence (for us) is called the Portal of God or Door of Heaven (*ib.*). The futility of arguing about such matters, however, is well brought out in the humorous sequence : " If there is existence, there must have been non-existence. And if there was a time when nothing existed, there must have been a time before then—when even nothing did not exist ! " (26)—a negation of the negation which is truly Hegelian.

The various stages conceived of from non-existence through being to form or cosmos includes a distinct phase of æonology. To anyone acquainted with

¹ *Weltenmantel und Himmelszelt*, Munich, 1910.

'Gnostic' and allied speculations the following reads very familiarly:

"At the beginning of the beginning, even Nothing did not exist. Then came the period of the Nameless. When One came into existence there was One but it was formless. When things got that by which they came into existence, it was called their Virtue. That which was formless, but divided, though without insterstice, was called Destiny" (12s).

The last sentence clearly contains the æon-idea, a state of existence in which is no spacial division; æons like ideas or souls are conceived of as all one of another, not separated corporeally. The destiny-idea as supernal law and order is the very soul of the æon-cult, as Eisler has pointed out. The next stage is Life, in the sense of Genesis or the Ever-becoming; here existences are spacially separated, and are all under the sway of the contraries, as we are told by Chwang Tze. It is the partial or special as distinguished from wholeness, the realm of time and space as we understand these. Hence it is said: "Take no heed of time nor right and wrong (L. the conflict of opinion). But passing into the realm of the Infinite, take your final rest therein" (210).

In the Zevanist form of Iranian tradition, Boundless Time and Space was supposed to be the unifier of God and Devil, of Ormuz and Ahriman. In our Taoism there is no Devil, but there is a dualism known as the Great Extremes. These are the two primal opposites, or positive and negative forces of the universe—the Yin and Yang. As manifested in the phenomenal world they are called Heaven and Earth, and their symbols are the round and square (27, 215, 243, 31). Heaven and Earth, as we have seen, are said to be the

Father and Mother of all things (19₁). Alongside this dualism of heaven and earth there is what is called (114) the primordial integrity of matter (G.) or the original substance of all things (L.). Phenomenally this would stand for a quintessence, or one element, as it were a sort of primordial ether, whereas Heaven and Earth in the spiritual sense are self-determinations of Tao. Thus one of the ancient teachers is made to say to the famous Yellow Emperor: "Cherish that which is within you, and shut off that which is without; for such knowledge is a curse. Then will I place you upon that abode of Great Light which is the source of the Positive Power, and escort you through the gate of Profound Mystery which is the source of the Negative Power. These Powers are the controllers of heaven and earth, and each contains the other" (114).

The positive and negative principles influence, act upon and regulate each other (25₁₁). If one were without the other the world-process would not be. The symbolism is mystical, for we read: "Heaven has no parturition, yet all things are evolved. Earth has no increment, yet all things are nourished" (13₃). The key passage is perhaps the following: "The perfect Negative Principle is majestically passive. The perfect Positive Principle is powerfully active. Passivity emanates from Heaven above; activity proceeds from Earth beneath. The interaction of the two results in that harmony by which all things are produced" (214). This harmony must be what Giles (p. 159) calls the scheme of the universe (*lit.* Virtue of Heaven and Earth); the clear understanding of it is called the Great Root or Origin, or the Secret of Being (13₂).

There is motion that is rest and rest that is motion. For if we are told that passivity proceeds

from Heaven and activity from Earth; it is also declared that the sky turns round and the earth stands still (14₁); and elsewhere (27₁) we read: "Round and round, like a wheel, no part of which is more the starting point than any other. This is called the equilibrium of God (L. the Lathe of Heaven)"—reminding us of the Wheel of Necessity.

But if all separated things were produced by the union and interaction of the Great Extremes, it was never to be forgotten that their perpetual congress in time was determined by the transcendent and essential Unity of all things. Knowledge of this Great Unity—this is said to be perfection (24₁₄). "Whole, Entire, All, are three words which sound differently, but mean the same. Their purport is One" (22₆). How similar is this to the great saying ascribed to Heraclitus in the West: All and One—perhaps another indication of the same remote common origin. Indeed we are specifically told by our Taoists that the very art of preserving life is to keep "all in One" (23₅). Of a man who has attained to this unity, however, it is said: "All things are to him One, but he does not know that this is so" (25₂). 'Perfect knowledge' is thus something very different from a knowledge of abstract unity; he is presumably conscious of the many in one, and of the one in many. For we read of an ancient teacher of the Tao that he preserved the original One while resting in harmony with externals (11₄). It is a doctrine of resignation (6₁₂), but not of quiescence, for it is said that by converging to One all things may be accomplished (12₁). The consideration, however, of the nature and manner of the True Man according to Chwang Tze must be postponed for a subsequent paper.

G. R. S. MEAD.

A NEW THEORY OF ÆSTHETIC.¹

KINETON PARKES.

BENEDETTO CROCE is a philosopher and not a writer on art. Although he dislikes categories and classifications, he must at once be placed with Kant and Hegel and not with Ruskin and Pater. With Kant and Hegel, he has striven for a philosophy of the beautiful. He passes by Ruskin and Pater somewhat scornfully as intellectual dilettanti who imparted no dignity to their subject. Baudelaire he ignores with nearly every other French writer on art.

Benedetto Croce is a Neapolitan and intellectual superiority comes natural to him. He refers to "dilettante booklets of the Anglo-Saxon press." He, as well as his translator, Mr. Douglas Ainslie, are somewhat contemptuous of the past, or at the best, forbearing. Mr. Ainslie tells us that full credit is done to Schopenhauer. Croce refers to "poor Baumgarten," "the excellent Baumgarten," but allows that he is to be credited with the baptising of the science of Æsthetic. He patronises Plato and Aristotle and demolishes Leibnitz and Schleiermacher. For Herbert Spencer he has no use; he saps our faith in the inductive method; he destroys unmercifully. He is an iconoclast; he scorns empiricism and deplores development. With the writers who have treated Æsthetic objectively he

¹ *Æsthetic: As a Science of Expression and General Linguistic.* Translated from the Italian of Benedetto Croce by Douglas Ainslie. Macmillan & Co., Ltd.; 8vo, pp. xxi. + 408.

has little to do. He is content to leave on one side many of those who have striven to find out the nature of beauty (and ugliness) and the principles of Æsthetic. He deals only to a very limited degree with Winckelmann and with Lessing, and disregards almost entirely the English objective writers—Reynolds, Ruskin, Symonds, Pater and Wilde, Coleridge, De Quincey and Hazlitt.

Mr. Douglas Ainslie says in his Introduction that Pater tried to solve the riddle of the Sphinx, but you may search in vain through Pater's works for the definition of æsthetic truth. By implication, Mr. Ainslie would have us believe that Benedetto Croce has solved the riddle and has defined æsthetic truth. It has to be admitted that Croce has attempted these things and his attempt is of extraordinary interest and value. He has invented a new theory, if not the theory, of Æsthetic, and if his work is destructive rather than constructive, it is none the less valuable on that account. It must be said at once, however, that Croce was not single-hearted when he wrote his *Æsthetic*; he is more concerned with it as part of his general system of philosophy, than as a separate disquisition on beauty. It suffers in consequence, for it is made to fit into that system; it does not stand alone and it is not meant by its author to do so.

Croce's system is called 'The Philosophy of the Spirit.' It consists of three parts: the Æsthetical, the Logical and the Practical. In the first division, its author sees no real distinction between intuition and expression; in the second, no difference between intention and action; in the third no difference between means and end. The secret of the system is that nature lies outside the spirit which informs it; it is

the non-being which aspires to being. It may be admitted therefore that a new phase of philosophy is here submitted to us. Mr. Douglas Ainslie thinks it is both new and great. For the moment, the whole philosophy is of less concern than the new theory of æsthetic which is its first part. This is, in essentials, not so much a discussion of the real principles of beauty, as an attempt in pure philosophy to fit it into place in Croce's system. The attempt is a gallant one, and if some obscurities occur, they may be put down to the extreme difficulty of transferring thought of a highly technical and intricate character from one language to another, as well as to the, at times, somewhat unusual applications of philosophical terms. The difficulties in the way of expressing so profound a matter as the high philosophy of *Æsthetic*, in absolutely abstract terms and without the aid of concrete illustration from the arts, are considerable.

The book is an essay in reasoning rather than a treatise on beauty. It is well planned, except that it requires a copious index to complete its usefulness. Mr. Douglas Ainslie's introduction admirably puts the points of Croce's contention, which are contained in eighteen chapters. Then follows a condensation by Mr. Ainslie of the 'Historical Summary.' In an appendix is given a *résumé* by Croce himself of the principles he wishes to promulgate.

Although æsthetic is but a part of 'The Philosophy of the Spirit,' in it its author lays the essentials of his whole system. Without it the system cannot stand; and, it must be said, without the whole system the *Æsthetic* cannot stand. Croce tells us that philosophy cannot exist without art, but art, which occupies a lower place, can and does exist without philosophy;

and in Mr. Ainslie's opinion this proves Croce's independence of thought in dealing with 'Hegelian problems.' He has "made the best use of Hegel as of Kant, of Vico as of Spinoza." In point of fact Croce sees in Giambattista Vico, a "revolutionary who set aside the old definitions of æsthetic, and for the first time revealed the true nature of art and poetry." This was in his *Scienza Nuova* of 1725. This is patriotic of Croce and to a certain extent it is a useful proposition, but Croce has not taken full advantage of it. He has not developed Vico as Vico deserved developing on his own lines, and it cannot be admitted that 'The Philosophy of the Spirit,' however admirable as a philosophic system, has completed our knowledge of the "true nature of art and poetry." 'The Philosophy of the Spirit' repudiates the modern tendency, but what is worse, it fails to understand or appreciate it. Mr. Ainslie, in sympathy with his author, says plainly that science has robbed philosophy of its coat. He tells us that aviation is unimportant compared with the smallest addition to the philosophy of the spirit! There is a lack of comparative acuteness here and this is shared by author and translator. This disproportion of view (which in itself is unphilosophic) is also seen in Croce's dealings with religion and history. With such inconsistencies of thought, we are sure to find in the *Æsthetic* expressions which are inconsistent with our intensive practical knowledge of the arts at the present day. Croce suffers, and his readers therefore suffer, from this lack, and most of all from what it entails—an entire reliance on a discredited deductive method. It is true Croce acknowledges his scorn of the empirical, but that admission does not excuse the results which are inevitable. Croce's mission is "to

lead back thought to belief in the spirit." That is very well and his mission, once his attitude is admitted, is full of interest. But every step in a study of his *Æsthetic* lures to a step further into the whole philosophy. It is almost impossible to detach the parts dealing solely and specifically with the theory of æsthetic. *Æsthetic* is lifted entirely into the realms of philosophy.

In æsthetic Croce says models and rules are impossible, there is no beautiful and there is no ugly; no sublime and no ridiculous. A catalogue of virtues is impossible. And morality? The *Æsthetic* is a treatise on morality! Here we get to the centre of 'The Philosophy of the Spirit'; to the 'double degree' without which Croce's system falls. At all costs, therefore, he must maintain it, and in doing so the æsthetic of Baumgarten, of Vico, of Winckelmann, of Pater, is lost sight of, though perhaps that of Ruskin is dimly seen. This theory of the double degree Mr. Ainslie calls one of the greatest contributions to modern thought. The first degree is expression, intuitive knowledge, art; the second is concept, intellectual knowledge, science. *Æsthetic* is the science of expression. Croce applies the principle also to economic, but too closely identifies expression with what he calls linguistic, and fails to discuss adequately the forms of expression which the plastic arts or music afford.

The concept or constructive process, by which is meant an intellectual exercise, is unthinkable without the previous intuition which is the expression of the pure creative thought, or 'spirit.' In other words, the real expression of a thing is in its author's mind; it is his spirit. The conceiving of it later as a palpable work of art or morals, is secondary in degree. It is

Croce's contention that æsthetic problems so-called are but other manifestations of what he widely embraces as economic. This is an argument that has been used by Ruskin and Tolstoy. It is one that has been as vehemently denied. But Croce uses it differently from either Ruskin or Tolstoy, who both repudiate art for art's sake. Croce aims at high philosophy in all three sections of his system, and the discovery of the secret which accounts for the eternal interest men have displayed in all these questions of art and living.

The germ of the idea of the double degree Croce finds in Vico, and Vico "discovered the line of demarcation between science and art." Now the first degree which is expression can exist without the second which is concept, but the second cannot exist without the first. We can have poetry without prose, but not prose without poetry. For expression is the first affirmation of human activity. Vico laid it down as follows: "The studies of poetry and metaphysic are naturally opposed. Poets are the feeling, philosophers the intellect." The philosopher deals with the abstract, the poet with the particular. In epochs of reflection the poet becomes a child again. The true poet must make use of philosophy; he must "change logic into imagination." Expression brings man out of the state of nature; language, which is expression, "effects the passage from soul to mind." The cognitive intellect has only two forms—expression and concept—and the secret of the double degree is that "the whole speculative life of man is spirit in passing from one to the other and back again"; and to many minds the end of 'The Philosophy of the Spirit' will present itself as a gigantic mystic pendulum, always swinging to and fro, but never progressing.

Æsthetic is completed in the mind; there is no actual need to carry it further, that is, into the region of practical activity. Every theory which confuses æsthetic with practical activity is self-condemned according to Croce. Here he tries to vindicate his method of deduction. Here, too, he vitiates his argument. For although we have the doctrine of the double degree established, it does not teach us what beauty is. There are no laws of beauty, for Croce condemns all laws and classifications. There are no degrees except the double degree!—the degree of this theory which teaches us nothing from the inductions from actual works of art. The word ‘beauty’ hardly occurs in the system. Æsthetic is the intuition of anything; good or bad, beautiful or ugly, ridiculous or sublime. We cannot learn the differences between these qualities, we can only learn to recognise the double degree, an arid desert, but with oases.

It is almost impossible to separate out from this mass of speculation, those parts which are of special interest and importance to one whose sole concern with æsthetic happens to be a desire for a wider knowledge and a higher idea of beauty. In a way, any such attempt is a little unfair to the author. Inasmuch as there will be many, however, to whom this will undoubtedly be the chief concern, I have made the attempt. I have tried to separate what are commonly known as art or æsthetic problems from the more abstract and speculative part of the treatise.

In the first place the author demands that it shall be understood that the search for the end of art shall be regarded as ridiculous. He usefully demands, too, that a distinction shall be made between æsthetic and artistic fact. The æsthetic is the intuitive stage,

the artistic is the practical. Here we are on well-known ground. So are we too in the statements that practice follows theory, and that expression is free inspiration, for Croce means that expression follows intuition. He severely condemns the critic who blames the selection of a theme. He says the critic really blames its execution, for any theme is all right as an intuition. It is in the treatment that the failure is to be found. Hence the doctrine of the interaction of the double degree. The high result of the practical activity should be a moral result, rational and altruistic, and will be according to the logic of *Æsthetic*, if the proposition that the intuition and the concept are mutually interactive is accepted. Croce denies the truth of the Hedonistic doctrine that there are opposite poles of pleasure and pain. There is only one satisfaction in 'The Philosophy of the Spirit,' and that is the sense of the truth of a moral duty fulfilled producing vibrations of joy in the discoverer of that truth, which are partly æsthetic, partly intellectual and partly ethical. Hedonism reduces all these satisfactions to one. The old triad, the true, the good, the beautiful, now disappears as valueless in the general feeling of satisfaction of the spirit which does not accept antitheses but only values. The beautiful is successful expression and as such the only true expression. The ugly, being unsuccessful expression, does not exist. A work of art must be perfect and if so, we do not speak of its qualities; it is an entity, a beautiful thing. Imperfect works of art may possess comparative qualities however; they may even be great, but *the beautiful* has no degrees. Ugliness on the contrary is essentially a matter of degrees; but if a work have no element of beauty it would cease even to be ugly, it

would be simply non-expressive. So we may have mixed pleasure in æsthetic; the pleasures of witnessing the drama and pictures, of reading poems; but these arise from the second degree, the content of works of art, not the intuition. True æsthetic pleasure is the divine satisfaction of the creator; the joy which fills the poet or the painter when he sees with his mind's eye his intuition completed.

Ugliness is not recognised except as the anti-æsthetic fact, or the inexpressive, so that there can be no artist without an intuition, and æsthetic does not recognise the sympathetic or antipathetic, but only the spiritual activity of the representation. The Hedonistic notion that pleasures can be more enjoyed if they come after pain or abstinence, or that beauty can be more enjoyed if it is contrasted with ugliness, is a fallacy; ugliness is not a stimulant or servant of the beautiful. The æsthetic of pure intuition proclaims the autonomy of art and is opposed to æstheticism or any attempt at lowering thought to elevate fancy. The artist's idea of pure beauty is spiritual and even beatific.

Croce cannot conceive of a beauty purified of expression. He must have the intuition realised. Unless there is this interaction his theory fails; yet the purest joy of the artist is over his intuition! Here again is seen the real meaning, and also a weakness, of the double degree. Art for art's sake receives justification, for "the impossibility of choice of content completes the theorem of the independence of art," which is the only legitimate meaning of the much-used phrase. It is a negation of the criticism of choice and by it "frivolous and cold art cannot be justified," for these qualities come from lack of content,

from incomplete expression. "The style is the man" is another aphorism that is justified by Croce. Sincerity is a duty of the artist. He deceives no one if he gives full expression of his intuition; sincerity is the fulness and truth of expression. The artist is bound to express only what he has intuitively seen, and if his expression is sincere, his subject must be respected. True art is intuition, and true individuality is derived from the sincere expression of the intuition. The function of art-criticism is to determine if there be a personality in a work of art, and if so of what kind. It is to determine if a work is coherent, if it is therefore a success. It has to determine if the artist's intuition was a pure one and if he has expressed it sincerely. The art-critic has to remember that life is a series of happenings, but that art expresses a momentary situation separated from time and space, and he has to see that the artist's vision of that moment was a pure intuition. "Life passes, Art endures"; the art-critic should recognise the greatness of the meaning of the simple phrase. "Art is the root of all theoretic life . . . and without a root there can be no flower and no fruit. . . . It is governed entirely by the imagination; it does not classify; its only riches are images. Art feels and represents them . . . ; art therefore is intuition."

Croce has some illuminating things to say on technique. He regards it as the persistence of the artist in not letting his intuition fade away. He says it is not a means of expression, but rather the fact of the expression; it is the method by which the intuition is externalised. It is not the how of doing it but the way. It is not a mere matter of paint and brushes, of syntax, of counterpoint; it is these things and others,

greater, beyond them. It is the knowledge rather than the activity of the spirit. Theoretically its utility is sometimes identified as egoism. The style is the man! Technique is an economical activity favourable to his individuality. The egoistic is sometimes regarded as the immoral, but Croce will not admit this; he says what is economic (in art, of course) is useful in an ethical sense. Ineffectual expression is uneconomical, that is, immoral.

'The Philosophy of the Spirit' will not admit that beauty belongs to things; beauty is the spiritual activity of man; natural beauty is simply a stimulus to æsthetic reproduction, and without preceding æsthetic intuitions, nature cannot provide this stimulus. There are no elementary forms of beauty, their theory is absurd and is due to the confusion between the æsthetic and the physical fact. It is, Croce forcibly says, "as though in political economy you sought for the laws of exchange in the physical nature of the goods exchanged." Matter is impulse, animality, brutishness. Humanity is a spiritual dominion from which the lower instincts are gradually being removed; the striving to understand what passes within us, the glimpsing of that which is not objectified or formed. We thus perceive the profound difference between matter and form. Form is constant, a spiritual activity, while matter is changeable. But without matter the spirit would remain abstract, unreal.

These are some of the problems dealt with, solved, or left in obscurity, by this important and stimulating book.

KINETON PARKES.

A GREAT ANARCHIST.

OTTO ROTHFELD, B.A., I.C.S.

OF late years the psychology of the anarchist has been unhappily thrust among the questions of practical politics. Forces, long accumulating in the byeways of national life, have led to repeated outrages and professed anarchy in the southern countries of Europe, and latterly, with disturbance to self-complacency, in the Indian Empire. For the reaction against abstract individualism and pedestrian rationalism which has on the one side inspired the idealism in Art, religious thought, and political 'Totalism' that is so marked in the younger generation, has also on its baser side produced in all these spheres of activity the anarchy of self-surrender and sensationalism. As on the one hand the revolt against mere rationalism and utilitarianism may open the way to the harmonised emotions of the social being and to self-transcendent absorption in the higher realities of society, so on the other may it degenerate in certain temperaments to the denial of organic law and the surrender to mere emotionalism.

At such a time there is special interest in the character of one who inspired the greatest anarchic movement of modern civilisation, and who in temperament and the expression of temperament stands forth a central type of the anarchic soul. And at the word, furtively shuffling forward, is presented the sombre and melancholy figure of Jean Jacques Rousseau. Rousseau was born, weak and diseased, in the pangs and travail of his mother's dissolution, and his youth

was poisoned and his age corrupted by the morbid taint. Sensual and vicious, he lacked the exuberance of vigour which is the common excuse of inordinate appetites and their palliative. His eroticism was of the mind, not of the strength of body. Without the hunger of healthy desire, he stimulated the cravings of appetite by the imaginings of a diseased mentality. Slow to learn, incapable of effort, dull of comprehension, he could console himself only with the enervating titillations of an easy emotion and the ungenerous nourishment of sentimentality. Self-discipline and principle were to him words unmeaning, for he was feeble and selfish. He himself has admitted that he recognised no motives except fear of pain and desire for pleasure. But others must add that with Rousseau the gratification of vanity ranked almost as high as the keenest pleasures of sensuous enjoyment, and fondly to gloat over the soft colours of his own sentiments and to appreciate their amiability was to his vanity the tenderest of all satisfactions. But no contemplation of sentimental impulse could stir the feeble will to virtuous action or nerve the morbid soul to endurance of momentary pain or even inconvenience. Rousseau, the philosopher, moves his readers with the eloquent picture of pristine simplicity and a natural virtue, insists upon the rights of property and the earnings of labour, and teaches even to little children respect for others' feelings; but Rousseau, the man, forgets these principles in the fearful impulse of action. Having stolen from his friend and patron, he lies and throws his guilt upon a wretched servant-maid. At a touch of passion he labours to seduce a friend's mistress while still penning treacherous effusions to her lover. He leaves a former mistress and benefactress

to die miserable and destitute in a hovel, and he carries his own offspring to the securer mercies of a foundling hospital.

The truth is perhaps this:—that the faculty of choice and selection, which for most men is at once the ground of responsibility and the justification of punishment, and that co-ordinated self of intellect, will, emotion and sensation which is the distinction and the problem of humanity, were in Rousseau undeveloped and unused. Of that moral freedom which consists in the discipline of the appetites and desires and which is made visible in the happy and ennobled unity of a restrained life, he was without the power or the understanding. He spent the long and melancholy years in bitter slavery to impulse and emotion, and even his sorrows were no less servile than his pleasures. At last in old age fretful irritability and morbid suspicion simulated an independence for which he lacked the moral fibre. To such a being the judgments of reasoned morality, which presume a freer scope of human choice and a higher reality of self, are all but inapplicable. Where impulse is uncontrolled, the moralist must silently give place to the pathologist or the alienist physician. Censure is veiled by pity, and ethics yield to medicine.

Yet anarchy has its apology. For human reason, it must be conceded, often makes mistakes, and ideals are not seldom erroneous. The human instincts on the contrary represent the strivings of untold quintillions of ancestors to give unity to life and to achieve an equipoise of want with environment. They are inherited habits of humanity derived through many thousands of years of articulate strivings from the primeval creature in whom could first be distinguished

the features of man. Through unnumbered millions of years they derive from the protective activities of a bestial ancestry. They represent, therefore, habits of effort at that which on the whole is to the good of animal life and man. They may all, perhaps, and especially the more differentiated and lately developed of them, be misused ; but in themselves they are efforts after good. And indeed it is only the superstitious who believe with a faith that dies resisting truth, that man is innately evil and that the curse of original sin is of his inheritance. Whether he be originally good may perhaps be doubted, for goodness is rightly a predicate of intention and organised will. But there can at least be no doubt that of two extreme views the latter is not only the more promising but the truer. Again of these emotions, which are not altogether instincts as their activity is less certain, but which do in some sort represent the condensed meaning inherited from innumerable judgments, it may be said that in general evil is eliminated from them and their work is good. In particular, perhaps, their value depends more narrowly upon the occasion of their response, and their balance upon more nice and recent modifications of character and opinion. But Rousseau had sprung from a chastened, a religious and a virtuous stock. The emotions which most strongly swayed his mind, after the inordinate instinct for pleasure and the abnormal fear of pain, after that morbid excess of egoism which seems to have been congenital, were a vivid sympathy, a fervid piety, an unstinted craving for affection, a love of simplicity, and a deep but effeminate religiosity. He could weep for those he betrayed, and his heart was sore for those that he made to suffer. Few men have felt so strongly the quieter beauties of

external nature or obtained so ecstatic an enjoyment from the passive contemplation of landscape and of woodland scenes. The splash of peat-brown torrents, the rich perfume of the wild-rose or the mignonette, the peaceful aspect of lush meadows with their fringe of pollard willows, the dark forest and the mountain crag, these were the conditions of his happiness and the requirements of his mental life. Visible suffering touched him like a knife. The glance of affection and the smile of love warmed and pervaded every fibre of his frame. Swayed only by impulse and distrustful of reason, he had unceasingly to look for some external unity over the universe of his sensations, to which he might direct his dependence and his hopes. A Supreme Being, felt but not conceived, to create and pervade the objects of Rousseau's pleasurable emotions was throughout the requirement of his sentimental existence.

But the instance disproves the apology. Amiable but impulsive, sympathetic but undisciplined, the very virtues of Rousseau's nature degenerated into vice. For the life of man is as a work of art, and morals have their artistry and their selection. Instincts must be filed and chiselled to good habit and the will be unified in relation to a larger good. The individual man is but an abstraction, and the momentary gratification of individual desire, unreal and illusory. Over emotion and instinct shines the steady whole of life, and in their relations to the whole are desires made true and living. Not anarchy in life-giving nor self-surrender to instinctive impulse, but the moulding of unified action from the matter of instinct and emotion by the reasoned laws of the Eternal Self. As against the abstract and formal rationalism of the century, it was

right and just to urge the worth of the inherited habits of life and the summarised judgments of forgotten experiences, to plead the invigorating value of instinct and emotion. It was fair to urge that they alone, natural desires and natural responses, could be the content of life and the material for willed selection. But to reject reason was an apostasy worse than death, and to disband the forces of self-control was to yield the citadel to havoc. For the forms of thought are eternal and imperative, and discipline and selection are the laws of its unity. From the description of his character it will be readily surmised that the tremendous influence and the monstrous effects of Rousseau's writings cannot be due to the profundity of his research, the exactness of his judgments or the reasoned truth of his conclusions. The study of his works will confirm this opinion. The philosophic basis is a mere distortion of Locke, and the reasoning is faulty and inconsistent to an incredible degree.

Historical research is limited to the vaguest reminiscence of the *Lives* of Plutarch. The language is inaccurate, metaphorical, and illogical. The state of nature described with so much eloquence and fervour is contradicted by all the researches of history and of science. It is indeed but a decorative grouping of psychological abstractions, selected from the more pleasing emotions of civilised mankind. To preserve such emotions in human life and enlarge their scope might be a worthy aim or an argument for amending over-formal laws and ethics; but it must be obvious that their very existence and necessity negatives any reversion to the primitive and primeval. Leisure and art and tenderness and a growing ideal of harmony are their conditions, not the savagery of small groups and

the hungry strivings of lawless individuals. The social compact again is an act which not only has never occurred in the history of man, but which could occur only to the mind of one imbued in those ideas of contractual relations that the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries had by slow reflection abstracted from contemporary life. The equality of man might represent a teleological ideal, dull indeed and deathly, but it was at any rate unsupported by history or by logical reasoning, and flatly opposed to the facts of life and its necessities. The idea of fraternity, which has now become one of the meaningless vocables of a national war-cry, ignored the fact that not only in different portions of the globe but even in the development of each individual and in the various members of our social system, the natures of men show varieties as distant as the palæolithic from the present era. The assumption that the majority of men will at each period of development desire what is for each one's good and therefore for the good of the state, discloses not merely an elementary logical fallacy in the inference but also an unproven and more than doubtful assertion. The very phrasing of the words is damning, and shows only that Rousseau was unable to conceive the true relations of the individual to society and of the member to the organic whole. Had the desires of the majority always prevailed, it is certain that Europe would never have struggled to light from the darkness of mediæval superstition, that science would never have advanced to experiment, that machinery would have been prohibited, that man would still be starving upon common lands; nay, had it not been for leadership by the strong and for degree and gradation in the communal whole, had it not been for the aristocracies of power

and intellect and courage, for the will to do well, and the will nobly to die, Europe might now be in a state compared with which that of the Tierra del Fuegians were harmonious and progressive.

The disintegration of Rousseau's mind, his nihilism—to use the term of present-day degenerates—his inability to conceive degree and harmony and pervasive unity, is again displayed in his educational writings. The educational system of his *Emilien* based the motives of mankind and the training of the young on the solitary principle of self-love, and defined virtue by the hypocritical bribery of pleasure.

God was to him no regulative thought, compelling and obligatory through all the stress and turmoil of appearance, but rather a larger dream of complacent introspection, a larger hope of self-indulgence. His own temperament had been left to sprout, and he could not think that obedience must be the first lesson to the young, that respect for the higher and the proud humility that looks for guidance to superiors must be the habit of all moral training and the measure of all moral worth. Of the meaning of society Rousseau had little, if any, idea, and the individual has in his pages as abstracted an existence as in the dulllest of eighteenth century psychologists. It is characteristic that of justice, the essential virtue of a human being, the habit which implies constant co-ordination of desire and appetite, of will and intellect, Rousseau has little or nothing to say. The ill-considered notion of a vague and mysterious law of nature, the unregulated expansion of the more amiable emotions, seem to him an ample substitute for that guiding principle of social existence. The evil emotions, cruelty, and lust, and envy, he thrust aside as the accidental produce of

restraint and law; and it remained for the French Revolution to redeem the discipline of humanity by uncovering appetite without control and desire without honour in all their transient and naked chaos.

For it is to Rousseau, more than to any other man, that the French Revolution owes the shape which it finally invested. It was he who gave voice to the vague and ill-defined aspirations in whose atmosphere its leaders felt and thought. From him they imbibed the fierce desire to destroy all vestiges of the march and all survivals of tradition, that the field might be unencumbered and the state of Nature be restored. It was the equality which he had preached and the possibility of unrestricted pleasure at the legislator's isolated will, that Robespierre and his followers sought to constitute through the ways of ferocious decapitation and of political nihilism. A later generation, regarding, finds a tragic irony, unsuspected by its author, in the spectacle. For all those phrases of nature and natural equality, all those chimæras, futile yet perilous, ignorant yet ferocious, are the unreal abstractions drawn by a morbid and ill-balanced character from that very ethical system, inherited by him and his age, which was drawn from immemorial custom, traditional religion, and all the labours of philosophy and jurisprudence.

It was an age in which unsparing but necessary attacks upon the particular abuses of administration and the poisonous refuse of superstition had fostered reflection and doubt regarding the bases of government and of human knowledge, an age when finally the surface of imagination had been dulled and poetry rubbed thread-bare by the tests of prosaic understanding. The strong had been left without belief and the

powerful without honour. The mind was without the support of customary observance and feelings had been desolated by analysis. The weak trembled at their insulation. But the ardour of Rousseau's fantasy and the fervour of his metaphor answered the cry of the feeble and lent a buckler to the strong. Instinct with love for humanity, emotional, even at times unpleasantly sentimental, in his sympathy with nature, with joy, and with simplicity, full of pity, full of affection, fervid and tender, his writings satisfied at once imagination and religiosity. In his glowing words a Supreme Being seemed to reappear, sublimated from all the dross and alloy of terror and superstition, yet living in every flower, in every tree, in every pleasure, beneficent and indulgent. A humanity could be pictured, purged of artifice and sin and restraint, revelling unrestricted in the expansion of the heart, unhampered, uncorrupted. To those that were an-hungered, here was food; to those that were athirst, here sprang refreshment. Emotion had triumphed over reason, and the world at last seemed good.

And surely it is still an emotion, and not a judgment, that will speak when the eye falls upon that melancholy figure of disease, or on the many morbid and distorted shapes that struggle in the mass of rebellious and revolutionary mankind. With a faith that knows not knowledge and eyeballs that are too sore to bear the light, with no physician to heal them and no balm to make them whole, they cry in their agony watch-words of a desire whose fulfilment is not in this world and a humanity that has no being. And their cry is a call for pity,—pity for weak, vain men, whose edge is not tempered to the stroke.

OTTO ROTHFELD.

SIN A RACIAL EXPERIMENT.

REV. F. W. ORDE WARD, B.A.

WE must never forget the simple fact—and it is the simple fact which we most easily do forget—that, before theology from Jewish and Greek and Asiatic and other elements came to the birth, Christ lived and loved and died and rose again. And our religion dates from a Person rather than from a principle or a creed. Christ and Christ alone made theology possible. So if we find afterwards implicit or explicit in our faith any irrational views or any immoral propositions, we must attribute them to human misinterpreting and not to Christ Himself nor to St. Paul, the Founder of Christianity. For instance, the popular (orthodox) conception of Salvation and a *Deus ex machinâ* illogically dragged in to rescue man from the natural and necessary consequences of his own errors, by a futile forgiveness, lies outside the sphere of common-sense or credibility. Souls never were or will be saved by a breach of ethics or reason—even with the Divine connivance. But were God such a Moral or Immoral Monster, as so many excellent people believe, He would at the best and utmost be a mere second-rate Devil. No intelligent person now accepts St. Augustine's preposterous rescripts about the Fall and Original Sin. We hardly discuss such questions now, we have outlived them and passed on. Hereditary sin, as it has been shown, is a contradiction in terms. For how can we be responsible or blameworthy for a transmitted taint? If

it be hereditary it is not sin, and if sin it is not hereditary. Theology, even if established by ancient use and authority, must conform to the rules of reason and the precepts of ethics. And it seems certain that the religious battles of the future will be fought over the meaning and bearings and issues of sin. Evolution has quite altered the point of view from which we study this old and difficult problem. Ignorance, environment and heredity constitute the capital factors in the production of sin. The ancestral ape, the pithecanthropic postulate, our animal atavism, must now be taken seriously into account.

O Thou, who did'st with Pitfall and with Gin
Beset the Road I was to wander in,
Thou wilt not with Predestination round
Enmesh me, and impute my Fall to Sin ?

O Thou, who Man of baser Earth did'st make,
And who with Eden did'st devise the Snake ;
For all the Sin, wherewith the Face of Man
Is blackened, Man's Forgiveness give—and take !

Fitzgerald, with his usual penetration, *rem acu tetigit*. And he might well have gone farther and said a very great deal more. For inherited and transmitted sin appears to relieve us of all moral responsibility and forbid our being moral agents. At a single blow it robs us of our priceless freedom. We become brute machines grinding along in the same dead grooves, and working out merely the corruption implanted in us. Libertarianism we do not ask and do not want, but liberty although within narrow and definite limits we must have at any cost. It may prove to be but a lonely ledge and yet man must be

Sufficient to have stood but free to fall.

—though, unless we carefully examine our position, indeterminism (or neutral-minded and absolute indifference) may turn out as bad as determinism or worse. We only want a free will sensitive and subject to moral laws—free to serve the good and the true and the beautiful and the Divine. For, as the great German taught, our conduct invariably implies a consciousness of liberty to act as we like.

We must not expect to find even in the Bible metaphysical inquiries and elucidations of purely modern questions. And we shall not be able to draw our science or philosophy from the Hebrew Scriptures or the New Testament, or a theory of verbal inspiration as if truth depended on the value of particular vowel-points or an iota more or less. In the Bible we read of sin as an offence against God and man and ourselves, from a religious and moral point of view, without any attempt to reveal its origin or metaphysical meaning. Such considerations inevitably come later, with the growth of the critical mind and critical methods. And the modernist wishes to explain sin not in order to excuse it, but rather to transcend it. Nor does a real emancipation appear possible, perhaps, before we know a little more of what it really is and how far we are truly accountable for its existence and continuation—if indeed, at all; though, of course, very few will adopt the last extreme position. Ritschl tends in this direction by his reduction of sin mainly to ignorance, which admits of numerous degrees. For the wisest person will confess that he knows little of anything and nothing of most things, though the impostor assures us he knows everything of something and something of everything. And at the outset we must carefully distinguish between sin and evil, though they

are too often used indiscriminately and lightly, as if they were interchangeable or convertible terms. Hunger and thirst may be called evils, but we cannot call them sins. Diseases come under the category of evil, but we do not stigmatise them as sins. We meet fanatics, no doubt, who think it wicked to have any ailment, but they do not require serious consideration. A sore throat may be a sin and may arise from contemporary mental aberration, but no correct ideas so-called about it can possibly prevent its coming some time in cold and damp weather, in spite of the most careful precautions. Pelagius was perfectly right in rejecting the ordinary conception of the Fall, but perfectly wrong in denying all heredity and affirming we are born *non pleni* or without character—to give the usual interpretation of the words. He was perfectly right in maintaining the doctrine of original sin to be a mere pious theological fiction, and in asserting that we become misled *exemplo non propagine*.¹ He was perfectly right in making ability limit obligation, but perfectly wrong in his belief that man can of himself perform all God's commands. And we may accept his formula: *Si necessitatis est, peccatum non est; si voluntatis, vitari potest*²—if only we add *Dei gratia*. But his cardinal error consists in this. He presumes without proof, which of course he cannot supply, that in every act of will antecedents do not count and the volitional power (remaining in a state of mental indifference) can choose whatever alternative it prefers. This atomistic theory on its face, in the light of modern science and evolution and a better psychology, confutes itself immediately when stated. But the maxim of

¹ "By example, not by descent."

² "If it is of necessity, it is not sin; if it is of will, it can be avoided."

Pelagius, "If I ought I can," was fine and true and would have received the warm approval of Kant. And, though he thought differently, it need not be inconsistent with St. Augustine's saying: *Da quod jubes et jube quod vis*.¹ There are always more than even two sides to every question, and this Pelagius did not see. His attitude as a philosopher recalls the story of Noah's occupation in the Ark and the Inspector who asked how he would probably employ himself. "Please, sir, he wad fish." This seemed a reasonable reply and was accepted. But presently another more critical child broke in, exclaiming: "Please, sir, he could na fish verra lang." The Inspector innocently asked why. "Because there was only twa worms." But then Noah naturally was not limited to one particular kind of bait and might have used many other dainty and attractive morsels. Pelagius, however, was a "twa worms" man, like most theologians at the present day, we must honestly but sadly confess. Dr. Johns has shown us conclusively that many assumed myths are not myths at all in the strict sense. They are primitive endeavours to represent pictorially certain great truths, which the poverty of primitive language could not at first properly express. Accordingly, while we repudiate the common literal construction of the Bible story and the Fall, we shall discover it means an early attempt in psychology to describe the working of mental processes, and a dim ethical picture of an ethical crisis or event—a moral and likewise an intellectual attempt at reversion to the beginning and to sit at the cradle of consciousness, and depict the initial transaction between the ego and the non-ego. There was the first step in progress by antagonism, resistance,

¹ "Give what thou dost command, and command what thou wilt."

and then counter-resistance (subject *contra* object) terminating in the ignoble final surrender.

Much sin, as all the best authorities allow, arises simply from the survival of our animal slough, as the suds of our brute ancestry not yet worked out and off. It will take thousands and thousands of years to eradicate this squalid remainder. The very creation of man, when translated into modern scientific terms, apparently testifies to an animal origin, in the metaphorical use of a matrix like dust or earth. Adam was the beast-man, the pithecanthropic postulate, put in an Oriental framework and touched with a poetic tone and colouring. But sin also arises from ignorance, no less than from clinging infirmities and enduring imperfections. In the case of any temptation, probably enlarged knowledge, and not complete knowledge, as to the consequences and connexions of a wrong act would render impossible many and many a grievous error. Sin, nevertheless, has nothing permanent about it, no element of truth or factuality, and so does not really live. It carries the seed of mortality, however vigorous for a time it may seem, although it masquerades in the garment of an affected immortality. In its nature it is essentially negative and not positive, and therefore no true existence. It must die out eventually, even if the process takes ages and ages. And from the modern or scientific standpoint, man starts his career on earth as a natural and non-moral being, and thus relieves God from the responsibility of having created evil, which the orthodox view does not and cannot escape. He does not even punish us for our sins, for we actually punish ourselves. "*The soul that sinneth, it shall die.*" Yes, and it shall suffer the inevitable results, the logical penalties of self-will and misdirected action. It would

be quite needless for God to punish the transgressor, while like begets like and causes are followed by their appropriate effects. We find in *Genesis*, at the cosmogony, a recognition of this universal law. "*And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth: and it was so.*" So sin produces suffering and disharmony after its kind.

We need not adopt the desperate and forlorn expedient of Buddhism and go back to a previous incarnation in a previous existence.¹ Our present scientific methods must condemn such a recourse as utterly unpractical and unverifiable and indeed a confession of failure. Evolution moral as well as physical holds the field, and its just demands require some degree of satisfaction. So there must have been a time when conscience (to use a compendious and convenient expression, if unphilosophical) was dim and defective and uncertain in its deliverances. The sense of sin, before social religious restrictions arose, cannot but have been fluctuating and obscure. And a vacillating voice would never speak with authority or inspire adequate respect. "*If the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself for the battle?*" However, notwithstanding these reservations, it remains true that God never left Himself entirely without a witness. And even the most brutal savage always possessed, though but as an infinitesimal germ, the *testimonium animae naturaliter Christianae*. The light of the truth shone through darkly and fitfully. We find ourselves now, by no choice of our

¹ It is not denied here that a strong case may be made out for pre-existence itself.

own, in a world that abounds with evil, surrounded by temptations. Ignorance and environment and heredity do not and cannot excuse the sins that ensue. But they explain them and render them far less grave and grievous. They account for early mistakes and the errors of the uninstructed. The age of the offender, the time, the place, the people, the individuality or personal equation, are important factors to be carefully considered, before we presume to adjudicate on any transgression. With inequality of opportunity staring us in the face, we must not lightly censure the rebels against rule and order. One baby, so to speak, comes blessed into the world, and another comes damned, with the mark of the gallows and not of the Cross. Relativity will always enter into our sentence upon any sinful act. What is rightful for one sex, or one class, or one period of life, or one season, or one crisis, may be wrong for others. The situation makes all the difference. And to awake an ungrounded sense of sin, which produces no definite results, seems anything but good. In fact, it is positively bad, unless it leads to something and can be translated into fruitful action. We may well remind transgressors, that every violation of ethical principles, hurts the innocent and makes them suffer and perhaps worse than the transgressors themselves. The breach of law bears a corporate as well as an individual aspect. It wounds the whole world, besides crucifying Christ in their highest nature. "*In all their afflictions He was afflicted.*" This gives a scientific and philosophical defence to Vicarious Sacrifice, which always was and will be a cosmical law for God no less than man. We are reverting at the present day to type, and through evolution itself. For primitive man in primitive societies, as history uni-

versally assures us, realised effectually a forgotten truth we are slowly rediscovering now. He recognised at once and instinctively, in spite of tribal or ethnic enmity, the solidarity of the race. Of course, he only saw this fact within the limits of his own clan. But it logically embraced the whole of humanity, as the primæval seers and saints and Christodidacts perceived and taught all over the whole world. He felt that the sin of the individual was a tribal sin, a corporate act and a social offence. This made persecution seem a religious duty and a moral necessity. Primitive man did not and could not look very far beyond himself; but he knew that he and all the members of his clan were bound up together in one and the same bundle of life, and if one sinned and suffered all the rest sinned and suffered with him. Science, contemporary thought without exception, only in a much more enlightened manner, has returned to this point of view—the Unity of Nature, the interdependency of each with all, that when one transgresses or falls or one thing goes wrong everything else and everyone else must be moved more or less at the same time. There must be, there is, an inevitable corresponding reaction affecting the whole cosmos. We may not confine this to the physical plane. So every act in a sense is a racial act, a universal act, from which nobody and nothing shall finally escape. We stand and fall together as one man—we sin and suffer together. This truth, the solidarity of the human race—indeed of all sentient existence—as well as of the crystallised electricity we call matter—establishes Vicarious Sacrifice on a firm scientific basis, while giving it a deeper significance. Suffering for others now does not for a moment mean, that others will be thereby released from the natural

consequences of their transgression, but that the innocent and irresponsible must be involved in their evil acts and also help to pay the penalties of broken principles. Vicarious Sacrifice does not cease to be vicarious, because it is involuntary. The world has been builded upon these lines, and willing or unwilling, consciously or unconsciously, we conform to the prescriptions. And therefore God Himself, though of His own free Will, could not but suffer with and for His erring creatures, and in a sense even fall with them. The displacement of the slightest single particle of matter, the slenderest and least perceptible vibration, send a shock and a thrill throughout the whole universe. We dare not believe that the moral world rests on less delicate foundations and has a less responsive framework. *"That there should be no schism on the body ; but that the members should have the same care, one for another. And whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it, or one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it. Now ye are the body of Christ and members in particular."* Fortunately for the human race and each society, voluntary victims abound. Women especially, by their antecedents and history and education and sorrow, seem peculiarly prepared for sympathy and all kinds of vicarious sacrifice. And when our teachers and preachers talk less about the sins of the individual as individual sins, and more about the corporate danger and wrong and the injury done to the whole community, the personal offence will appear in its proper class as a blow struck at our common humanity.

"By the law is the knowledge of sin." In a state of nature or innocence, therefore, no sinfulness can possibly accrue to an uncondemned act—though after-

wards condemned by society and the nascent moral sense. We may notice here the suggestive fact, that the account of the Fall as given in *Genesis*, does not appear in the Priestly Code. The sinner first feels himself a sinner, when the law written on his heart—the *semen aeternitatis*, the *divinae particulae*,¹ the Christ consciousness—begins to arise in his heart. "*Pectus facit Christianum.*"² The psychological necessity of resistance wrought in the very constitution of his nature, ultimately the instinct of self-preservation, compels him at first to oppose this beautiful enemy. Nature rightly forces us to try every new comer and put it to some crucial test, in order to learn whether it approaches as a friend or foe. And so, at any rate in childhood and in the infancy of a nation, every word or act must be more or less an experiment. "*Prove all things: hold fast that which is good.*" "*Taste and see that the Lord is good.*" Again and again in the Old Testament as in the New, God invites criticism and challenges a discussion of His ways and judgments. For instance *Ezek.* xxxvi. 37.³ Of course, the Christ Principle, which runs through the entire cosmos, was always present in man, if latent. And but by contradiction could its beauty and burden and perfect truthfulness be elicited by man. And in the necessary negation and the appropriate preliminary refusal, by the disastrous consequences, was and is now the sense of sin really established as a betrayal of our best interests and better self—a rejection of our one hope and salvation, the Christ Ideal. No sin attaches to the initial movement of experimentation,

¹ "Seed of eternity"; "particle of divine breath."

² "The heart makes the Christian."

³ "*I will yet for this be enquired of by the house of Israel.*"

the contradiction of the new object arising in the mind. But it dates from the first consciousness, the subjective realisation of the truth, that this new Principle or new Ideal is Divine, the *maximum bonum*, the *ultimum bonum*, the best possible and best conceivable—when this has been repudiated for some selfish and immediate gain. The popular theory of some original and remote Fall, the invention of poets and dreamers, to explain the sources of sacred imaginations, glorious visions and splendid inspirations, merely means that man has something God-like in his nature and is capable of infinite elevation and expansiveness. Sin, when committed and seen to be suicidal as a piece of infatuated egoism opposed to a saving self-abnegation or altruism, seeks its relief in repentance. This finds rest and fulfils itself in the forgiveness (or forthgivingness) of God. Though all observation testifies that the saints and not the sinners, alone are able to plumb the deeps of transgression. The saints know the ideal is the real, and the ideal is Christ. But even they, at the outset of conscious responsible life, felt the critical instinct, the questioning antagonism, a saving impulse, and their earliest sins were but experiments in the right direction, as every dose of medicine ought to be. We discover now, in conclusion, that long before the Incarnation Christ in a psychological sense was “*made sin for us who knew no sin: that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him.*” “*Consider Him who endured such contradiction of sinners against Himself.*” Yes, and the Eternal Logos is still denied—*παντὶ λόγῳ Λόγος ἀντίκειται*.¹ And, though essentially the Positive Principle in its everlasting affirmation of the good, it operates as the negative in any particular

¹ “The Logos opposes every (lesser) logos.”

crisis when good clashes with evil, and is thus more positive than at any time. Christ, the immanent Logos, opposes the Anti-logos or the Alogon.

It was from the beginning, it is now, and it will be always, the emergence of the Christ Idea from the *tohu bohu* of undifferentiated feeling or incipient consciousness, with its startling challenge, that aroused and arouses and ever must arouse the antagonism of the opposition power. Self-sacrifice and self-indulgence (not laudable and necessary self-regardfulness) stand arrayed against each other in enmity. "*I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed: it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel.*" The one principle makes for righteousness and the other for unrighteousness. Man in his racial history repeats the three stages of the three great ascending orders, according to the Persian mystic :

A stone I died, and rose again a plant ;
A plant I died, and rose an animal ;
I died an animal and was born a man.

To which Christianity now adds a fourth line :

I died a man, and rose again a God.

We have here no question of metempsychosis, which it has been alleged anticipated the scientific doctrine of the conservation of energy—though that seems shaken or at any rate questioned now by the new chemistry. But all development ultimately implies a dynamic seed of difference, without which order and progress would be impossible. It was this which enabled the plant nature to rise above the stone stage and the animal nature to rise above the plant and the man nature to rise above the animal, and is enabling the God nature to rise above

the man. But the conflict, the *reductio ad Christum* or the *reductio ad Crucem*, the final appeal, the crucial test, has always repelled the animal nature yet cleaving to the man and excited the hostility of the latent beast. Tennyson sang wisely and well :

I envy not the beast that takes
His licence in the field of time,
Unfettered by the sense of crime,
To whom a conscience never wakes.

The brute man feels irresistibly forced by the needs and antipathies of his dual nature to put things to the ordeal. "*Fiat experimentum ! Scientia potentia !*"¹ "Yea, hath God said, Ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden ? Ye shall not surely die. For God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil." When the brute man doubts or denies at first, surely he is within his rights. The brute and the man must take each other's measure, and learn which shall be master. And even the animal can be and will be built into the foundations, as the stone and the plant have been. The sloughing off of the old ascendancy and the early disposition means a matter of time, a painful process and the sword-edge of many a sharp decision. "*Experientia docet.*" The beast if in possession must feel himself no longer at home. And every sensual success is fatal and tears away another glittering mask from sin and shows its sinfulness by proving selfishness to be suicide, in that it yielded no true and lasting satisfaction, but only disappointment. Each fresh decision, whether the victory of brute or man, must have an increasing moral effect. It strengthens the character,

¹ "Let the trial be made ! Science is power."

and the ethical atmosphere charged with infinite potentialities grows apace. Sometimes falling, sometimes rising, but always progressing by falls as well as by rises, the man gradually gains the predominance, and the brute goes undermost to his own place. "*On apprend en faillant.*" The accumulated energy of divine failures—for spiritually nothing succeeds like unsuccess—with the unsquandered waste of effort and the immortal losses, must all enter into the grand total result. The crucified reign and rule *per crucem ad lucem*.

Sin was and is a Divine experiment, no less than a racial experiment, which Christ accepted Himself in His Temptation. Had He not conformed to the common ordeal He would not have been Human. Nay, we may, we must add, He would not have been Divine, in not recognising the universal fact and resisting it. For, as we have said elsewhere, sin consists in the evasion of the conflict and a surrender to the selfish or beast nature. At a certain stage and age of mental development we cannot escape a conviction, which appears to strike its roots in eternity, that we are free only to follow what is universally called good and not evil. The ego discovers an innate kinship to righteousness. Goethe explained sympathy by pre-incarnation. But we need not resort here to such a forlorn expedient, when a better one lies close at hand. For the sympathy of the soul with the good testifies, if anything can, to a heavenly origin. It is a Divine orientation, and reveals the truth that God and man have a common morality or the same ideas of right and wrong, and a common spiritual nature. Van Helmont taught that but for the distorting and baneful influence of earth and human society, babies

would speak Hebrew at their birth! We need not believe this, but we may rest assured that at a certain stage of consciousness the heart knows and the conscience speaks a heavenly language. Sin, if we accept this view, as we must, appears a fact that tends to diminish by slow degrees, as a thing outgrown. Under present conditions we can foresee no complete conquest or closing limit to its temptations. But then, as Lessing proudly said, "Is not the whole of eternity ours?" And when we realise the truth that a state of sin is a perpetual theomachy, that crucifies Christ afresh and injures the innocent and in the end countless souls as well as it injures ourselves, we shall not dare to think lightly of the very least sin, which, whatever else it may be, operates as the act of a coward and a slave and an enemy of the human race, and strikes at God and man alike. "*But God forbid that I should glory save in the Cross of Our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world.*" "*Nulla crux, O quanta crux!*"¹

Arise and fly
The reeling Faun, the sensual feast,
Move upward, working out the beast,
And let the ape and tiger die.

F. W. ORDE WARD.

¹ "No cross! How great a cross!"

ON THE PRIMITIVE MEANING OF SACRIFICE.

L. WALLACE, M.B. (OXON.).

THE more one looks at the different religions of the world and the basal ideas involved in them, both from the aspect of present-day acceptation and from the older point of view—perhaps more nearly connected with the underlying verity—the more one is convinced that the great differences which exist between the two presentments are largely due to a simple misunderstanding of words. This misunderstanding arises in part from the subtle change of meaning which words undergo as a language grows up, and in part from the extraordinary tenacity with which an apparently easy solution, when once it has been attached to a really incomprehensible formula, sticks in the general mind. Hence it is often surprising what a light is thrown on hard words and sayings by stripping them of associated and acquired meaning, and trying as well as one may to find the *kind* of sense which is really inherent in them.

There is, however, another possible cause of these difficulties, and this I am afraid may not appear so self-evident as that just mentioned. If we look at mankind around us, both individually and in masses, we must be struck by the huge differences in the 'level of consciousness,' if I may so put it, which we find as normal to them.

I should like first of all to distinguish carefully

that level the drink takes 'him' in the head, if above it then the disturbance cuts 'him' off from his feet. I may add that a study of dreaming leads to exactly similar results. It may of course be objected that this diagrammatic and spacial statement of the case is not true. No doubt it is only partially so; but the same applies to any other treatment (short of realising the reality behind the phenomenon which we are not yet in a position to do) and, further, the recent discoveries in physics make it much more comprehensible than it was a few years ago.

Considering now the evolution of consciousness in man, we must first take note of a possibly false sign-post which has for long been kept standing by the anthropologists. What was primitive man like? Like the pigmies, the Australian blacks, the bush-men, the cave-men, or the Aztecs? I hardly think so. The 'primitive' people whom we can now observe seem to be the last degenerate remains of great civilisations and can hardly be like the elements from which these civilisations rose. But we are not here dealing with the primitive man, but with civilised man—with man civilised enough to evolve a religion—a very different thing from remembering a religion. If we look at the externals of the earliest religions of which we know anything, we find them to have been polytheistic in comparison with what we are now pleased to call monotheistic religion. Why this gradual change? I would suggest, as a promising idea, that man's form of religion depends on his 'level of consciousness' (*not* on his level of intellect).

Let us then postulate such 'levels of consciousness' as I have already mentioned, recognising, as we must, that they are essentially the response of the

different levels of the life in the man to the stimuli from the corresponding levels of the life outside. Time must have been when man was more identified with his body than any animal about whose state of consciousness we are able to hazard even a guess, when his consciousness and the consciousness of nature were very near akin. He met and knew the nature-gods, not as depicted mentally in later days, but vitally. The old rituals were not *nonsense*, they were *pure* sense (not intellect). Man drove his bargains with the gods in whom he lived. If one has to deal with a nature-god, or anything else, there are two ways open to us. On the whole I think one is the way of nature and the other the way of mind; but we can sometimes use either,—if we wish to deal with electricity for example. If I ‘make a magic’ with the lightning not to destroy my house, I proceed by the nature way, that of least resistance, and put up a lightning conductor. In the case of a dynamo, I use the mind-way and wear rubber gloves. All rituals, I would suggest, are without interest or value to the man who knows. They are only for the instruction and preservation of the man who has forgotten. Whether it be the Vedic ritual teaching men who had forgotten, how to move among the nature-forces to which they were still subject, or the Roman ritual teaching man to clear himself and his babies and his churches and his houses of unclean emotional beings, human, semi-human or non-human, it is all the same. Though probably, from inherent evidence, much younger than the Vedic, the Roman ritual is far older than 2,000 years, it is the old ritual natural to the soil of the West, as was the Vedic to that of the East.

Having now more or less cleared the ground I will

come to the real point of these imaginings. But first I should like to try to safeguard myself from a misconception which might give pain to many and do no good to my cause. It would be again a misconception due to words. There is One God, not, clearly, only one manifestation of Godhead, for history shows us that gods there are in abundance, from the thirty crores of Hindu devas on by gradual stages, gradually manifesting more and more of the One, but never reaching It till we are something more than men, as we now understand the word. So, if I speak with what some may think too great reverence of little godlings, it is because to the men who worshipped them they represented all that was to be comprehended.

Sacrifice is a difficult word. We are so accustomed to connect it with the killing of a horse, or of an emotion, that we seldom look further; but at the back of it lies a Sanskrit word meaning to unify. So 'sacred' and 'holy' (or 'wholly,' for they are the same word), and 'saved' (which is 'whole,' or 'healed,') 'communion,' 'at-one-ment,' are all the same thing, and, incidentally, 'religion' and 'yoga' (*jugum*, a yoke) are most likely the first essential steps in the process, a linking together as a first step to unification.

Sacrifice is thus properly an internal operation whereby one puts oneself, or a portion of oneself, in unison with something outside, whether it be by means of a lightning-conductor, or by *sym-pathising*, or making oneself of like passion, with another whom we wish to understand and help, or with the Everywhere that it may save and heal us. There is a passage in the *Bhagavad Gītā* which had often puzzled me. "Nourish the gods and the gods will nourish you in return." As they are 'gods' it clearly means they are more or less

of the Vedic sort. It is difficult for us now to look at things in the old way without some practice, but I will try to explain things as I see them. Take for instance Agni, the fire-god. His body is *all* fire, his soul (so to speak) *all* fiery emotions, and so on. From this point of view man's body and soul are made up, as it were, of portions of the different gods which man has drawn together and welded into an instrument for his own use. When he holds his hand to the fire or makes use of his eyes, or thinks a heated thought, he vivifies that constituent part of it which he has taken from Agni. The Great Life flows through it more fully, as does the blood through a muscle which we use; he does the god a service—and, as action and reaction are equal, there flows back to him a like vivification from the god. The Life pours out through the man into the world tinged by his prayer, and if it is strong enough it manifests his prayer—his prayer is answered.

All this implies that there is what may be called a functional connection between the man and his god. When this connection is not functional the need of a mediator arises. In Vedic times Agni was a mediator and carried the sacrifice to the other gods; without him they were cut off from their worshippers. He was the prototype of the priest, and with the burnt offering, which the higher gods 'smelt' and the lower gods consumed, a new order of things began. It is on such ideas as these that we are in the habit, not unnaturally, of basing our ideas of mediation, vicarious atonement, and so on. The notion of vicarious atonement with a connotation such as this is a very repugnant one to some types of mind. The strenuous or scientific man is inclined to feel, if he ever looks on these things seriously, that he has no right to call on another to

discharge his debts, to be his sacrifice, even though he may be quite reconciled to the idea of an official who receives, gives receipt, and passes on to the god his offerings. This is I think a very justifiable attitude, but perhaps we do not really understand the position.

To use a parable ; when, for reasons which we do not yet understand, it is thunder-weather, a tension is set up between earth and sky and Jove prepares to hurl his thunder-bolts. In Bible-language, " God is wroth " (and by an odd coincidence ' wroth ' means ' twisted '). In such a case a lightning-conductor with its foot firmly bedded in the earth, while its top reaches to the sky, can do away with the tension and produce at-one-ment.

Now the essence of a good lightning-conductor is that it shall be firmly bedded in earth and that it shall have no weak spot in it, otherwise it will be itself destroyed. A lightning-conductor does not act for the earth, though the tension is due to the earth, but for the living things between the earth and sky. They and their dwellings are possible conductors, but so inefficient that they would be destroyed in the process.

So, in the larger case, though animal man is the cause of the trouble, it is not for him that the sacrifice is made, nor for him that the atonement is produced. The Christ-seed sprouting in him and reaching up towards God is as yet too feeble to reconcile for itself its ' earth ' and ' sky,' and in the struggle between them it is in danger of destruction. For in each man there grows a vine-shoot, which hourly suffers passion, stretched between the beast and the God in him. By this suffering it grows and gains in strength, sheltered from stress beyond its powers by the overshadowing protection of the greater Vine.

L. WALLACE.

THE TWO SPIRITS WITHIN ME.

EVA M. MARTIN.

GOD be thanked, the meanest of his creatures
Boasts two soul-sides!—BROWNING.

THERE are within me two spirits who rule my life by turns. One is the spirit of the Ideal; the other, the spirit of the Matter-of-Fact. It is not the old story of the 'artistic temperament,' or of the oft-recurring struggle between the woman and the artist in one human soul. It is two distinctly opposed and conflicting trends of character. One is of the nature of Spirit, and the other is of the nature of Matter; but I choose to call them both 'spirits,' believing that Spirit and Matter must ultimately be only different manifestations of the same Universal Life.

During those too rare and brief periods when sovereignty is shared equally between them, I am perfectly happy. Then life is a well-balanced whole. Because I am facing things straightly, with wide-open eyes, I see that the Ideal is in very truth the Real, and that there is no barrier between the two—that indeed they are not two, but one. The poetical and the prosaic meet, and merge. All is joy and unity; there is no separateness without me, no discord within. Physically, emotionally, mentally, and spiritually, I glow with the Divine Fire of Being. At such times I wake up every morning in a state of rapturous anticipation. Another day to live! Things to be felt, to be

learnt, to be done! I thank God for having given me this body, these powers of feeling, this capacity for gaining and storing up knowledge, this desire for Life. Each day brings home to me afresh the truth of the distinction made by that wonderful poet and mystic, Henry Vaughan, between life false and real:

Thou art a toylsome Mole, or less,

A moving mist.

But life is, what none can express,

A quickness, which my God hath kist.

"A quickness, which my God hath kist." When one's state is described only by such living words as these, how can outward material conditions have any baleful influence upon it? The sun shines, or does not shine. No matter. If the world is outwardly beautiful, I enjoy it. If not, it still contains endless inward beauty for my delight. I dust a room—and sing. I cook—and feel as if I were some wise magician turning earth to gold. Then, these duties over, I can fly to the work that I love, bury myself in it, and, in a new way, *live*.

But things go wrong perhaps. I have to do something that I would rather not do. I am denied something that I had wanted and hoped for. This is painful; but still, it is all experience. Out of it all I can learn some new lesson, can extract some new grain of wisdom. There is a well-spring of happiness within me which no outward circumstances or events have the power to quench. Or perhaps someone I love is in trouble. I am reminded that there is sorrow in the world as well as joy. But sorrow is only a dark way leading towards the Light—while I, I am alive, I can help, I can love. These are happy times.

When the spirit of the Ideal gets the upper hand I

am happy, too—more exalted, but not so well-balanced. I see only the bright side of life, refusing to look on the dark, or even to admit that it exists. All shall be beautiful. With that which is not beautiful I will have no dealings. Poetry in life, in work, in thought, is the only good worth striving for. There shall be no such thing as prose for me. I will live in the clouds. I will aspire and soar, and turn my mind away from earth and from the things of everyday. Life shall be one glorious pæan of delight, without a jarring chord. Trouble, pain, sadness? They are illusions; they do not really exist. Life is all poetry, romance, adventure, and there are no shadows. It is man's sole duty to be happy. With unhappiness I have no real sympathy (though I do not admit this at the time). The truth is that unhappiness is not real to me—because I am not thoroughly alive. But suddenly an awakening comes. Some event, quite small perhaps, but hideously ugly, appallingly prosaic, tears the veil of illusion from my eyes. Or some spoken word drives like a knife into the depths of my fantasy-held heart, telling me that my dream is but a dream, that pain and sorrow are as real as joy—and the spirit of the Matter-of-Fact laughs covertly within me, knowing that its turn is at hand. I realise now that I have been living in only half a world, with only half a soul, and the realisation hurts. The shock of the awakening plunges me for a time into a pit of despair, and then, the spirit of the Ideal, which has been let grow so strong, at last yields up its sceptre and takes an equal or a secondary place. When the first happens, I again become a completely harmonious being, finding Real and Ideal equally essential, living equally in both.

These are two phases—but what of the third?

The third is, as a rule, insidious, slow in its growth, tenacious in its endurance. Sometimes it comes upon me suddenly, through no apparent cause, and departs as suddenly, having troubled me only as a passing mood. Sometimes I can trace its growth—thus: I pass through a period of well-balanced happiness, finding life good and every moment of it well worth living. Then it may happen that there are extra calls on my time. Small material worries and frictions insert their gnawing fangs into my heart. I shake them off, but am too busy, or too tired, to clear away the traces of poison that they have left. This is a crucial period. This is one of those times when, as Emerson has put it, “the whole world seems to be in conspiracy to importune you with emphatic trifles. Friend, client, child, sickness, fear, want, charity, all knock at once at thy closet door, and say ‘Come out unto us.’”—But —“Do not spill thy soul,” he says, “do not descend; keep thy state; stay at home in thine own heaven; come not for a moment into their facts, into their hubbub of conflicting appearances, but let in the light of thy law on their confusion.” Counsel of perfection, which only the few have sufficient strength and purity to follow. I, alas, have not. I “spill my soul.” I descend, reluctantly but none the less decidedly, “into their facts.”

I have to put by the work which had been an unfailing source of joy for all my spare moments. It is at a critical stage. I am intensely interested in it. But better leave it for a time than continue it hurriedly and half-heartedly. I shall come back to it all the fresher for the rest and change of occupation. So I tell myself in hope. I turn away from it and listen to the small duty-calls that clamour round me.

Ways and means, perhaps, have to be discussed, and as time goes on my whole mind has to be given to the prosaic things that thrust themselves upon me at every turn. They fill my thoughts more and more. I have no time, no energy,—soon no desire—to read poetry or to learn it. (The change will be good for me, I say.) And the spirit of the Matter-of-Fact gloats and chuckles within me, and gathers all its strength together for a long, long reign. It has been very truly said that there is no sorrow, or loss, or pain of life equal to the experience of the human being who falls from serene spiritual heights into what George Eliot has called “the soul-wasting struggle with worldly annoyances”—soul-wasting that struggle is indeed; almost soul-destroying.

But after a while the pressing duties are over. The sordid worries and discords have died down. Each day I have more time to do with as I will. Now I must begin to live more fully, to be less one-sided, to give scope to that part of my nature which has fallen into deep sleep. But wait, says another impulse. Not just yet. An effort will be needed, and I am tired and must rest a little before making it. So I sink back into the Matter-of-Fact. The poetical side of life might as well not exist, for all the consideration I give it. The part of me that cares about it has been drugged to sleep. . . . Let it sleep a little longer. It is too much trouble to rouse it. Perhaps it will wake of its own accord if I leave it alone and do not watch it.

But it does not wake. Only now and then it moves and sighs, as if half-stifled. This hurts, and I am angry at being hurt. Why can it not sleep quietly and leave me in peace? At last, one day when it has been stirring more restlessly than usual, I make a big

effort, and try to renew my interest in the work that I had put away weeks or months ago. But in vain. I can scarcely believe that it was I who wrote it. It seems to mean nothing to me now. The burning enthusiasm that once shone through it is gone, and I find only strings of empty phrases, bald and unsuggestive. I am filled with a most bitter and despairing disappointment, and deliberately I formulate a wish that I may never write or desire to write anything again. Still more deliberately and fervently I wish that the part of me that worships beauty and poetry in all things, the spirit of the Ideal within me, might die—die for ever and ever, die now, at once, and leave me in peace to live an ordinary, placid, matter-of fact life.

Then there is a struggle,—a rending, tearing, agonising struggle in my inmost heart. “Let me out! Let me wake! I am stifled; you are killing me. You are not happy without me. You are not alive. If you kill me, you kill yourself. O, let me out, so that you may live again!”

I listen in silent anguish. I know that I have been a traitor to the best in me, and a murderer in thought. I despise myself utterly—but I cannot move, I cannot help. . . . The voice grows faint and dies away. The spirit of the Matter-of-Fact takes a firmer seat upon the throne of my being. Its feet are pressing on my heart. . . . But I know now that the fight is beginning, that it will have to be fought out to an end—and this is not the first time, or the last.

Solitude will not help me. I must go out where people are—people who are pulsating with life, not numb and cold as I am. They feel things; each one of them is vitally interested in something or somebody.

I talk and laugh with them—but I feel nothing. There is nothing anywhere that can interest me, for the part of me that feels, that is my Self, is dead. I have killed it. I have been living without feeling. . . . Living, did I call it?

Yet there is a ray of hope, for I remember the struggle that raged in me in that murderous moment. The thing that struggled is surely not quite dead; it is only starved, suffocated, buried out of sight. It would not be able to hurt me but for the faint life that still animates it. My task now is to draw that life up from the grave into which I have thrust it; to wake it, to nourish it, to make it once more *alive*. . . . I will go to Nature. I will bask in the sun, drink the scents of earth and air, hear the wind in the trees, and watch the spring buds unfold their magic greenery. . . . Yes, it is beautiful. My mind enjoys and appreciates the loveliness, but it awakens no answering thrill in my heart. Truly I am not alive. Let me try Art. There is a picture that I love. I gaze at it for a long time. But I see it only with outer, not with inner, eyes. I do not really “see” it at all. With Music it is the same. I listen to great pure chords, to swelling waves of sounds, to melodies honey-sweet and clear—but without enthusiasm. I am not borne away over the Sea of Music towards those Islands of the Blessed which only music-lovers know. I admire and criticise and appreciate—with my mind only. . . . Will Poetry too fail? I take down, half in fear, a well-loved book. How long it seems since last I turned the pages! The form is beautiful, the thought is sublime. I do not wonder that this book has been as a friend to me. But . . . what has happened? I read, and yet feel nothing. Where is that glow of rare delight

that used to flame within me at the immortal touch of poetry such as this? . . . My heart is cold. O Spirit, will you never wake? How long am I to bear this living death?

Days pass. I get up in the morning, caring for nothing. There is nothing that I want to do. I do not wish to read or to write or to work, either with my hands or with my brain. Things that have to be done I do mechanically, without zest. I am plumbing the lowest depths of selfishness. This uncaring, unfeeling numbness—what is selfishness, if not this? I know that I am useless to myself and to others. I shun human intercourse, and grow to hate myself, so that I do not mind what happens to me. I go to bed at night, caring still less. Only sleep is a friend. If it were not for the waking, I should love sleep. Yet at these times even sleep is traitorous. I wake often in the night, full of vague fear, and with a heavy-beating heart. . . . My self-contempt grows vast; I am crushed to the ground beneath its weight.

Human love seems to have gone far away from me. I am in a world apart, living amid shadows of strangers, behind barriers that even love cannot overpass. But one day a friend comes. She knows something of my state. Her eyes tell me of her love; but her presence rouses no answering chord in my soul. O help me, wake me, touch me, make me *feel*! Yet no, no; stop! You will have to go away. You cannot stay with me; and I dare not feel your love now, only to lose you so soon. I must struggle out alone, gradually, and without your help. . . . And yet you *have* helped me. Your love, your nearness, and your unspoken understanding have touched some vital part of me. Now that you are gone, I feel indeed. Pain

and loneliness? Yes, but what of that? Am I not glad to feel anything, be it sorrow or joy?

But I am not alive yet. The struggle is not over. . . . Can God help? Truly He could, if I could get near to Him. I have tried many times; but when the part of me that feels is dead, how can I reach Him? How can He, even He, reach me? I know that His Love is there waiting for me, but I cannot touch it. The doors of my soul are closed. My prayers do not rise. My thoughts do not burn within me, striving heavenwards. I trust Him, I believe in Him, as ever—but the connecting link between my soul and Him is broken. How am I to mend it? . . . Only you can mend it, O sleeping Spirit! Wake!

What can it be that I want? What will help me to awaken this fainting, dying spirit of the Ideal? Is it human love that I need always at my side, the burning, living love of another soul for mine? Yet I have love of many kinds, and have always cherished it as the most sacred gift that man can give to man. Well do I know in my heart that love is the only thing that matters, in this world or the next, and that it will be, ultimately, the only thing that I shall desire to feel. No, I do not lack human love. . . . Can it be God's Love, then? But that, too, I have. I know that it is all around me and that if there were in me any power of feeling it, it would be within me also. But there is no power of feeling Beauty left. I turned my back upon it, filled my mind with paralysing material thoughts and petty cares, and the power atrophied and nearly died. O Spirit, awake, awake!

How does this phase pass? I cannot tell. I only know that at last, slowly, my heart grows warm again. Words, read or spoken, may help. A bird's song, a

prayer, a sunny morning with the smell of wet earth after rain, a smile, a touch, a realisation of love for me in another heart—all these things do help, but I cannot say to which of them the final victory is due. By degrees, the Matter-of-Fact ceases to crush me. I have a sensation of immense relief, and to test its truth I descend like a swooping bird upon the work that so often has been my solace and comfort. What joy, to find it real again! The fire of enthusiasm burns up within me. It is worth while to go on trying, even if I fail, as so often before.

For I feel, I feel! God, human love, poetry, music, nature, and art—all are real again. The spirit of the Ideal unfolds its crushed and trampled wings, and gloriously seats itself upon the throne beside that other spirit.

This is the lesson given me to learn—that both are real and both necessary; that lacking either, I cannot fully realise the hidden potentialities that I possess for use, for joy, for good. I am living in a world of matter—of prose—and I must not lose contact with it or I forfeit the lessons it can teach me, and have to be brought back with cruel force to a sense of its reality. But I am also living in a world of spirit—of poetry—and by losing contact with *it*, I lose everything that makes life in the material world bearable—or useful. The Ideal world without the Matter-of-Fact is a possibility, but it is not meant to be, and never can be, a lasting one for souls enclosed in flesh. The Matter-of-Fact world without the Ideal is—spiritual death.

To find out how to keep the balance permanently even between these two warring sides of my nature—this is my task. In this way only can I learn to LIVE.

EVA M. MARTIN.

THE SECRET OF THE SEA.

I.

TELL me, O Sea, thy secret ; speak to me, soul to soul :
I hear the boom of thy billows ; I see them surge and roll :
There is something that they are saying as they break on the
foaming beach ;—
Something that they would tell me if I could but learn their
speech.

II.

They come like a trampling army from some fateful far-off land :
They storm with unwearied onsets the ramparts of rock and sand :
Wave after wave, they perish. Is their travail void and vain ?
What realm do they strive to conquer ? What crown do they
strive to gain ?

III.

Afar in the misty distance, where loom like ghostly shapes,
Out of the clouds that haunt them, the giant headland capes,
As I trace the land's dim outline by the fringe of thy foaming
snow,
I think : Do the dark cliffs listen to the surf that breaks below ?

IV.

I have seen thee, O Sea, in summer, when thy waves were all
asleep,
And the blue of the sky above thee was matched by thine azure
deep :
What spell had bound thy waters ? What charm had hushed
their strife ?
What dream, what vision of glory, had tranced thy mighty life ?

V.

And in the wintry season, O dark tempestuous Sea !
 When storm-clouds hid the heavens, and the wild winds wandered
 free,—
 I have seen thy terrible surges scourging the streaming reefs,
 And caught in their echoed thunder the plaint of thy voiceless
 griefs.

VI.

On gusty days, far inland, borne by the rushing blast,
 The flakes of thy foam have met me, and kissed me as they passed :
 And as I drank enraptured the breath of the spraying brine,
 Thy mystic message thrilled me, but I could not make it mine.

VII.

When the sun is slowly sinking, and the world grows wildly bright,
 And sea and sky are mingled in a mist of crimson light,
 Vainly my soul has striven, through the gates of the glowing West,
 To win the golden shore-line of thine " Islands of the Blest."

VIII.

Or when, full-orbed and lustrous, the moon is throned on high,
 And paths of gleaming silver across thy ripples lie,—
 Though soft as a dying zephyr the breeze of midnight blows,
 More passionate far than passion is thy deep divine repose.

* * * * *

IX.

Oh there's a life profounder than the life that we deem our own :
 There are words that are never spoken, and thoughts that are
 never known ;
 And secret gusts of passion, and wild far-wandering dreams,
 And sudden spectral shadows and swift mysterious gleams.

X.

What do they mean? We know not. Why do they come and go?
Where is the fount that feeds them? Whence do their storm-
winds blow?

Vain thoughts! With cant and custom the world still walls us in;
And we may not guess what passes in the hidden depths within.

XI.

Yet at times, for timeless moments, there come to all and each
Flashes of sudden splendour, yearnings that crave for speech:
But swift as the light that dazzles is its cruel dark eclipse;
And the soul's unspoken message dies on our faltering lips.

XII.

Dies! Will it ne'er be spoken? O vast encircling Sea!
Thine is the voice eternal of the life that is dumb in me:
I hear in thy surging thunder the sound of my soul's unrest;
And thy fathomless depths of silence are the dream-deep life of my
breast.

XIII.

Murmur, O Sea, thy message; speak to me, deep to deep:
We are swept by the same fierce passions; we sleep the same
moonlit sleep:
For I think that thy restless waters through the gulfs of my life
have rolled;
And I think that my heart has suffered whatever thy waves have
told.

XIV.

Speak to me, spirit to spirit: thou art more than symbol or sign;
For thine are the very pulses of the life that is lost in mine:
From afar, from the soul's expanses, the winds have wafted thy
breath;
And thy murmuring surges whisper of the infinite deeps of death.

EDMUND HOLMES,

THE AUTHOR OF 'THE CREED OF BUDDHA.'

SPIRITUAL ROMANCE.

ERNEST RHYS.

WHETHER it deal with earthly or heavenly desire, Romance must, to gain its ends, be built on reality. It must not, cannot be a relation of newspaper incident to common appetite, but if it is to have human salt enough along with its finer condiment, it must be drawn from the romancer's own profound experience. He must have had original dealings with the world visible and invisible, and according to the reality of his vision his tales of adventure through the known into the unknown will be born. Thus much it may be well to say, since to-day what are called romance and romantic art are often taken to deal with mere illusion, disguises of truth,—fancy-stuff heaped up in the fool's paradise of young lovers, which is going to be blown away by the first gust of experience. Here, however, I use it in its authentic sense, conceiving it as a form of narrative art that sprang up in the mediæval exuberance of the soul, urged by man's old necessity to adjust himself to the odds and the mortal terrors of circumstance.

The faculty of perceiving these things truly and then of expressing them with a kind of choice epic difference, always and inevitably suggesting the something more that lies behind sensation, and place and time,—this is the romancer's gift and it is a rare one. But rare as it is, it can be gained by children and the supposed fools of nature; and by all of us who, not content to

be mechanical atoms, count ourselves memoried and second-sighted creatures. In this belief, the opening testimony of almost the first witness that comes to hand, may do to break a way into the thicket,—the evidence of one unimportant small boy.

It was my good fortune at the age of five or six to be living in an old house, situate in an old country town of Dimetia. The house had been a Bishop's palace; it had, as I recollect it, noble rooms, and the noblest was a long drawing-room with three tall windows. Now, outside in the square was a street lamp—a lonely and feeble gas-lamp with a flame more tawny-yellow than you see nowadays; and it cast an oblique pattern of the end window on the ceiling and part of the gold and white cornice of the room. This casement, so pale, so immaterial, had a hardly to be explained fascination for the child. Especially once, when the painters were coming and the room had been emptied, I remember his pausing at the door and looking at the pallid panes with a sort of mingled terror and childish ecstacy. What was to be seen through its impalpable filmy wavering twelve squares? The child's other country, the Isle of Emain; or the narrow street with our simple other-selves in it, who find the taste of Paradise in a crust of bread?

The cabinet is formed of gold
And pearl and crystal shining bright,
And within it opens into a world
And a little lovely moony night.

Another England there I saw,
Another London with its tower,
Another Thames and other hills,
And another pleasant Surrey bower.

You remember Blake's 'Crystal Cabinet'—a

further expression of the same secret land or town. From such childlike beginnings springs the power over the untold, which can be developed into vision, for is it not true that all experiences, where the terrestrial opens on the supernal, are to be tested, not by the rule of books and philosophy only, but by the whims, notions, dreams and impulsive beliefs that are in the plastic convolutions of a child's brain? You know what lights and shadows are to the babe or child that has not lost her 'innocence of the eye'? Out of them she weaves a world, intimate to herself as the candle on her chest of drawers, marvellous and large as infinity. And as the child goes on, and grows and adds desire to desire, restraint to restraint, experience to experience, still wishing to make her vision larger, she returns to her childish modes and finds there the symbol she requires. Put a flower in a glass on your child's mantelpiece, and put a candle then below it, so that it casts a shadow on the wall. Out of such commerce of light and shadow on an ordinary wall, the romancer gets at the secret of his revelation. It may be a door, or a window; or a microscope, or a candle; or a star in heaven or a star in a puddle. "Any light or light-bringer will do, if you have eyes to see." So says the spiritual creature that waits in thin element or in the clay for the hour of escape.

I have taken the most obvious symbol in the whole vocabulary, Light, one which counted in the primitive nature-myths and folk-tales, as it does in the secondary romance-forms where the childlike mind has been touched with supernal desire and transcendent dissatisfaction,—the renunciation of the earthly for the heavenly passion, the exchange of crude sensation for imaginative vision. For Light has as inevitable a part

in romance as in science itself. You know how in Dante's *Vita Nuova*, which is a consummate romance of spiritual love created in the death and life of souls of lovers, he sees the multitude of angels bearing a white cloud, *nebuletta bianchissima*, and singing gloriously; and you know how in one of the *Canzoniere* the Beauty of Beatrice rains down flamelets of fire. In that you have the symbols highly charged. But Dante's is intense and developed art. You must not let him divert you from the quest of romance in the primary forms, of which the Celtic and Arthurian tales are full.

Take, then, one of the most transitional of the Quest-romances, the 'Sir Percival.' You may remember how Percival in the *Conte del Graal* is riding by night in the forest beyond the Graal Castle, with the Mysterious Lady of the Mule, when he lost sight of her. And then he beheld a most radiant light,—to steal an image from another of these tales,—as though "all the torches of the world were on fire." Next day he finds it was the shining of the Sanogreal, which King Fisher carries out amid the trees. The modern critic says that is a dealing with illusory and non-essential things, outside our experience. But to me, it seems a more vital and real expression of the quest of man for his heart's desire, and his grand adventure through nature and the supernatural to the white-walled town of Sarras and the Isle of Youth.

If so, shall we not agree that youth, urged by the old inevitable ardour—for "male and female created he them,"—and kindling anew the world with it, sees truer than the so-called man of the world? The man of the world, too, has his relative ideas and his sensual algebra: the landscape suggests the morning train, the train his club, the club the newspaper. There, if you

please, is his reliable daily document: facts always related to sensation, events and circumstance put into common arithmetic.

How superior his estimate to that of romance which nevertheless cares and very profoundly cares about circumstance too. What is it, then,—this kind of art, that many will tell you we have superseded? It is peculiarly among all forms of art the narrative rendering of the predicament of Man, mortal or immortal, conditioned by time and circumstance. It uses a language of its own, just as the newspapers use a language of their own. But the words of it are not gross and temporal but noble and suggestive, and the sense of Place is everywhere instinctive; joined with the human interest, the Place-interest is of the very essence of the thing. The forest is alive in the tale, the trees are ominous, the stream has a dissuasive or an angry voice. In the Scottish Gaelic romance of 'Deirdire,' beautifully translated by Mr. Alex. Carmichael, you may remember that the very voice of the hunter and predestinate lover seems, in the ear of imagination, and by a conversion of this fantasy, to be a cry of birds. "What is that, nurse-mother?" "Only the birds of the air astray from each other, and seeking one another!"

In this regard for the appearances and signs of nature, in this feeling for place, and for the regions of human experience where inherited memory plays upon new aspiration, and where the last step is the gate of the other country, the wood beyond the world, Spiritual Romance has served us before and will surely serve us again.

It has not exhausted yet half the revealer's vocabulary. The true romancer can make the elements

speak to you with the tongues of men and angels. When one set of symbols is done with for the time being,—*e.g.* the Spear, the Castle, the Falcon, the Lion, the Serpent, the Predestined Virgin, the Woman, the Trees, the Leaves, the Flowers, he will find others as good. Somehow or other, he will lead you, as a friend of mine has expressed it,—through “successive chambers of increasing beauty leading to the central chamber where the heavenly inspiration is throned although outside the castle are wild beasts and mediæval dragons ramping in the darkness.” This refers to St. Theresa’s Castle built of a pure diamond; but each one of us will build the castle, as time, art and the spirit of thought allow; and I believe the day of its highest edification and development is to come.

ERNEST RHYS.

TRUTH OR FANCY?

ONCE on fancy’s wings I floated
Far beyond the bounds of Time,
Further than the highest mountain
Man could ever hope to climb.

Till I found that I was standing
In a land so strange and new,
That I murmured, wondering greatly :
“Am I dreaming? is this true?”

For the flowers were singing sweetly,
And the birds wore plumage gay,
And the mountains in the distance
Rosy seemed instead of grey.

THE QUEST

O'er my head the happy sunlight
Lent the sky a golden hue ;
Round my feet among the grasses
Buttercups were growing blue.

And I stooped to pluck a blossom,
As in proof of what I saw,
Thinking were that land to vanish
I should never see it more.

For I thought I must be dreaming
Of some Topsy-Turvy land,
Till awakened by the perfume
Of the flowers in my hand.

Since that day, with heart unailing,
I have sought the fairy scene ;
Dreaming not that all around me
Lay the land where I had been.

For alas ! our eyes are holden,
And we cannot deem it true,
That the skies above are golden,
And the buttercups are blue.

Dim and cloudy is our vision,
But our fancy, flying free,
May from hidden realms of magic
Bring some truth to you and me.

Truth we search for as a jewel ;
Fancy's home may give it birth ;
And our dreams may tell us clearly,
Heaven is very near to earth.

In our hearts the vision lingers,
If we once have felt its spell,
Bearing with it many treasures—
Truth or fancy ?—Who can tell ?

MARGARET GIRDLESTONE.

DISCUSSIONS.

'THE LIFE OF JESUS CHRIST IN HIS MYSTICAL BODY.'

THERE is much in Father Benson's interesting article in the October number of *THE QUEST* with which we may readily agree without assenting to his main thesis,—namely, that there is a special and exclusive 'Society' on earth which is the 'Mystical Body' of Jesus Christ.

I hope to show here that the premises from which the writer of the article starts, and the arguments he employs, are in themselves of such a nature that the deduction we must make is just the very opposite of that for which he is contending; in other words, that the 'Life' of Christ, in the extended sense in which Father Benson accepts it, must be one which is animating the whole of Humanity; or, at the very least—and to use his own words—that "He must gather into union with Himself all those individual souls capable of the assimilation" (p. 16).

First we may note that Father Benson claims that there is "one Society, and one alone, which in my opinion fulfils the conditions necessary for a coherent Body in which the Life of Christ is to be perpetuated" (p. 29). He further asks: "Is there any Society but one in which the present consciousness is so divinely arrogant as to utter her Founder's very words: Come unto Me. . . . I am the Way, the Truth and the Life?" (p. 29). After such statements it is somewhat curious to find him saying: "The identification of that Society I have not attempted" (p. 30). With all due deference I must submit that he has identified it over and over again in his article; and, indeed, without such an identification his whole contention would be meaningless. What he probably means is, that he has not advanced any special arguments in favour of this identification. The term "divinely arrogant" which he applies to this Society does not appear to be a very happy one. Arrogant means pretentious, overbearing, unreasonable; but however well these terms may apply to the 'Society' he indicates, we must submit that anything which is arrogant cannot be 'divinely' so, for there can be no arrogance in anything truly divine. Since Father Benson has so clearly indicated the 'Society' which he has in mind, we need have no

compunction in naming it; and what we have now to do is to enquire whether—upon the premises which Father Benson himself lays down—this particular ‘Society’ does or does not exhibit the characteristics and quality of the Life of Jesus Christ.

Under this head Father Benson states his thesis in the following words: “If the Life of the Mystical Body be indeed the very Life of Jesus Christ, it will manifest His characteristics—such, for example, as are enumerated in the Gospels, so far as we believe those to be a true record of His life” (p. 18). The principal “characteristics” which Father Benson enumerates are three in number: (1) “He will ‘speak with authority,’ and not as the Scribes” (p. 18). (2) “He will exhibit also in His life to-day, acting through the unity of the cells in which He lives, the same powers as those described in the Gospels. There will be, for example, no break in the continuity of miracles” (p. 18). (3) “He, dwelling in His Mystical Body, will experience the same incidents now as then” (p. 19).

It is specially to be noted here, in view of what follows, that this last sentence—as well as others—absolutely identifies the ‘Society’ with the ‘Mystical Body.’ The Society *is* the Mystical Body, and the Mystical Body *is* the Society; and it is the latter which Father Benson now claims will “experience the same incidents now as then.” Why the *same* incidents, however, Father Benson does not show.

As regards the first characteristic of this ‘Mystical Body’ or ‘Society,’ Father Benson claims that it “will speak with authority,” that in fact it will be “infallible” in its utterances (p. 20). This claim has been so often controverted, and shown to be untrue in the history of the Roman Catholic Church, that it is unnecessary to deal with it here.

The second claim with regard to ‘miracles’ demands a special word. Father Benson says: “These miracles will be explained by His (Jesus Christ’s) enemies in the same manner now as then. Either they did not happen, or they happened through some sinister energy other than that of God” (p. 19). Now it is notorious that this “explanation” is precisely the one which is given by the Roman Catholic Church for all ‘miracles’ which happen outside of its own ægis. If then this ‘explanation’ is a characteristic of the ‘enemies’ of the Christ Life in its present expression—the deduction is obvious.

It would be easy to show that many of the other “characteristics” which Father Benson enumerates are equally double-edged ;

but I must pass on to note the singular absence from his categories of at least three characteristics of the Life of Jesus Christ which not merely cannot be passed over, but which are much more vital than those already named. These three characteristics are: (1) His sinlessness. (2) His poverty. (3) His Love. Can it be said of *any* Society that it manifests the sinlessness of Christ? Is that special Society which Father Benson indicates poor as Jesus was poor? With its appalling record of crime and persecution, will Father Benson dare to say that it has manifested the quality of Love as Jesus Christ manifested it?

After reading his paper before The Quest Society, Father Benson was asked the specific question: Why cannot the 'Life' of Christ be operative in the whole of Humanity; why does not the whole of Humanity represent the great Drama of His Life? To this the reply given was: That such could not be the case *because the whole of Humanity is sinful*. The answer is a fatal one, for it implies that the special and exclusive 'Society' which it is claimed does actually represent that 'Life' must be sinless. Such a claim as that appears to be too 'arrogant' even for such a 'Society' to make; and, confronted with this dilemma, Father Benson fell back upon a "Mystical sinless Body of Christ," apparently meaning thereby a *supersensuous* 'Body.' But this is not merely abandoning the main thesis of his article, which absolutely identifies the 'Mystical Body' with the special 'Society'; but it is also an admission that—the 'Society' being sinful—there *can exist* a sinless 'Body' behind the sinful Body. In other words, if the 'Life' of Christ can be operative at all in a sinful Body, there is no reason why it should not be operative in the whole of Humanity.

Father Benson claims that each member of the 'Society' is, *ipso facto*, a part of the 'Mystical Body' of Christ. Each member is a 'cell' in that Body. But if this applies to the sinful personality of the member, then the 'Body of Christ' is simply made up of a number of sinful 'cells.' The 'Life' of Christ animates the whole body, and each cell partakes of it, and does its own special work by virtue of it. But if sinful 'cells' can thus partake of the Life, there is nothing to show why that Life, which is "the Life and Light of the *World*," should not be participated in by any and every individual member of the human Race who—in Father Benson's own words—is "capable of the assimilation." This is not merely in consonance with reason, but with the very spirit and letter of the New Testament.

Father Benson himself claims that Jesus Christ is "the Life and Light of the World" (p. 16); and if this is so, then it is the *World* which is His 'Body,' it is the whole of Humanity in which His 'Life' operates and energises. This doctrine is not merely that of the fourth gospel, and of the whole of the New Testament; it is also a pre-Christian or 'pagan' doctrine. St. Augustine tells us that "that which is called the Christian Religion existed among the ancients, and never did not exist, from the beginning of the human race until Christ came in the flesh, at which time the true religion which already existed began to be called Christianity" (*Episc. Retract.* I. xiii. 8). A recent writer in the *Quarterly Review* (July, 1910) has pointed out that "the fact cannot be denied that when the early preachers of Christianity explained the position of Jesus in the totality of things, they did so in terms which bore a close resemblance to conceptions already current in the heathen and Jewish worlds. To explain this fact will perhaps be the great problem of Christian theology for some time to come."

The real key is the *Logos* doctrine; and if a clear distinction were made between the historical Jesus and the Mystic Christ or *Logos*, half the difficulties of Christian theologians would vanish. For confirmation of this we may turn to the *Bhagavad Gītā*, where we find put into the mouth of Kṛiṣṇa—the incarnation of the Supreme Spirit or *Logos*—words and claims which are the exact parallel of those made by or for Jesus in the fourth gospel. There is, however, no confusion between the historical Kṛiṣṇa and the same character speaking as the *Logos* or Supreme Spirit. Further, there are no theological difficulties in connection with the sinless *Logos* energising in a lower or 'sinful' Nature. The Supreme Spirit is recognised as the source and Life of *All*; but nevertheless there is a clear distinction between His lower material Nature, and His superior Divine Life; or, as one might say in more modern terms, His immanency and His transcendency. The following quotations are from the translation of the *Bhagavad Gītā* by John Davies (Trübner's Oriental Series).

"I am the source of all the universe and its dissolution also" (vii. 6). "There is nothing, whether moving or fixed, that can exist without Me" (x. 39). "I have established in continuance all this universe by one part of Myself" (x. 42). "My spirit, which is the source of all, supports all things but dwells not in them" (ix. 5). "I am the beginning and the middle and the end of all things" (x. 20).

Such sayings of Jesus as "Come unto Me. . . . I

am the Way, the Truth and the Life," are claimed by Father Benson as unique; but they are paralleled in many places in the *Bhagavad Gītā*. For instance, "I am the way, the sustainer, the Lord, the witness, the dwelling, refuge, and friend, the source and the destroyer (of life), the place, the depository, and the eternal seed" (ix. 18). "They who worship Me devoutly are in Me and I also am in them" (ix. 29). "I am the soul seated in the heart of every creature" (x. 20). "If thy heart be fixed in Me, if thou continuest in devotion and findest refuge in Me, thou shalt, without doubt, know Me fully" (vii. 1). "When thou art fixed in heart and mind on Me, thou wilt without doubt come to Me" (viii. 7). "Fix thy heart on Me . . . thou shalt come to Me" (ix. 34). "To these, constantly devout, who worship with the service of love, I give that mental devotion by which they come to Me" (x. 10). "He who does everything for Me, whose supreme object I am . . . comes to Me" (xi. 55).

It is contended by some that the *Bhagavad Gītā* is a post-Christian production, and that the teachings of Jesus are reflected therein. This is very doubtful; but if it is so, it only serves to show how much better, and in what a much more universal sense, the doctrine was understood at that time than it is now.

Of course, all the awkward facts concerning the anticipations of 'Christian' doctrine are explained by the infallible 'Society' in the same way that they 'explain' the modern 'miracles' which are not their own. Either they are not facts, or they were the work of "some sinister energy other than God." Against such *ex cathedra* statements as these there is no immediate argument; only the inevitable logic of time. The result of the historical conflict of this infallible 'Society' with scientific fact is too well known to require anything more than a mere mention here.

Father Benson makes a strong and valid plea against 'individualism,' but he appears to have failed to recognise that an exclusive 'Society' is just as 'individual' as anything else. If the cells in our body may be considered to have an individual life, so also may the organs; but for the heart, or the brain, or the liver to set up a special claim to the life which animates and unifies the whole body would rightly be characterised as 'arrogant.' A Society may possibly perform an individual function in the life of Humanity, but it cannot possibly arrogate to itself the whole of the Life, or claim to be the whole Body. Moreover, Father Benson does not appear to have recognised that in thus limiting the operation of the Divine Life he is doing despite to the Life itself.

Much might be said as to the way in which the whole of Humanity represents the Divine Drama of Christ's Life as symbolised in the Gospel narratives of the life of Jesus; but we may merely remark here, that if that 'Life' is the sustaining Life of the whole world, no individual creature can ever escape from its informing energy. The very fact that we are alive is the evidence that we participate in it. Consciously or unconsciously every 'cell' must partake of it. There is no choice.

Analogies must not be pressed too far, but in several places Father Benson speaks as if the individual cells of an organic body had a choice as to whether they would or would not participate in the unifying life of the whole. That cannot be the case; nor have we any choice as to whether we will or will not participate in the great unifying LIFE in which we live and move and have our being.

Which then is the nobler creed; which is the creed which speaks with the 'authority' of a truth that reaches our heart, and not merely our intellect?—the individualistic creed of the 'theologian,' with his special and exclusive 'Society,' or that of the true 'corporatist' who, realising that he is "one with the one World-Soul," can sing:

"What though with will rebellious I thwart thy omnipotent will,
Through purgatorial æons thy spirit will draw me still;—
Draw me through shame and sorrow and pain and death and
decay;
Draw me from Hell to Heaven, draw me from night to day;
Draw me from self's abysses to the self-less azure above;
Draw me to thee, Life's Fountain, with patient, passionate love."

We see, then, that while we may accept Father Benson's plea for a Corporate Religion and a Corporate Life in Christ, we cannot limit it as he does to any one Society. The words of Christ, like those of Kṛiṣṇa, are, "Come unto *Me*"—not "Come to My 'Society'"; and if His words to the woman of Samaria mean anything at all, they mean that His *Universal Life* is to be found in no particular place or Society, but "in spirit and in truth."

W. KINGSLAND.

'JESUS OR CHRIST?

To one who has followed the whole of this discussion—from the 'original centre of disturbance' in *The Hibbert Journal* for

January, 1909, down to the article in *THE QUEST* for October, 1910—it is something of a shock to discover that in this latest contribution to the discussion Mr. Roberts has seen fit, utterly and entirely, to ignore the immediate and direct replies which his original article called forth. The *QUEST* article is, it is true, only put forward as a review of the attacks on the author's position by some of the writers in *The Hibbert Journal Supplement*, but the fact remains that it is written in such a way that a reader who had not followed the whole controversy, might well be excused if he assumed that the arguments now raised by Mr. Roberts against his critics were all new ones. Whereas, in fact, so far from that being the case, it would be hardly too much to say that the best reply to this last article is to be found in the articles of Mr. G. K. Chesterton and Dr. Moulton in *The Hibbert Journal* for April, 1909—written, both of them, as replies to the original essay in which Mr. Roberts put forward his views. But from the *QUEST* article no one would guess that these two replies had been written at all. I hope I make myself clear. My protest lies in the fact that Mr. Roberts, in confining his reply to the *Supplement* papers, and ignoring altogether those of Mr. Chesterton and Dr. Moulton, is taking an unfair advantage of the fact that many of those who read his *QUEST* article have not, in all probability, followed the controversy *from its beginning*. I would strongly advise those of the readers of *THE QUEST* who have not already done so to read for themselves the papers of Mr. Chesterton and Dr. Moulton; and to these two I would add that of Canon Scott-Holland in the *Supplement*—a most important contribution to the subject, but one to which Mr. Roberts apparently considers it unnecessary to refer.

In the meantime, Sir, may I be allowed to encroach on your valuable space in order to indicate very briefly one or two lines of thought along which, I think, the answer to Mr. Roberts lies?

(i.) The historicity of Jesus.

(a) The silence of non-Christian literature.

Even if we leave out of account (a foolish method of criticism) the passages in Tacitus (*Annals* xv. 44) and Pliny (*Ep.* 96) it is comparatively easy to reconstruct the motives of the writers whose silence at first sight seems so strange. We know that to the Jew Christ and His religion was '*anathema*,' to the cultured Roman '*prava superstitio immodica*'; can we conceive of any attitude more likely to inspire his readers with contempt for the upstart gang of nobodies who called themselves Christians than

that actually adopted by (for example) Josephus—the attitude, namely, of ignoring Jesus altogether? Would it not seem to Josephus the most *dignified* attitude?

(b) The ‘silence’ of apostolic literature as to the earthly life of the Master.

Now, Christianity began at Pentecost. And as far as documents are concerned, ‘Christ’ precedes ‘Jesus.’ Our earliest sources, the Pauline epistles, contain a full and definite Christology, but little or no information as to the earthly life of Jesus. Why? Not because Paul did not know of it, but because he was predominantly interested, not in Jesus ‘after the flesh,’ but in Christ ‘that dwelleth in me.’ So with the evangelists; they had the full creed of Paul, and yet—what do we find?—not that they *put it into* their narratives of their Master’s earthly life, but that to quite an amazing extent they *kept it out*.

I see no reason why Mark should have known of the Virgin Birth. It was not a subject on which Joseph and Mary would be likely to gossip. Paul does not, it is true, allude to the miracles; but—why should he?—what need of such an allusion, and where, in any of his letters? But Paul was not uninterested in the Life. To him the attractiveness of Christianity lay in the mighty paradox, the King on the Gallows—the crucified Messiah!—and one half of the antithesis is meaningless without the other.

Mr. Roberts lays much stress on Prof. Bacon’s statement that “the authentic *Mark* contains no account of the Resurrection whatever.” Does he really believe that ἐφοβούντο γάρ is the true ending of the gospel? It is inconceivable. To record the prophecies of 830-32, 99-13, 1030-32, 1032-34, and not intend to record their fulfilment! As well argue that Dickens never knew or contemplated any end of *Edwin Drood*!

(ii.) The ‘confusion’ of the documents.

Space forbids me to deal with more than one point. It is true that only by a certain amount of juggling can the Matthæan and Lukan accounts of the post-Resurrection Appearances be harmonised. But they agree on the fundamental fact—that Jesus had gone from the tomb. And, as Mr. Temple says in a recent book, “Why . . . at a time of almost intolerable joy people should be expected to have an exact memory for dates and places I cannot conceive.”

C. E. HUDSON.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

HEGEL'S PHENOMENOLOGY OF MIND.

Translated, with an Introduction and Notes, by J. B. Baillie.
London (Swan Sonnenschein), 1910.

TO a born thinker nothing seems at first sight more surprising than that man's capacity for pure thinking should be called in question or require any preliminary justification. Yet it is a fact that so-called thinkers, *i.e.* those who take their stand on the dualism of Thought *and* Being, view our thinking capacity as something merely derived; *not* as something which is our very determinateness and hence our very birth-right, but only as something which is a *product* of the highly organised matter of the brain. Nevertheless a born thinker is at once aware that such an inference on the part of such thinkers implies a violation of that principle of sound reasoning which they themselves are accustomed to emphasise against his own presumably chimerical standpoint that Thought and Being are truly a living unity; namely, the principle that sound reasoning must be rooted in experience. Is it not a fact of experience that objectivity can have no meaning to us except through an act of thought? Is it not indisputably true that Unconsciousness cannot be experienced? How, then, can that reasoning lay claim to soundness which treats Unconsciousness as the *primary* fact and Consciousness only as a *derived* fact? At the same time, however, it is equally a fact of experience that thought, feeling, emotion, in short, Consciousness in general, is conditioned by an objectivity; and unless the born thinker is capable of removing the contradiction which thus arises between his own standpoint and that of the ordinary consciousness, he cannot very well lay claim to sound reasoning either.

Hegel's *Phenomenology of Mind* is meant to vindicate the standpoint of a born thinker. Here, the developing Consciousness, this still only instinctive aspirant to Self-knowledge, is invited to follow intelligently a consummate analysis of Experience from its simplest to its concretest mode. True, the analysis is already a work of Thought and of mature Thought. But seeing that the developing Consciousness is, on the one hand, as yet incapable of

spontaneously analysing its own range of Experience in a truly rational manner, whilst yet being, on the other hand, *instinctively* rational; may not one who knows himself reckon on rousing the instinctive capacity for thinking to its conscious exercise by inviting the ordinary consciousness to reconsider a truly philosophical consideration of the facts of Consciousness?

It is only after the *living* unity of Thought and Being has been realised as the *primary* fact of Consciousness that the threshold of Philosophy—the threshold of the really human task, that of self-knowledge as the knowledge of God, is reached. And Hegel's object in the *Phenomenology* is precisely to demonstrate that the unity of Thought and Being, so far from being an unjustifiable anticipation of the nature of Reality (as is held, *e.g.*, by Prof. Baldwin), is a fact of Consciousness, warranted by its very development. "In *The Phenomenology of Mind*," he says in his Preface to the second edition of *The Doctrine of Being*, "I traced Consciousness in its development from the first immediate antithesis between it and objectivity until it attains to Absolute Knowledge. This course runs through all forms of the relation of Consciousness to Objectivity and has for its result the notion of Science. This notion, therefore, needs here (apart from the fact that it arises within the Logic itself) no justification because it has received it there; nor is it capable of any other justification than its production by Consciousness, to which all its forms resolve themselves in that notion as in their truth."

But the very fact that the *Phenomenology* is already a work of mature or fully self-conscious Thought, and hence presupposes what is properly still beyond a clear grasp of the ordinary or developing consciousness, suggests that its study is more or less premature on the part of those who still find themselves in the grip of purely instinctive thought. The fact is that those who are able to appreciate intelligently the depth of the *Phenomenology*, have already entered the portals of truth and hence are ready to start at once on the study of *The Science of Logic*. The *Phenomenology* can appeal, after all, only to those who are capable of identifying themselves directly with Hegel; to those, then, who would be capable of responding at once to the language of pure Thought. In short, so far as *Phenomenology* is meant to take the place of concrete Experience and make converts to Philosophy, it *must* fail, because those who still cling to the dualism of the ordinary consciousness are the very last people to assume an objective attitude to their own standpoint, and thus to recognise

in Hegel's analysis of Experience their very own limitations. To recognise one's limitations one must have already transcended them and thus *eo ipso* have transcended one's own finitude, as the ordinary consciousness; one must be already capable of viewing one's Experience *sub specie aeternitatis*, i.e. in the light of pure Thought. However cogent, then, Hegel's philosophical consideration of the facts of ordinary consciousness may be to the philosophically formed mind, it is not likely to impress—in fact, it is likely only to repel—those who are still incapable of free movement in the element of pure Thought. And as even those who are rationally mature enough—by virtue of the Experience behind them—to grant without any more ado that Thought and Being are *de facto* a living unity, not only have no difficulty in beginning at once with *The Science of Logic*, but actually *prefer* to do so (as I find is not only my own case but that of every other born thinker I have come across so far), I consider that the significance of the *Phenomenology* as an *Introduction* to Philosophy is rather over-rated—which, of course, is far from saying that it is on that account useless.

All I wish to convey is, therefore, that the proper significance of the *Phenomenology* discloses itself only to him who has already mastered *The Science of Logic*. For this reason I should have liked to see a translation of the latter published first. That its study requires no long-winded prolegomena (as appears to be assumed by most exponents of Hegelianism) is plainly admitted by Hegel himself at the end of his preliminary discussion of 'What is the Science to begin with.' "This beginning as such," he concludes, "requires no preparation nor further introduction; nor was this preliminary *raisonnement* meant to lead up to it, but rather to clear away all preliminaries." True, it is only the born thinker that prefers to concern himself at once with the thing itself, brushing aside all preliminaries as a tedious beating about the bush; but the fact must be made plain once for all that Hegelianism is of service to born thinkers alone, and that all endeavour to make it palatable to those who seek the fulness of Content in the realm of Thought's own Otherwiseness is a waste of time. To reach true Knowledge, it is not enough to repeat 'O Lord, O Lord'; one must *think*. God is Spirit and hence can be worshipped in Spirit alone; and the only way in which the ordinary consciousness can reach this level of worship—pure thinking—is by *actual* Experience, not merely by reading even the most masterly analysis of the full range of Experience *before* having experienced

this range. This point is emphasised by Prof. Eucken, even though he arrogantly supposes that Hegelianism is on that account no good whatever. And thus it is, then, only so far as the *Phenomenology* is expected to convert such thinkers into full-blown Hegelians, that I consider the expectation futile. All that a publication of Hegel's works can ever achieve is to elicit the fact how many born thinkers there are at the present stage of civilisation. The work of *conversion* is the work of actual Experience. The fact that Hegel himself did not seem to trouble much about the *Phenomenology* after the publication of *The Science of Logic* and *Encyclopædia* may be taken as a corroboration of this conclusion. In publishing the *Phenomenology* first, he only supplied a clear proof that with him it was the *last* that appeared *first*—as is, indeed, the case with every born thinker.

Prof. Baillie's translation may be taken as a reply to those who (e.g. Prof. Bolland of Leyden) maintain that the English language is utterly unsuitable for the rendering of Hegel's thought—a view *prima facie* as absurd as were one to assert that pure Thought is a monopoly of the German or Dutch mind alone. His Introduction and Notes too will undoubtedly be found useful and interesting, though, for my part, I fail to see that Hegel treated Art or Absolute Knowledge with *undue* abruptness. "Looking at the plan of the treatise as a whole and the method of treatment assigned to the forms of experience brought under review, an impartial critic is bound to admit that the scheme of the work is "not "unbalanced and out of proportion," as Prof. Baillie asserts, but that it reveals marvellously exact conformance to the scheme of the *Objective Logic*, i.e. of the dialectic whereby Thought verifies to *itself* its unity with Being in the first part of *The Science of Logic*. The *Phenomenology* simply records how this dialectic is *experienced* in all its details by the ordinary consciousness, just as *The Philosophy of Nature* traces it (the dialectic) in its objective existence as against the ordinary consciousness. But, then, as Prof. Baillie is not aware of this, it is little surprising that Hegel's analysis of 'Religion' strikes him as "condensed, fragmentary, and inadequate to the theme; while the statement of 'Absolute Knowledge' is brief and elliptical to the verge of obscurity." The dialectical movement arrives, in the experience of Religion, at the absolute Relation (the third chapter of the third section of *The Doctrine of Essence*), and the statement of 'Absolute Knowledge' is meant to have the significance of the *premise* of *The Science of Logic*, established as a *fact of consciousness*.

F. S.

CHRISTOLOGIES ANCIENT AND MODERN.

By William Sanday, D.D., LL.D., Litt.D. Oxford (The Clarendon Press), 1910.

THE main interest in these eight lectures is that Prof. Sanday puts forward a modern theory which is all the more remarkable as coming from one who may be regarded as almost the *doyen* of New Testament studies in this country and as decidedly conservative in general tendency. It is yet one more indication of the ever-increasing influence of the recently inaugurated systematic study of the facts of religious psychology.

In the chapter entitled 'Presuppositions of a Modern Christology,' the Lady Margaret Professor at Oxford surveys the salient points of the literature dealing with the subject of religious psychology and ancillary to it. This leads to the following reflection and the subsequent remarkable statement:

"The wonderful thing is that, while the unconscious and sub-conscious processes are (generally speaking) similar in kind to the conscious, they surpass them in degree. They are subtler, intenser, further-reaching, more penetrating. It is something more than a mere metaphor when we describe the sub- and unconscious states as more 'profound.' It is in these states, or through them, that miracles are wrought—especially those connected with personality. They doubtless played the largest part in the historical miracles of the Gospels, just as they are to this day most active in what we are still inclined to call miracles" (p. 145).

Prof. Sanday cordially agrees with the late Prof. James, who in spite of his want of positive sympathy with mysticism was compelled to admit "that personal religious experience has its root and centre in mystical states of consciousness," and still further that "mystical states, when well developed, usually are, and have the right to be, absolutely authoritative over the individual to whom they come"—perhaps almost too unqualified an admission. When, however, Prof. James adds that these states have no authority for those who do not share in them, and points to the diversity of opinion with which they are accompanied, Prof. Sanday urges that "the same central belief is quite compatible with different contexts and different influences"; and it is just this "central fact" of mysticism, he adds, that seems to him to be so "abundantly attested" (p. 149). By 'mysticism,' Prof. Sanday goes on to say, he means the belief in the "union of man

with God," and by 'Christian mysticism,' the "union of the human spirit with the Spirit of Christ, who is also the Spirit of God" (p. 150). The main difficulty in considering the nature of this union turns round the conception of personality. Are we to think of personality as an ultimate fact or not? "There is no doubt one form of philosophical theory which would answer that we are; that personality represents a point beyond which analysis cannot be carried; that just as a short time ago the atom was held to be an ultimate unit in the material world, so personality is an ultimate unit in the spiritual world. Perhaps the use of this analogy supplies something of an augury against the particular view of which I am speaking. I suppose that it is the case that recent physical research has completely broken up the old conception of the atom, that what used to be called an atom is now known to be made up of an immense number of much smaller units called electrons. In like manner the old view of the person as not less impervious and impenetrable than the material atom also seems to be giving way" (p. 159). It need hardly be said that in the East, where mysticism has always been a far more common experience than in the West, the permeability and transcendence of 'personality' has been regarded with equanimity as a most desirable consummation; what, however, the East regards as transcendence the West looks upon as deprivation. If we could only have a satisfactory definition of what is primarily meant by 'personality' we might be spared many misunderstandings.

These general psychological presuppositions are linked on to the main theory by the following consideration: "We know enough of what goes on within us to trace it to its source [presumably the 'subliminal'], but we cannot go beyond this; we cannot in any more explicit way describe or define the ultimate cause of these abysmal motions. Not only the ordinary life but the highest life of the saintliest of men is conducted upon the human plane; to all superficial appearance he leads just the same kind of life as his neighbours. He knows, and we know, that that is not a full account of the matter—that he really has 'meat to eat' that we others 'know not of'; but, however true that may be, however deep the source of this inward sustenance, his outward acts, so far as they are outward, are subject to precisely the same laws, and present the same generic appearance, as those of other men" (p. 164).

We now come to the main theory, a remarkable one as coming from so cautious a veteran: "If [then] whatever we have of

divine must needs pass through a strictly human medium, the same law would hold good even for Him. *A priori* we should expect that it would be so; and *a posteriori* we find that as a matter of fact it was so. We have seen what difficulties are involved in the attempt to draw as it were a vertical line between the human nature and the divine nature of Christ, and to say that certain actions of His fall on one side of this line and certain other actions on the other. But these difficulties disappear if, instead of drawing a vertical line, we rather draw a horizontal line between the upper human medium, which is the proper natural field of active expression, and those lower deeps which are no less the proper and natural home of whatever is divine. This line is inevitably drawn in the region of the subconscious. That which was divine in Christ was not nakedly exposed to the public gaze; neither was it so entirely withdrawn from outward view as to be wholly sunk and submerged in the darkness of the unconscious; but there was a sort of Jacob's ladder by which the divine force stored up below found an outlet, as it were, to the upper air and the common theatre in which the life of mankind is enacted" (p. 166).

There is of course nothing new in this for many who have been pursuing studies of the higher states of consciousness; and there are as many varieties of opinion on the nature of the union of Jesus with the Christ Spirit to-day as there were in the early years before the long intermediate period of rigid dogma obtained. The prejudice against such a view would in many cases be removed by the use of an improved nomenclature; 'unconscious,' 'subconscious,' 'subliminal,' 'abysmal,' 'lower deeps,' suggest to the ordinary reader on first hearing expressions of less instead of more, of lower instead of higher. Light from on high, not uprushed from below, is the direction in which the thoughts of most are turned in considering the problem, and we are glad to see that of late some effort is being made among the analysers of the 'laboratory experiments' to extend and improve this inadequate nomenclature.

A FLESHLESS DIET.

By J. L. Buttner, M.D. New York (Stokes), 1910.

THIS is a clearly written indictment of flesh as an article of diet, mainly from the standpoint of modern science. The author is a follower of Professor Chittenden and his low proteid standard.

B. G. T.

THE NEWER SPIRITUALISM.

By Frank Podmore. London (Fisher Unwin), 1910.

To those who have read any of Mr. Podmore's books there can be no question of the loss *Psychical Research* has suffered by his untimely and inexplicable death. He devoted the last years of his life to the investigation of *Psychical* matters with an enthusiasm which proved how thoroughly he realised the importance of this, the youngest of the sciences ; but he never allowed that enthusiasm to carry him off his feet. Steady and logical in his own judgments, he exercised a steadying effect upon the whole movement.

In the last of his books, published only a few weeks after his death, we find the same cold logic, the same rigid criticism, the same suspension of judgment as in his former works. It is almost equally valuable to the convinced Spiritualist for what it denies, and to the convinced disbeliever in Spiritualism for what it affirms ; though it is perhaps too much to expect that either the one or the other will accept the work quite in this spirit. For Mr. Podmore is not merely destructive ; or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that by plying his battering-ram, not merely against the Spiritualistic hypothesis, but also against the so-called 'rationalistic' explanation, he has made a clear positive gain to the equipment of the *Psychical Researcher*. Thus when Mr. Podmore, the arch-sceptic, declares that some of the recent results attained in automatic writing cannot possibly be attributed to either fraud or chance, we feel that the materialist has had his legs cut from under him and, if he wishes to continue the fight, must do so, like Witherington, on his knees.

Modern Spiritualism, that is the belief in intercourse with the spirits of the dead which began with Swedenborg, "seemed," says Mr. Podmore, "rapidly approaching its euthanasia in the decade of 1880 to 1890." Its renewed vitality he traces mainly to Mrs. Piper, Eusapia Palladino and the late F. W. H. Myers. Before treating of these, however, he discusses the remarkable phenomena produced by D. D. Home, who retired into private life about 1872 ; all of which, however, Mr. Podmore characteristically attributes to trickery in the medium and credulity on the part of the sitters, though he admits that Home was never detected in fraud.

The interest in Eusapia's performances naturally culminates in the sittings held at Naples last autumn by three skilled and thoroughly competent members of the S.P.R. Here the characters

and qualifications of the investigators and the stringency of the conditions were such that even Mr. Podmore is forced to the conclusion that "either there was a display of some hitherto unrecognised force, or the witnesses were hallucinated." As might be expected, it is to the latter alternative that Mr. Podmore leans. The only evidence in fact which would convince Mr. Podmore is the automatic registration of results by some accurate machine which requires no human supervision.

The second part of his work Mr. Podmore devotes to trance utterances and automatic writing. Here he concludes, as must anyone who studies the evidence, that fraud cannot possibly be the sole explanation of the results obtained. That the trance personality will cheat if allowed to do so is pretty generally admitted; but, if we leave out of account all cases in which fraud is possible, there still remains a large number of cases which point irresistibly to the possession of supernormal powers by the trance personality. Not merely is the memory abnormally active and able to recall many incidents which the waking personality has entirely forgotten; but there is undoubtedly a knowledge of many things which the waking personality has never known.

The investigation of the secondary personality, "this uncanny monster," as Mr. Podmore calls it, is a most interesting study. It certainly seems at times to possess the power of reading the secret thoughts of those around, and yet at other times it seems to have no other resource but flagrant guess-work. Mr. Podmore shows how little basis is afforded by trance utterance or automatic writing for the theory of human survival. The extraordinary ignorance and forgetfulness frequently shown by the 'spirit controls,' their shiftiness and evasiveness, their agility in catching at any hint thrown out by an enquirer, their disregard of veracity and manifest lack of principle are far more characteristic of children than of the upright, learned and straightforward men whom they claim to represent.

If the after-death state is to be attended by such a degradation of the intellectual and moral faculties as is instanced in many of the trance utterances of Mrs. Thompson and Mrs. Piper, not a few people will think that annihilation would be preferable. They will at least take refuge with Mr. Podmore in the comforting reflection that the domain of the subliminal self and the field of telepathy are as yet so little explored that it is at least possible to seek in them for the solution of the problem.

If the trance personality is connected in any way with a

deceased person, all the evidence goes to show that it is rather some kind of 'astral shell' doing its best to personate its late owner, with only a limited knowledge of his past life and an absolute ignorance of his present conditions; pretty much as an unscrupulous parlour-maid might, in her mistress' absence, try to personate her through the telephone.

It may be doubted whether the problem of human survival is capable of scientific proof. Those who believe in it generally do so for no better reason than that they want to believe in it. Even the more logical can only produce *a priori* arguments; the theory fits into their conception of the scheme better than any rival theory. This is of course a reasonable basis for belief, but it is in no sense a proof that the belief is true. No failure to demonstrate the truth of the theory of survival can in any way affect this *a priori* belief, against which Mr. Podmore has not a word to say. But all those who believe that the after-death state will be nobler—not baser—than this life, that the mind of man will be a little nearer to that of God—not a great deal nearer to that of a *gamin*—will feel grateful to the author for this sane, unimpassioned and profoundly interesting book.

C. B. W.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION IN CONTEMPORARY PHILOSOPHY.

By Émile Boutroux. Translated from the French by Jonathan Nield. London (Duckworth), 1909.

THIS is a really well-translated work, as Prof. Émile Boutroux himself cordially testifies.

Boutroux's point of view can be stated briefly. He does not think that we shall care henceforth to maintain Science and Religion side by side without inquiring into their relations of harmony or discord. He is opposed, withal, to the procedures of dogmatic rationalism and that "radical pragmatism" which "sees in the true idea nothing but an idea verified empirically." He finds that Science¹ "concerns the things without which man cannot live, religion those without which he does not want to live"; and his book has in view the "inevitable" encounter of the scientific spirit and the religious spirit. The conflict, however, is not hopelessly acute. The two powers, it is urged, move towards peace and harmony, though they can never quite reach this goal "for such is

¹ He defines Science as "the whole of positive knowledge acquired by humanity."

the human condition" (p. 400). They war at first savagely, but anon become less opposed; still a final complete understanding is never attained.

The Introduction purports to give us a bird's-eye view of Religion and Science as they show in the minds of the ancient Greeks, in the Middle Ages and in modern times, *i.e.* in the period dating from the Renaissance. Only general attitudes, independent of the detail of dogma, etc., are considered. M. Boutroux holds that "the relation between Religion and Science which had established itself in the course of the nineteenth century was a radical dualism." The two powers were regarded as distinct at every point, the one as the consummation of intellect, the other of feeling. They were left side by side, as independent portions of the conscious experience of the individual. But they could not be kept permanently apart—they came to collide.

In Part I. is discussed the 'Naturalistic Tendency' to which this collision of Science and Religion so often gives rise. The attitudes of Comte, Spencer, and Haeckel are discussed at great length, at unnecessarily great length I must submit. Comte can have few readers to-day; Spencer's 'Unknowable' has long ago been riddled with objections, while Haeckel, a splendidly equipped, if venturesome, worker in the field of biology, carries no weight as a critic of religion and metaphysics. By metaphysics I mean inquiry into the general nature or character of the universe. Anyone who leaves the sphere of departmental science to pursue this inquiry is a metaphysician. Of course there are unwitting metaphysicians, and, for that matter, many metaphysicians, especially of the mechanical-monistic persuasion, who deride metaphysics. But we are not to be deceived by labels. We have to take note of what these men are actually doing. And we have to recall that even materialism and agnosticism are forms, though very crude ones, of metaphysics.

The religion of 'Humanity' of Comte furnishes an exceedingly uninviting ideal—that of a moribund God.¹ Man desires to go beyond himself. Agreed. But hardly, one must object, to an aggregate of limited individuals like himself, squalid denizens of a planet of no particular account. Exalt these squalid and petty creatures, taken collectively, into a god, and further suppose this god mortal, and the limit of absurdity appears to have been reached. Who but a lunatic is going to 'subordinate' himself, in a devout self-sacrificing religious spirit, to this preposterous deity?

¹ Cp. *The Individual and Reality*, p. 318 and elsewhere.

A reflection of this kind suffices of itself to put Comtism out of court.

The Chapter on 'Psychology and Sociology' deals with the psychological and sociological explanations of religious phenomena. The psychological view is to the effect that the *ego* in the religious attitude mistakes its private 'states' for transcendent powers. Well; anyone who accepts this as a complete explanation of religious experience must be pleased very easily. The sociological view makes religion "nothing else than the community itself, enjoining upon its members the beliefs and actions that its existence and development require. . . . Religion is a social function." Surely this is to confuse religion with morality! But the view is unsatisfactory, if only because it is one-sided; it does not cover the ground which has to be surveyed. The label 'religion' indicates too many contrasted attitudes of folk, lowly and exalted, from cave-man upward, to be deciphered in this narrow and inadequate way. You cannot endorse the 'sociological' view, unless you are blinkered.

In Part II. M. Boutroux considers the 'Spiritualistic Tendency,' the views of Ritschl and James being noticed at length. The discussions, particularly those touching James' theories, are suggestive, but the writer takes a great deal of space to arrive at meagre results. And at the end of one's reading there arises the conviction that the book is one more example of that 'University-philosophy' which is rich in knowledge of men's opinions, but stands strangely aloof from facts. In the concluding portion of the book dealing with the 'Relations between the Scientific and the Religious Spirit' will be found some valuable reflections, but no clear indication of what the supreme object of Religion should be. We are told at the close that the scientific and religious attitudes are never to harmonise entirely; a supposition which will hardly content anyone who has battled through these 400 pages crying for 'More Light.'

An adequate philosophy of Religion has yet to be written. And those who essay this task will do well to say exactly what meaning the term 'Religion' is to convey. This term as ordinarily used has so vague a meaning that most people are utterly non-plussed when asked to define it. It is a verbal counter devoid of what a logician would call a clear 'connotation.' I submit that, in attempting to decide what the term is to be, mean or 'connote,' we must perforce ignore the abstract speculations of the study or the claims of any two or three particular faiths or philosophical

theories, and fall back on a survey of the actual religions. And these latter, be it noted, are of all sorts, moral and immoral, base and exalted, theistic, pantheistic, atheistic, and what not.

Now what is the common point of agreement in these varied attitudes? I will not attempt to thrust the answer into the substance of a brief review,¹ but I would insist that it must be found and that with frank recognition of the actual facts.

It will also be well to lay stress on a further important consideration, now looming large above the horizon of thought. Can we discuss the subject of Religion without allowing for occasional overt interventions of superhuman beings in nature and history? These interventions need not be supposed as always beneficent either in intention or result. Indeed the history of mankind seems to negative such an hypothesis outright. Some even of the great religions have been hurtful to the progress of mankind. The main point of interest is:—Do such interventions occur? If they do, the usual study-treatment of religious phenomena is lagging hopelessly behind the facts. Shall I recall in this connection the words of William James when criticising Fechner? But if superhumans of many gradations and types really exist, they are assuredly no merely contemplative beings, but *active powers*. Hence the history of the religions and, indeed, the whole story of the evolution of Nature and Man may, if looked at closely, present the evidences of their working. Modern thought has all but overlooked this big issue; but it may help us, indeed, over many an awkward stile.

There is a further issue demanding notice—that of the search for the supreme object of Religion. No sane person can regard the universe as such an object. The religious attitude is essentially *selective* and it rejects very much in the Universal Life as evil. A religion of the 'timeless Absolute,' or even of a universe conceived as in time, has to shut its eyes to too much—to hideous intolerable phases of the Becoming, to the 'is' which 'ought not to be.' There is a vast deal in the universe which is repulsive and justly condemned.

The ideal of a finite, but supreme personal being or god, is unsupported by evidence and, even were it so supported, would fail to satisfy advanced spirits. There remains belief in "that which is weaving itself out of us and the likes of us all through the limitless universe, and whose coming we can but faintly foretell by the casting of its shadows on our own slowly, surely, painfully

¹ See *The Individual and Reality*, p. 419.

awakening souls," as Du Maurier put it so well. There may be supposed, in short, a *supreme society* which reaps the harvest of the experiences of innumerable lives and constitutes the 'divine event' towards which creation moves. Science and Religion would have no further quarrel, if the reality and god-hood of this *supreme society* could be regarded as proved. But to discuss this august theme with any degree of adequacy would entail an essay.

E. D. F.

WILLIAM SHARP (FIONA MACLEOD).

A Memoir compiled by his Wife, Elizabeth A. Sharp. London (Heinemann), 1910.

LET it be said at once that Mrs. Sharp has achieved a difficult task with tact, good taste and judgment, and has given us in the Memoir of her richly endowed husband one of the most arresting biographies of modern days. At last we have from the most authoritative source the history of one of the most carefully guarded secrets of literature and the record of a dual personality of extraordinary interest. Whatever may be thought of the desperate expedients into which Sharp was occasionally driven to preserve his secret, it must always be remembered that he was haunted with the fear that if it were disclosed the 'Fiona Macleod' influence, the most precious thing in all the world for him, would cease. How highly he valued it, to what self-sacrifice he was prepared to go to preserve his holy of holies intact from vulgar curiosity, how it formed the very source and outspring of his noblest ideals and endeavours, may be seen from the following incident. Owing to increasing ill-health the stress of circumstances was weighing very heavily upon the poet and his devoted wife; thereupon certain of his friends, including Alfred Austin, George Meredith, Thomas Hardy and Watts Dunton, petitioned that he should be put upon the Civil List. In order to strengthen his claim the Hon. Alex. Nelson Hood, the chief mover in the matter, who was already in the secret, asked Sharp whether he would allow him to acquaint the Prime Minister with the authorship of the Fiona writings and of the many sacrifices their production had entailed. To this Sharp replied, under date Aug. 21, 1902:

"You will have anticipated my decision. No other was possible for me. I have not made many sacrifices just to set them aside when a temptation of need occurs. Indeed, even writing thus of 'sacrifices' seems to me unworthy: these things are nothing, and have brought me far more than I lost, if not in out-

ward fortune. It is right, though, to say that the decision is due to no form of mental obstinacy or arrogance. Rightly or wrongly, I am conscious of something to be done—to be done by one side of me, by the true inward self as I believe—(apart from the overwhelmingly felt mystery of a dual self, and a reminiscent life, and a woman's life and nature within, concurring with and oftenest dominating the other)—and rightly or wrongly I believe that this, and the style so strangely born of this inward life, depend upon my aloofness and spiritual isolation as F. M. To betray publicly the private life and constrained ideal of that inward self, for a reward's sake, would be a poor collapse. And if I feel all this, as I felt it from the first (and the *nominal* beginning was no literary adventure, but a deep spiritual impulse and compelling circumstances of a nature upon which I must be silent) how much more must I feel it now, when an added and great responsibility to others has come to me, through the winning of so already large and deepening circle of those of like ideals or at least like sympathies. . . . In a word, and quite simply, I believe that a spirit has breathed to me, or entered me, or that my soul remembers or has awakened (the phraseology matters little)—and, that being so, that my concern is not to think of myself or my 'name' or 'reward,' but to do (with what renunciation, financial and other, may be necessary) my truest and best " (pp. 846, 847).

What the nature of the compelling circumstances was to which Sharp refers and on which he says he must still keep silent even to so intimate a friend as Mr. Hood, we may now in some small measure glean from the Memoir. Writing of the spring of 1886, when her husband was laid low with scarlet fever and phlebitis, Mrs. Sharp tells us: "During the long crises of the illness, though unconscious often of all material surroundings, he passed through other keen inner phases of consciousness, through psychic and dream experiences that afterward to some extent were woven into the Fiona Macleod writings, and, as he believed, were among the original shaping influences that produced them. For a time he felt himself to be practically dead to the material world, and actively alive 'on the other side of things' in the greater freer universe. He had no desire to return, and rejoiced in his freedom and greater powers; but, as he described it afterward, a hand suddenly restrained him: 'Not yet, you must return.' And he believed he had been 'freshly sensitised' as he expressed it; and knew he had—as I had always believed—some special work to do before he could again go free" (pp. 125, 126).

But if others have had dual personalities, few (indeed we know of no other case in high literature) had so deep a consciousness of a woman's life and nature within as William Sharp; no man has depicted the soul of woman with such intimacy as to deceive the very elect, if indeed it were deception where the second, the feminine, nature was so spontaneous and emphatic. For Fiona Macleod Meredith had the highest admiration. It must indeed have been a poignant and exquisite experience for Sharp to have had Fiona constantly held up to him as a model by his old friend, and an almost incredible exercise of self-control when even at their last meeting he refrained from declaring himself, for Meredith's last words to him were: "She is a woman of genius. That is rare . . . so rare anywhere, anytime, in women or in men. Some few women 'have genius,' but she is more than that. Yes, she is a woman of genius: the genius too, that is rarest, that drives deep thoughts before it. Tell her I think often of her, and of the deep thought in all she has written of late. Tell her I hope great things of her yet. And now . . . we'll go, since it must be so. Good-bye, my dear fellow, and God bless you" (p. 368).

But of the dual personality it was not only F. M. that saw visions and dreamed dreams; W. S. from childhood had this also in his nature, though for many years he repressed it in his stern self-apprenticeship to the art of letters. Behind both or linking both was the integrating self proper. This is well brought out by Mrs. Sharp in the following interesting passage. "In surveying the dual life as a whole I have seen how, from the early partially realised twin-ship, 'W. S.' was the first to go adventuring and find himself, while his twin, 'F. M.,' remained passive, or a separate self. When 'she' awoke to active consciousness 'she' became the deeper, the more impelling, the more essential factor. By reason of this severance, and of the acute conflict that at times resulted therefrom, the flaming of the dual life became so fierce that 'Wilfion'—as I named the inner and third Self that lay behind that dual expression—realised the imperativeness of bringing them into some kind of conscious harmony. This was what he meant when he wrote . . . in 1889, 'I am going through a new birth.' For, though the difference between the two literary expressions was so marked, there was, nevertheless, a special characteristic of 'Wilfion' that linked the dual nature together—the psychic quality of seership if I may so call it. Not only did he, as F. M., 'dream dreams' and 'get in touch with the ancient memory of the race,' as some of 'her' critics have said; but as

W. S. he also saw visions by means of that seership with which he had been dowered from childhood. And though, latterly, he gave expression to it only under shelter of the Fiona Macleod writings . . . a few of his friends knew William Sharp as psychic and mystic, who knew nothing of him as Fiona Macleod " (pp. 423, 424).

In this notice we have been so absorbed in the extraordinary interest of this dominant element in the life of one who in other respects was a remarkable personality, that we have left ourselves no space to refer to Sharp's wide knowledge of literature and high critical powers, to his own literary fertility, his intimate knowledge of the moods of nature and wild life, his absorbing love of beauty, his prodigality of plans for work, his brilliant genius for inventing titles, and extraordinary versatility, as for example when he brought out the *Pagan Review* written from the first to the last word by himself under various pseudonyms, his brave struggles with adversity and ill-health, and last but not least his friendships with the most distinguished writers of the day, from the correspondence between whom and himself the Memoir is largely composed. It is a book to read for all and a volume of special interest to the readers of *THE QUEST*, which had the distinction of publishing, through the kindness of Mrs. Sharp, the last gleanings from the poet's MSS. in 'Thoughts from the Note-Books of Fiona Macleod,' in the January number of a year ago.

MORS JANUA VITÆ?

A Discussion of Certain Communications purporting to come from Frederic W. H. Myers. By H. A. Dallas. With an Introduction by Prof. W. F. Barrett, F.R.S. London (Rider), 1910.

THOSE who have difficulty in decocting from the lengthy and necessary but wearisome *Proceedings* of the S.P.R. the essentials relating to the complicated and ingenious attempts to establish the fact of the survival of the personality of the late Frederic Myers, may be confidently recommended to peruse this careful, sane and sympathetic summary and discussion of the various communications purporting to come from him. Miss H. A. Dallas, whose long experience and training in such matters entitle her to a patient hearing, is persuaded that the spiritistic hypothesis is the one that best fits in with the observed facts; that at back of all

the puzzling details of these carefully recorded phenomena there is the purposed controlling influence of the self-conscious intelligence of the late psychical scientist. To this also as a probable conclusion Prof. Barrett, whose caution is well known, confesses that he is himself driven when writing in the Introduction: "Knowing Mr. Myers as I did intimately on earth for thirty years, I confess the collective weight of the evidence now accumulated through the automatic script of Mrs. Holland, Mrs. Verrall and Mrs. Piper, has convinced me that in this case it is highly probable that the unseen intelligence is no other than a fragment of the personality of Mr. Frederic Myers" (p. xviii.).

LUMEN DE LUMINE.

Or a New Magical Light. Discovered and Communicated to the World by Thomas Vaughan (Eugenius Philalethes). Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by Arthur Edward Waite. London (Watkins), 1910.

THIS is a convenient and good reprint of the now exceedingly rare original and only edition (1651) of one of Thomas Vaughan's mystical treatises on the puzzling *arcana* of alchemy. The editing has been entrusted to the experienced hands of Mr. A. E. Waite, who stands unrivalled in this department of obscure research, and who already as long ago as 1888 edited a volume of four of the tractates of Eugenius Philalethes. Many will think the chief attraction of the present reissue is the editor's own Introduction of 58pp., which is a sound and instructive piece of work, and a judicious estimate of the author's manner and matter. The main preoccupation of Eugenius was a spiritual regeneration, and though there are passages which seem to treat solely of the rumoured phenomena of purely physical transmutation, the experienced student of psychic possibilities will have little difficulty in referring them to psycho-physiological processes. Vaughan had his visions and that is the main interest; the way he worked them out and disguised them in the traditional alchemical modes and jargon is of quite secondary importance; nor does he strengthen our confidence in his scholarship by a thin immixture of imperfect echoes of a Christianised Kabbalah and defaced phrases from the famous Hellenistic poem known as the *Chaldaean Oracles*. To criticise the tractate in detail, however, would require an article, and Mr. Waite has already furnished the reader with a sufficiency of introduction and notes.

AKHNATON.

The Life and Times of Akhnaton Pharaoh of Egypt. By Arthur E. P. Weigall. London (Blackwood), 1910.

AT last we have a pleasant relief from the dry-as-dust chronicling that has so long done duty for Egyptian history. Mr. Weigall, with an enthusiasm that does one good to see, presents us in this intensely interesting volume with an intimate and life-like sketch of one of the most remarkable of the Pharaohs and of the founder of a religion that in many respects anticipated the spirit of Christianity upwards of 1800 years B.C. Amonhotep III. ascended the throne at the early age of eleven and died when he was but twenty-eight (1875—1858 B.C.). His whole life was devoted to one object—the formulating and preaching of the religion of the 'Aton' or the 'Lord,'—that is, the Vital Effluence or Spiritual Energy that streamed forth from the Divine Source, symbolised by the Sun's disk with out-pouring rays to which hands of blessing are attached, which caused the growth and joy of all and was regarded as the living Father of all creatures. Akhnaton ('The Glory of the Aton'), as he called himself, was a seer and visionary, of a gentle, loving and most domesticated nature. His modern historian is loud in his praise, and regards him as "the most remarkable figure of early Oriental history." When it is remembered that Akhnaton lived before Moses, it is astonishing to read the estimate that his modern biographer has formed of his life:

"In an age of superstition, and in a land where the grossest polytheism reigned absolutely supreme, Akhnaton evolved a monotheistic religion second only to Christianity itself in purity of tone. He was the first human being to understand rightly the meaning of divinity. When the world reverberated with the noise of war, he preached the first known doctrine of peace; when the glory of martial pomp swelled the hearts of his subjects, he deliberately turned his back upon heroics. He was the first man to preach simplicity, honesty, frankness, and sincerity; and he preached it from a throne. He was the first Pharaoh to be a humanitarian; the first man in whose heart there was no trace of barbarism. He has given us an example three thousand years ago which might be followed at the present day: an example of what a husband and a father should be, of what an honest man should do, of what a poet should feel, of what a preacher should teach, of what an artist should strive for, of what a scientist should believe, of what a philosopher should think" (pp. 288, 284).

We hardly think that the facts recorded permit us to place Akhnaton on so lofty a pinnacle of perfection; but after all deductions have been made, he remains a most remarkable figure, and an additional puzzle for the psychologist of religion. Akhnaton is said to have been physically weak and sickly and to have suffered from epilepsy; this, at any rate, is the deduction drawn from the shape of his mummied skull. It is further to be noted, in contrast, that politically and economically speaking Akhnaton let Egypt go to rack and ruin, and that a few years after his death the public cult of the Aton apparently disappeared. One of the most important points brought out by Mr. Weigall for students of comparative religion is the extremely close parallelism between the magnificent Hymn of Akhnaton to the Aton and *Psalm* civ. ("O Lord, how manifold are thy works!"). The parallelism is quite extraordinary and deserves the closest attention of Biblical scholars. Whence came this cult of the Aton? Straight out of Akhnaton's head or from elsewhere? Though Mr. Weigall leaves it an open question, we have to remember that both the mother and wife of Akhnaton were Syrian princesses, and that the Egyptian 'Aton' is the transliteration of the Syrian 'Adon,' the 'Lord.' But did the cult of the Aton disappear so entirely as Mr. Weigall supposes? If we remember the symbol of the Hands of Blessing, the following passages from the Trismegistic 'Virgin of the World' treatise permits us to believe that the memory of Aton was kept green by at least the few for many a century after Akhnaton's death:

"O Souls, ye children fair of Mine own Breath and My solicitude, whom I have now with My own Hands brought to successful birth, give ear unto these words of Mine as unto laws" (§ 11).

"God spake, and opening His Hands, such Hands as God should have, He poured them all into the composition of the world" (§ 81).

The same idea is found in the popular theurgic Hermes-cult in Egypt:

"Give ear to me, and give me grace with all that are on earth; open for me the hands of all that give like Thee" (*T.G.H.* i. 88).

Elsewhere in one of the Hermetic tractates we read of the souls: "When they are weary and they fail He takes them in His Arms again," which reminds us of the words of Plutarch (*De Is.* ii.): "In the sacred hymns to Osiris, they invoke him who is hidden in the Arms of the Sun."

THE HUMAN CHORD.

By Algernon Blackwood. London (Macmillan), 1910.

THE belief in the creative power of Sound and in the virtue or magic of 'Names' is the *motif* round which Mr. Blackwood's vivid imagination and graphic pen have woven his latest romance. The unaccustomed reader is rapidly led on from one amazement to another; the whole atmosphere is highly charged with the unexpected, now bright with the beautiful, now pale with the uncanny, grey with the ghastly or lurid with the terrific. The first half of the book is very well done; but in spite of some skilful and very suggestive description in the rest, it does not, as a whole, in our opinion, come up to *Jimbo* or *The Education of Uncle Paul*. The conception would have gained in probability, and the story have proved more convincing, had some of the incidents been treated with more restraint; the mechanical devices and sound-storing rooms might very well have been cut out. Still it is a powerful piece of work in many ways.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PLOTINOS.

His Life, Times and Philosophy. By Kenneth Sylvan Guthrie, A.M., Ph.D., M.D. London (Luzac), 1910.

PLOTINOS, who is universally regarded as the foremost representative of Later Platonism and by many as the greatest mystic of Pagan antiquity, is a difficult author to translate and a more difficult author to summarise. Years ago Dr. Guthrie published a small volume which showed that he had most carefully analysed the writings of the philosopher. He now gives us another in which he sets forth a most useful summary of the leading ideas of the *Enneads* grouped under convenient and systematic headings. There are many who will appreciate this service, for no such book exists in English. Every sentence is supported by reference to the original, for Dr. Guthrie keeps strictly to the text and does not indulge in vague speculations. The main subject is introduced by short chapters on Platonism, Aristotelianism, Stoicism and Emanationism, under which last heading he treats of the Hermetic tractates, with a prefatory note on their date, which, however, shows no signs of allowing for the recent work done on the subject. The exposition of the doctrines of Plotinos is sympathetic, including the treatment of the tenet of reincarnation in which so many



are now beginning to take an interest. At the end of the volume specimens are given from an as yet unpublished translation of the whole of the works. It is a regrettable fact that when there are so many translations of so much of far less value, the works of Plotinos exist only in a very free French version and a very literal German rendering. Dr. Guthrie's translation takes a middle ground and the expansions of the very condensed original are all marked by italics. We sincerely hope that the edition of the introductory volume under notice, with the appended specimens of the author's version, will induce some patron or group of friends of such studies to come forward with the necessary means to make possible the publication of what has been a long labour of love, and for which the author seeks no remuneration. The fact that orthodox writers on Christian mysticism treat Plotinos with special consideration, is a tribute to the greatness of the man, and an indication of his dignity. Indeed Plotinos left a deep impression on the mind of Augustine, just as Proclus strongly influenced the works of 'Dionysius.' The influence of Later Platonism has thus come down through the centuries and left enduring traces that can be easily recognised even within the bounds of Christendom. The works of Plotinos, however, deserve to be studied not simply on this account, but for themselves; for, theorising apart, they are in essentials characterised by the highest idealism and alive with an exalted experience.

THE MASTER SINGERS OF JAPAN.

Being Verse Translations from the Japanese Poets. By Clara A. Walsh. London (Murray), 1910.

FEW persons in England, I imagine, have the qualifications necessary for a right review of this book. Apart from the question of language, the true appreciation of verse demands a knowledge of the national tradition behind it. The cultured Englishman may well possess considerable knowledge of the literary traditions of France, of Italy, or of Germany, but our ideas concerning Japanese literature are as yet very vague. The profound and increasing influence exercised over the western world by the pictorial arts of Japan would lead us to believe that a similar revelation might come to us through the medium of verse, but little of such a revelation, be it confessed, is to be found in the present volume. Charming as are many of the poems, their substance, as a whole, appears to be thin. It may be that certain

images which have done duty in European poetry and are now outworn and useless, are as yet fresh and all but untouched in the East. For instance, the poet seeking among the 'winding hill paths' the woman he loved, and who is dead,

"who wanders ever further:

But all unknown the pathway where she strays!"

strikes no new note, and a writer of English would not obtain a reputation with such verse. What, however, is most arresting in the book is the strangely pictorial inspiration of the greater part of it. Indeed, many of the little poems therein seem merely to record some perfectly obvious fact, as in 'The Pond':

"An old-time pond, from out whose shadowed depth
Is heard the splash where some lithe frog leaps in!"

Or as in 'On Viewing Fuji':

"By Tago's shore, I wander to and fro
Gazing on Fuji's peak, where Autumn's earliest snow,
White-gleaming, sparkles."

Is there anything conveyed to the western mind by these two poems which could not have been conveyed infinitely better in some drawing or colour-print? This apparent straining after effects alien to the true nature of words is the more remarkable in that the Japanese artist, as a rule, has an exquisite sense of the limitations of his material. I suspect this seeming absence of motive to be due to a delicacy of allusion or an association of words, the key to which is not possessed by us. I do not think, however, that the present, or any similar, anthology of verse can awaken us to a new force, as we have been awakened by the prints of Hokusai, Harunobu, or Utamaro. Miss Clara Walsh is good at her craft, her translations being invariably harmonious and refreshingly free from inversions. Her brief introduction, also, is full of information and admirably lucid in style.

C. F.

THE ISLAND OF SOULS.

By M. Urquhart. London (Mills & Boon), 1910.

THIS startling piece of work is described by the authoress on her title-page as a 'sensational fairy tale'; there is, however, little of fairy proper in it except for the delightful nature bits. It is a romance of flamboyant magic in a very modern setting. There is

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an abundance of this kind of story in these latter days, and most of them are very poor stuff indeed in conception and in execution. But in *The Island of Souls* we have a tragedy in uncommonplace by a writer who possesses a keen faculty for psychological analysis, and what is evidently a first-hand acquaintance with abnormal psychical states, as well as a by no means bowing acquaintance with part of the curious literature of magical ritual and processes. 'M. Urquhart' has a keen eye for detail, and a practised pen for characterisation and description. The equipment is all there, and the interest is well maintained throughout; but the colouring is at times too glaring, the magic too gorgeous, and the chief characters somewhat too young. Had the treatment been more restrained we think the *dénouement* would have been more impressive; but then perhaps the class of readers to whom the book seems to be specially addressed would not understand a greater subtlety of presentation.

THE RUBÁ'YÁT OF HÁFIZ.

Translated with Introduction by Syed Abdul Majid, LL.D. Rendered into English Verse by L. Cranmer Byng. London (Murray), 1910.

FROM the fourteenth century Háfiz has been, and is to-day, the most popular of all the Persian poets. His praises have been sung almost *ad nauseam*. The present little volume of the 'Wisdom of the East' series gives us an able verse-rendering by Mr. Cranmer Byng from the literal translation of Dr. Abdul Majid, of the Rubá'iyát or Quatrains. The beauty of these stanzas lies in the language, in the form, rather than in the ideas, which are not so profound as in many a verse in the rest of the poet's writings. The most favourable specimen we can select from the Quatrains is stanza 60:

"O thou great Almoner of human need,
Who solvest all, dispensing blame and meed,
Why should I bare my secret heart to thee,
Since all my hidden secrets thou canst read?"

What, however, compensates for the lack of profundity of ideas in the verses is the excellent introduction by Dr. Abdul Majid, who has made a life-long study of the poet. Háfiz was a Súfi as well as a poet, and this leads the writer to consider the thorny question as to the sense in which the language of Háfiz in

the *Diwân*, the great collection of his poems, is to be taken, whether literally or figuratively. For himself Dr. Majid has no hesitation. "The bulk of the *Diwân* admits of a far higher interpretation than any that could belong to our mortal existence. It might have been attributed to pure accident if a few of his poems had borne that interpretation; but the question of accident is beyond consideration when the bulk of the *Diwân* can be so explained. It is commonplace if taken literally; sublime if truly interpreted. This shows a design and a certain state of mind. It can only be the mind of a Sûfî from which can emanate such strains.

"For this purpose 'tavern,' etc., must mean 'place of worship,' 'wine' signifying love of God; 'beloved,' 'God,' or 'Creator' and the old man of the Magians and of the Tavern, is the 'spiritual guide.'"

This is supported by the following quotation from Háfiz himself:

"The meaning of this cup is the wine of eternity,
The meaning of this wine, we understand, is selflessness."

We all of us know the extensive part that allegorising has played in apology, and how the most sublime meanings can be got out of nursery rhymes, and are very much on our guard against the abuse of such methods of interpretation. It is, however, hard to believe that philosophers and Sûfis were bacchanalians and self-indulgent sensualists; and that is the only alternative left us, not only in the case of Háfiz but in that of a number of other great Persian mystical poets. They may very well have used subterfuge to escape death at the hands of the orthodox of Islâm; but this does not explain why they made use of this particular kind of subterfuge.

SUBCONSCIOUS PHENOMENA.

By Hugo Münsterberg, Théodore Ribot, Pierre Janet, Joseph Jastrow, Bernard Hart and Morton Prince. London (Rebman), 1910.

THIS is a most useful little volume in the form of a symposium, arranged by Prof. Morton Prince, in the hope that the threshing out of the difference of views concerning the phenomena vaguely classed as 'subconscious' might help towards an agreement in terminology if not in explanation. It is an excellent idea and provides us with succinct statements of the views held by half-a-dozen of the leading specialists either in the domain of normal or abnormal psychology

or of psychiatry—three American, two French and one English. We can recommend the book to all who desire to become acquainted with the present state of opinion in the scientific world on a subject of extraordinary interest and importance, not only to doctors and professional psychologists, but also to a vast number of laymen and laywomen who are brought face to face with these facts of consciousness in their own lives, and who are earnestly seeking for some light on the subject. The most hopeful sign is that phenomena which were till recently either flatly denied or scornfully set on one side are now being taken into serious consideration by scientific workers. A still wider range of such phenomena, we believe, will have to be included before any really satisfactory explanation of human consciousness as a whole can be forthcoming, but a beginning has been made. At present, however, so far from there being any agreement in explanation, there is no consensus of opinion even with regard to the use of terms; but with the more accurate description and analysis of the phenomena that must be included if the full problem of the nature of human consciousness is to be faced, more suitable terms are bound to be forthcoming. At present the term 'subconscious' conveys very different ideas to various minds. Its chief meanings are conveniently summarised by Dr. Morton Prince as follows:

(1) The subconscious is "that portion of our field of consciousness which, at any given moment, is outside the focus of our attention . . . the marginal states or fringe of consciousness of any given moment." The prefix *sub* designates simply "the diminished or partial awareness that we have for these states out in (*sic*) the corner of our mind's eye." This is the meaning of the term in normal psychology (Stout).

(2) In abnormal psychology the term sub-conscious involves a theory of explanation as well. "Sub-conscious ideas are dissociated or split-off ideas; split off from the main personal consciousness . . . in such a fashion that the subject is entirely unaware of them, though they are not inert but active. . . . In other words, they form a consciousness co-existing with the primary consciousness, and thereby a doubling of consciousness results. The split-off consciousness may display extraordinary activity." This is the 'co-conscious' of Morton Prince.

(3) The third meaning is an extension of no. 2, a broad generalisation that propounds a principle of both normal and abnormal life. "Under it the dissociated states become synthesised among themselves into a large self-conscious personality,

to which the term 'self' is given. Sub-conscious states thus become personified and are spoken of as the 'subconscious self,' 'subliminal self,' 'hidden self,' 'secondary self,' etc.; and this subconscious self is conceived as making up a part of every human mind, whether normal or abnormal, and is supposed to play a very large part in our mental life. Thus every mind is double; not in the moderate sense of two trains of thought going on at the same time, or being engaged with two distinct and separate series of actions at the same time; . . . but in the sense of having two selves which are often given special domains of their own and spoken of as upper and lower; the waking and submerged selves, etc."

(4) A further definition (Sidis') would make the subconscious include (a), as active, the dissociated states of no. 2, and (b), as inactive, all those past conscious experiences which exist in the subconscious as potential memories.

(5) The meaning of sub-conscious in the theory of Myers which is an expansion of no. 8. This is more specifically known as the 'subliminal.' "The subconscious ideas, instead of being mental states dissociated from the main personality, now become the main reservoir of consciousness and the personal consciousness becomes a subordinate stream flowing out of this great storage basis of 'subliminal' ideas as they are called. We have within us a great tank of consciousness but we are conscious of only a small portion of its contents. In other words, of the sum total of conscious states within us only a small portion forms the personal consciousness. The personal self becomes even an inferior consciousness emerging out of a superior subliminal consciousness sometimes conceived as part of a transcendental world, and this subliminal consciousness is made the source of flights of genius on the one hand, while it controls the physical processes of the body on the other."

(6) Finally there is a sense in which the term subconscious is made the equivalent of Carpenter's "unconscious cerebration." It is a purely materialistic view, which holds that purely neural processes unaccompanied by any mentation whatever are sufficient to account for automatic writing and speaking, the so-called subconscious solution of arithmetical problems, etc.

With nos. 3 and 5, which are the theories of most interest to laymen, and it may be added those who have had experience of their own, the symposium does not deal; in spite of this serious omission there is much to learn, especially from Dr. Bernard

Hart's paper, which clears the air considerably, and vigorously maintains that the facts of the 'subconscious,' 'co-conscious' or 'unconscious' all form part of the material of psychology, and none of them form part of the material of physiology. There are a number of slips in proof reading that need correction.

THE SIGNS AND SYMBOLS OF PRIMORDIAL MAN.

Being an Explanation of Religious Doctrines from the Eschatology of the Ancient Egyptians. By Albert Churchward, M.D., M.R.C.P., M.R.C.S., F.G.S., P.M., P.Z. London (Swan, Sonnenschein), 1910.

THERE is little of importance that is original in this large and expensively got up work. It is nearly all to be found in the late Gerald Massey's two massive volumes, *Ancient Egypt: the Light of the World*, which was published by Mr. Fisher Unwin in 1907, and which we reviewed on its appearance. If Dr. Churchward had carefully analysed and lucidly summarised Massey and supplied the deficiencies of his references, we should have been thankful. But Dr. Churchward's references are few and far between; for the most part he contents himself with statements on innumerable points that require detailed substantiation for their acceptance, in the belief apparently that Massey has proved his endless contentions and above all his main thesis '*omnia ex Egypto*.' But 'Panegyptism' solves the innumerable problems that confront the student of the evolution of religions on this planet as little as 'Panbabylonismus.' Above all, it is exceedingly difficult to understand a large number of Dr. Churchward's sentences, as may be seen from the following, which sums up one of his main contentions: "The Eschatology of the ancient Egyptians, which was the final evolution of all their Totemic ceremonies, Mythology and Astro-mythology, and upon which all other religions throughout the world have taken their origins, and upon which our Brotherhood [*sc.* Freemasonry] is founded, and we have it more perfectly—in our rites, forms and ceremonies, etc.—than all others combined, yet it is in the higher degrees alone we find the perfect and dramatic forms of the passage of the Tuat and Amenta" (pp. 429, 430). What we ask in the name of rational speech *does* such a structureless series of clauses mean? There are hundreds of similar sentences throughout the book, and numbers of 'printer's errors,' if indeed the compositor is to be made the scape-goat; three-fourths of the few words in

Hebrew character are wrong, the only Latin quotation has three errors in it. If only Dr. Churchward had taken a single one of his subordinate theses—and some of these are intensely interesting, as for instance that the *Book of the Coming Forth by Day* is a series of rituals of an initiatory nature—and given it adequate and systematic treatment, on general lines, we could have overlooked all errors of detail, and obscurities of style; but when we seek for confirmation, we are given only single phrases torn from the context, and the analysis of not even a single chapter is attempted. We are thus compelled to close his book with the sad reflection that the work has all still to be done. The late Marsham Adams (to whom Dr. Churchward always refers as Marsh Adams) turned out two suggestive books on the subject, and some of his ideas are so beautifully conceived that we would fain believe them true; but he also forgot his references, and so his labours fail to convince not only the sceptic but also those who though predisposed to believe, first demand the signs and passwords of the fellow-craftsman.

MYSTICISM IN HEATHENDOM AND CHRISTENDOM.

By Dr. E. Lehmann, Professor of Divinity in the University of Berlin. Translated by G. M. G. Hunt. London (Luzac), 1910.

THESE are presumably a set of University lectures, and, as might be expected, are written from the standpoint of a critic from without rather than with the insight of experience. The chapters on Chinese, Indian and Persian Mysticism are evidently based on summaries, while the chapter on Greek Mysticism is written from a distinctly prejudiced point of view, culminating in the absurd judgment: "In such open epilepsy Platonism results at last. Greek mysticism has run its course. It has ended as it began in convulsions." The remaining two-thirds of the book is devoted to Mysticism in Christendom. On the whole, we glean, mysticism is to be regarded with suspicion even on Christian soil. Its goal is *union*, and this is not true Christian doctrine; the Gospel teaching is *fellowship* with God, not *union*. Jesus was not a mystic; the sanest religion is a sort of Lutheran evangelicalism, and the only reasonable point of view is that of religious individualism. In spite of this fundamentally unsympathetic treatment of the subject Dr. Lehmann cannot withhold his admiration from some of the aspects of mysticism; indeed he holds that individualistic Catholic mysticism paved the way for Protestantism.

NOTES.

THE FIRST UNIVERSAL RACES CONGRESS.

SEVENTEEN years ago the Parliament of Religions met at Chicago, and proved that what had previously been considered a wildly utopian, if not well-nigh impossible, undertaking could be attempted with beneficial results. It was a good beginning, the first organised response to the stimulus of that deeper conscience of a truer humanity which is beginning to stir in these latter days. It brought men of the most diverse creeds into friendly touch, it paved the way for a better understanding between West and East in matters of religion. So excellent an idea should not be allowed to atrophy; a seed that contains the promise of such beneficence should not be suffered to perish of neglect by the truly magnanimous, those who aspire to become genuine cosmopolitans or world-citizens. But seventeen years have passed and there are no signs as yet of the calling together of a second Parliament of Religions. If religion in its best sense is that which should bind man to God, it is equally true that religions have so far proved most potent means of separating man from man. If again humanity is ideally one, if it is true that there is an essential solidarity in which all men must perforce naturally share, it is equally a fact that distinction of race is a well-nigh insuperable obstacle to the realisation of this solidarity on the concrete plane. Any effort to minimise this gigantic obstacle, any attempt even to survey the means whereby a pioneer path may be made across this barrier, deserves the approval of all who can rise superior to the greater selfishness of purely racial interests, and the hearty co-operation of those who are in a position to help. We, therefore, extend a most cordial welcome to the First Universal Races Congress, which is to be held at the University of London, July 26-29, 1911. The object of the Congress is :

“To discuss, in the light of modern knowledge, and the modern conscience, the general relations subsisting between the peoples of the West and those of the East, between so-called white and so-called coloured people, with a view to encourage between them a

fuller understanding, the most friendly feelings, and a heartier co-operation."

The prospectus informs us that among the supporters of the Congress, who hail from no less than fifty countries, are over twenty-five Presidents of Parliaments, the majority of the Members of the Permanent Court of Arbitration and of the Delegates to the Second Hague Conference, twelve British Governors and eight British Premiers, over forty Colonial Bishops, some hundred and thirty Professors of International Law, the leading Anthropologists and Sociologists, the officers and the majority of the Council of the Inter-Parliamentary Union, and other distinguished personages. The list of the writers of papers includes eminent representatives of over twenty civilisations, and every paper referring to a particular people is prepared by someone of high standing belonging to it. These papers will be published before the Congress in a volume and will be taken as read. The deliberations of the Congress will fall under the following heads: Fundamental Considerations—Meaning of Race and Nation; General Conditions of Progress (two sessions); Peaceful Contact between Civilisations; Special Problems in Inter-racial Economics; The Modern Conscience in Relation to Racial Questions (two sessions); and Positive Suggestions for Promoting Inter-racial Friendliness (two sessions). The volume of papers which will form the basis of deliberation will contain some fifty contributions by well-known authorities. It is an excellent programme, and the whole undertaking reflects the greatest credit on its organisers. Active Membership (21s.) includes attendance at meetings and all publications. Passive Membership (7s. 6d.) includes receipt of volume of papers of about 500 pages and all other publications. Further information may be obtained from the Hon. Organiser, Mr. G. Spiller, 63, South Hill Park, Hampstead, London, N.W.

A NEW THEORY OF THE ORIGIN OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

THAT Laplace's famous nebular hypothesis has been very seriously undermined if not completely disproved by the present state of astro-physical knowledge, is the judgment of Mr. F. W. Henkel when discussing 'New Theories of the Evolution of Stellar Systems' in the July number of the quarterly publication *Science Progress*. To Laplace's theory there is now an alternative hypothesis developed by the work of Prof. T. J. J. See. Millions of spiral nebulae scattered throughout the heavens are now visible to

the most powerful telescopes. In Prof. See's opinion our solar system was formed from a spiral nebula arising from the meeting of two or more streams of cosmical dust. The system began to whirl around a central point and this gave rise to a vortex. As for the planets, they have not been detached from the central mass through its rotation, as in the theory of Laplace, "but have been captured or added on from the outer part of the nebula. The roundness of the orbits of the planets and satellites in general is due to the action of a resisting medium which has reduced the size of their paths, and well-nigh obliterated the deviations from circularity. Just as the planets have been captured by the sun's action, so in like manner the satellites have been captured by their several primaries, *not* detached by rotation of the latter. The moon too was originally a planet, which neared the earth and was finally captured and made a satellite. The asteroids or minor planets between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter are the surviving remains of millions of small planets, most of which have been swallowed up by colliding with larger ones, though many are still moving in independent paths round the sun. Our own earth frequently encounters some of these objects, and we have then a more or less brilliant 'meteoric shower.' The satellites having been captured in this way, it is not surprising that a few of them should revolve in the opposite direction to the rest," a fact which the old theory cannot explain. Various other distinctive phenomena, it is claimed, are covered by the new hypothesis, and the researches of Prof. See are said to form a "most important advance" in our knowledge of the genesis of our solar system. We are not in a position to test the new view, but certainly the old theory does not cover a number of the observed facts.

COMPARATIVE RELIGION.

FROM 'A Note on Comparative Religion,' in the October number of *The Dublin Review*, we take the following summary of the conclusions of a recent study by Mons. H. Pinaud (*Quelques Précisions sur la Méthode Comparative*, reprinted from *Anthropos* I., fasc. 2, 8, 1910).

"The Comparative Method is thoroughly legitimate, provided the sight of similar phenomena does not lead us to assert, without further evidence, more than a similar nature in their substratum: provided we recognise that what religions can and do differ in is their 'genius'; that it is this 'soul,' or 'genius,' which matters;

and that every part of the religion must be considered as organically unified by this pervasive soul.

"These provisos at once rule out, as illegitimate, the assimilation of religions on grounds of their external similarity of phenomena; and, *a fortiori*, their artificial assimilation by supplementing the lacunæ in the phenomena. Further, that method of detecting alien elements which consists on *a priori* principles of the *Urreligion*, the 'essence' of the thing, which assesses it at the static, not dynamic value of its elements as shown in the earliest manifestation of themselves, is also illegitimate. As for the appraisement of the relative values of religions, that is impossible without first principles."

But is every part of a religion "organically unified by a pervasive soul"? We quite agree that it is the 'soul' of a religion that matters, but we should think that from a religious point of view, that 'soul' is manifested only in the highest and purest elements—in the noblest examples of the lives of its adherents. And though it is true that "the appraisement of the relative values of religions is impossible without first principles," it is equally true that to make one religion an absolute standard and to claim for it the sole divine revelation of such first principles stultifies the utility of all such comparative study from the start; it pertains to apologetics and not to science. And yet that is precisely the position of the vast majority of Christian students; they accept from the start the 'finality' of Christianity and claim that the sole object of comparative study is to prove that Christianity is "the highest manifestation of the religious spirit." At the other end of the scale we have the majority of the anthropologists, who continue to seek the *arcana* of religion in its lowest 'savage' forms. We agree with Mr. L. H. Jordan, B.D., when he writes in his useful summary, *Comparative Religion: A Survey of its Recent Literature* (Edinburgh, Schulze, 1910): "A long stride of advance will be taken at Great Britain's oldest University when Comparative Religion shall come to be studied there, not chiefly as a branch of sociology, but as a branch of theology; and when it shall be fostered, not in the interest of any 'ism,' whether Christian or otherwise, but as an agency that helps to lay bare the hidden roots of all those spiritual experiences which make man to-day what he is."

THE 'COLLIMINAL.'

IN a paper dealing with 'Philosophical Theories and Psychical Research,' in the October number of *The Hibbert Journal*, Prof. James H. Hyslop grapples with the difficulties of the 'subliminal' nomenclature, and puts forward the following suggestions:

"We might apply the subliminal to what lies below the threshold of normal consciousness, as in orthodox psychology [the subconscious], and confine this to the processes that deal with the material of normal experience though they are not mnemonically connected with the normal. We might consider these functions as identical in kind with the normal, even though associated with automatism,¹ and as dependent on normal experience for their data or material of knowledge. They would be distinguished from the normal only in the absence of normal memory and introspection of objects. The *liminal* point would be that between the subliminal and the normal consciousness, and might be made as variable as facts require. It would not need to be a fixed point either in the individual or in different persons. Then what has usually passed as the 'supraliminal' in the classification of Mr. Myers might be called the *colliminal*, implying all that lies above the *limen* or liminal point and below an upper threshold which may be supposed to distinguish the normal from the hypernormal. We should have in this field of the colliminal the area of normal consciousness representing the spectrum between its two limits. Lastly, and above it all, would come the field of the supranormal, and which might be called the supraliminal, or perhaps better the supracolliminal, if we wish to preserve more etymological accuracy. But apart from literal and etymological usage the terms subliminal, colliminal and supraliminal might denote the three stages of mental action, with the hypernormal or supraliminal (supracolliminal), remaining as an open question, but clearly distinguished from both the subliminal and the normal mental functions both as to character and contents, though representing the law of continuity as desired. The automatic functions might then lie outside of them and naturally below the subliminal, and representing functions of a more mechanical character though possibly associated very closely with the subliminal. We might then understand more clearly how to distinguish between the contributions

¹ The phenomena of automatism are described as apparently mechanical responses to some sort of stimulus, whether intra-organic or extra-organic. This says about as little as could possibly be said; it is quite a triumph of reticence.—ED.

of each function to any complex product, while we keep open for investigation and debate the nature and limitations of the alleged hypernormal functions of mind. The important limiting agency on their existence and contributions would be the automatic functions of the subject associated with the possible intrusion of foreign intelligence into the products of observation and experiment."

'Supracolliminal' is such a monster of a name that it should be strangled at birth. If the *sub* and *supra* and *hyper* combinations are so unsatisfactory, why not give *extra* and *cis* and *trans* a turn?

ALLEGORY AND HELLENISTIC PHILOSOPHY.

ALLEGORY was the characteristic method by which Hellenistic Philosophy reached its main forms of belief—so argues Prof. Gilbert Murray in a paper on 'Hellenistic Philosophy' in the October number of *The Hibbert Journal*.

"We must make," he says, "a certain effort of imagination to understand this method of allegory. It is not the frigid thing it seems to us. In the first place we should remember that, as applied to the ancient literature and religious ritual, allegory was at least a *vera causa*. It was a phenomenon which actually existed. . . .

"And secondly, we must remember what states of mind tend especially to produce this belief in allegory. They are not contemptible states of mind. It needs only a strong idealism with which the facts of experience clash, and allegory follows almost of necessity. The facts cannot be accepted as they are. They must be explained as being something different."

But was not this idealism in some cases at any rate based on actual mystical experience? Granted the clash, should not the explanation so devoutly to be wished take in also the facts of this experience? Prof. Murray continues:

"The same process was applied to the universe. It is habitually applied by the religious idealists of all ages. A fundamental doctrine of Stoicism and most of the idealist creeds was the perfection and utter blessedness of the world, and the absolute fulfilment of the purpose of God. Now obviously this belief was not based on experience."

But can we say that such a belief was not based upon a certain order of experience? There are mystical states in which all seems well with the world and all part of the Divine purpose. Prof. Murray, however, as *Advocatus Mundi* proceeds:

"The world, to do it justice amid all its misdoing, has never

lent itself to any such deception as that. No doubt it shrieked against the doctrine then as loud as it has always shrieked, so that even a Posidonian or a Neo-Platonist, his ears straining for the music of the spheres, was sometimes forced to listen. And what was his answer? It is repeated in all the literature of these sects. 'Our human experience is so small: the things of the earth may be bad, and more than bad, but, ah! if you only went beyond the moon! That is where the cosmos begins.' And of course, if we did ever get there, they would say it began beyond the sun!"

It is true that we have changed this spacial symbolism now-a-days for a truer view of the nature of the deepening of consciousness, but the fundamental idea still holds its sway in the affections of the idealist; nor should we forget that Plotinus, Porphyry and Jamblichus are at great pains on many occasions to assert that the divine and the mind and the soul in its purity transcend all limitations of time and space; there is no 'down here' and 'up there' for such consciousness. But to continue:

"Idealism of a certain type will have its way; if hard life produces an ounce or a pound or a million tons of fact in the scale against it, it merely dreams of infinite millions in its own scale, and the enemy is outweighed and smothered. I do wish [*sic!*] to mock at these Posidonians and Stoics and Hermetics and Neo-Platonists. They loved goodness, and their faith is strong and even terrible. One feels rather inclined to bow down before their altar and cry: '*Magna est Delusio et praevalerebit.*'"

But if the forms are inadequate, if they are even demonstrably wrong, is the insight of the soul delusion; is ecstasy an evil; is the beatific vision a fraud? The conclusion of Prof. Murray is that "all this allegory and mysticism is bad for men. It may make the emotions sensitive, it certainly weakens the understanding."

We would venture to say that to form a just valuation of such writings it is necessary to put oneself once more in the limitations of the times in which they were written, and not to judge them from a point of view which has been made possible only by the present enormous extension of physical knowledge and of intellectual development. The understanding of these philosophers did not by any means fall short of the intellect of their own day, and doubtless when we have a new crop of similar minds they will be able to give a better account of themselves in the future. A little experience of a similar nature would give a vitality to philosophy which is sadly wanted in these sunless days.

THE QUEST.



THE WORLD-SAVIOUR IDEA AND THE RENAISSANCE: THE MESSIANIC EMPEROR.¹

FRANZ KAMPERS, PH.D., Professor in the University of
Breslau.

“ZEUS made a garment vast and fair and broidered on it Earth and Ocean and the House of Ocean.” This garment was presented by the King of Heaven to Chthoniā, his bride, who later takes the name of Gæa (Earth). So we are told in a fragment by the Orphic sage, Pherecydes, “Thales’ contemporary,” as the ancients called him. In it Pherecydes represents the Earth as “a winged oak-tree, over which Zeus spread the robe he had embroidered.” In a highly interesting investigation Marie Gothein has tried to prove that since the time of this Orphic fragment onward, “in a long line of descent, if not uninterrupted, yet never without visible connection, poetical

¹ The publications with which I deal in this paper, with the exception of the first, by Marie Gothein, ‘*Der Gottheit lebendiges Kleid*,’ *Archiv für Religionswissenschaft* ix. [1906], 336-364, appeared at a time when I was myself engaged in similar researches. Here I shall confine myself to the broad outlines only which have so far resulted from my own special studies; in further investigations, I intend to work out the whole subject in an extended form and to adduce proof for it in detail. The second article will bear the title: ‘Dante and the Renaissance.’

imagery has been fertilised by this theological and mystical conception, so that it has, in its turn, reproduced mythical forms not without theological intention." And if the words of the powerful scene of conjuration from *Faust*—

Thus toil I at the roaring loom of time
And weave the Godhead's living dress—

are indeed directly connected with an older, ancient series of traditions, the right of the authoress to point to this Goethe-saying as the last link in her remarkable religio-historical chain need not be contested. The same 'motive' of the 'world-weaving' is also the central point of a voluminous work by Robert Eisler.¹ According to Eisler, the world-picture of the most ancient culture of the Mediterranean coasts depends essentially "upon the representation of the world-embracing, starry Mantle of the Godhead or of the Tent of Heaven made from this cosmic covering and erected over the World-tree." This spreading Tree is placed in the midst of the paradisaical Land of the Sun. Its wide-stretching boughs overshadow the whole cosmos, and above its branches the Heavens' God spreads the World-cloak with the golden stars.

According to the older form of tradition, the God weaves it himself; according to the later, it is worked by the Earth, his bride. On the top of the Tree, sits the sun-bird enthroned, the Phoenix, the symbol of re-birth; at its foot lies the Dragon, the sleepless begrudger of life. Under this Heaven-tree the Heaven-god takes in his arms his ever-youthful bride, and at every new embrace the life of spring bursts forth

¹ *Weltenmantel und Himmelszelt. Religions-geschichtliche Untersuchungen zur Urgeschichte des antiken Weltbildes*, 2 Bände, München, Beck, 1910.

everywhere: an eternal, holy Becoming, born of an eternal, unalterable Passing-away.

A grandiose and profound cosmogonic conception! Whether it really can claim that central meaning which Eisler would give it, I am not in a position to decide. The superabundance of heaped-up, learned material robs the layman of his sense of orientation. In any case this question is only of secondary importance for the mediæval historian. But the 'motive' of these eternally-renewed, sacred nuptials under the World-tree, which occurs, Proteus-like, again and again in the most variegated transformations throughout the complex of mythological representations which Eisler has gathered together, at once chained my attention. For, strange to say, these researches into this ancient image of the world are in close connection with my own investigations into the Emperor-idea of the Middle Ages and into the immortal poem of its illustrious prophet, Dante.

I know that such far-reaching researches as those of Eisler cannot count on a really friendly circle of readers among scholars. The over-bold trains of thought of workers in this field have given rise to a feeling of suspicion which is not without justification. There is, however, unmistakable danger that this suspicion may turn into a prejudice towards rejection, and that thus the progress of research may be checked. And if I take only the sacred-marriage 'motive' by itself and its survival through the saga-history of the Middle-Ages for the subject of my investigation, I am still convinced that I too shall have to reckon with this feeling of suspicion. And that is well, for the more carefully has the chain to be forged which is to lead from the mythologist Pherecydes to Dante, so

much the more may I hope that its solidity will be eventually demonstrated. I shall therefore confine myself to showing how this very ancient 'motive' of the sacred marriage is still quite clearly recognisable in the expectation of the advent of the world-redeeming Emperor and in Dante's potent vision on the Mountain of Purgatory, and I shall simply indicate in passing that this mythical 'motive' is also found in folk-song, in some forms of the Tannhäuser-legend and in the mystical visions of ecstatic nuns.

In various mutually complementary works, I have tried to find the proof that the roots of the mediæval Imperial idea are to be looked for in the theocratic conceptions of the oldest world-powers of the ancient East. I believe that I have demonstrated almost with documentary evidence through the centuries,¹ how behind this cosmic notion of sovereignty, of the universal Empire, there rises a still more majestic idea, the notion of a World-saviour. The thought has lived in the dreams of the people for thousands of years that a mighty World-ruler must come, who will at the same time be a Saviour of the world. Since the days of the great Macedonian, this originally Oriental notion has passed over into the consciousness of the peoples of the West as well; it lent to the Roman and to the Holy Roman Empire its messianic and apocalyptic colouring. The longing for the return of the world's Golden Age, for deliverance from the curse which rests upon the Iron Age, in which men fancy that they live, for a renewal of the harmony 'twixt man and God that once there was in Paradise, becomes

¹ *Die deutsche Kaiseridee in Prophetie und Sage*, München, 1896. *Alexander der Grosse und die Idee des Welt-imperiums in Prophetie und Sage*, Freiburg i. B. 1901. 'Die Sibylle von Tibur und Vergil.' *Historisches Jahrbuch*, 1908. *Dantes Kaisertraum*, Breslau, 1908.

in the days of the first Roman Cæsar the leading 'motive' of the Western Imperial dream, which even to-day has not been fully dreamed out. This thesis is now sustained in a surprising manner by Eisler's demonstration of the fact that not only the world-rulers of Antiquity, but also those of the Middle Ages, robed themselves in this cosmic cloak of Deity. As his starting-point, Eisler takes the star-spangled robe of Henry II., which is still to-day one of the treasures of Bamberg Cathedral, and shows, I think incontrovertibly, that we have here to do with nothing else but this cosmic cloak. The trace once found, he then works backwards. Otto III. wore a similar starry robe, of which we are given a description in the *Graphia Aurea Urbis Romæ*. The whole zodiac was embroidered on it, while 365 bells in the shape of the flowers and fruit of the pomegranate were hung round it. Richard of Cornwall is also shown to have had a gold-embroidered cloak with a mystical trimming of bells. The apple-shaped bells are plainly—as their number at once shows—cosmic symbols; they are the golden stars which shine from out the overshadowing crown of cosmic space like golden apples. Still further back in the Middle Ages lies that cosmic cloak which Adelheid, Hugh Capet's wife, dedicated to St. Denis; it was known as the '*Orbis terrarum*.' These cosmic, royal insignia probably came to the West by way of Byzantium. In a miniature of the Chronicle of 354 (which, it is true, is but a sixteenth century transcript of a Carolingian copy), the Emperor Constantius Gallus appears in a '*toga picta*,' which is very similar to the Bamberg cloak.

But Byzantium, too, resorts to older models; it simply takes over "the robe of state of the Roman

Emperors, as legally established and sanctified by ancient custom before the division of the Empire." It was again Cæsar who first adorned himself with the mystical, starry cloak and this goes back to the mantle of the Roman Heaven-god, "which was lent to the victorious General for his triumph from the treasury of the Temple of the Capitol, or, in exceptional cases, from the Palatine Temple of Jupiter Stator."

But even here we have not reached the starting-point of the tradition. The Babylonian and Assyrian kings also robed themselves in the star-spangled garment, and, in this case too, the God wore it before them. Marduk appears in the cosmic cloak, with a horned dragon at his feet, and the thunder-god Hadad wears a cosmic vesture, on which the five-terraced world-mountain can be identified as a glyph of the heaven with its five spheres. The same cosmic garment adorns the Iranian sun-god Mithras, and the Phrygian-Hittite moon-god Athir-Mên; in short it meets us again and again in the mythology of the ancient peoples.

In the Middle Ages this star-spangled robe was transferred to the Madonna—the unconscious revival of a very ancient tradition. No wonder; for, considering the wide diffusion of this representation of the God with the shining, starry robe, which also became the vesture of light or fire, it was an easy matter for this '*mythologēma*' to pass, by the way of the syncretism of the earliest Christian age, into the later figurative language of the Christians.

The 'Kosmokratōr' of antiquity and his successor, the World-ruler of the Middle Ages, borrow from the highest God of Heaven the symbol of universal sovereignty, the World-robe. It is a magnificent

mystical idea, which naturally first reaches its full significance only through the Messianic expectations of the peoples. But it is not only the Imperial robe of the Middle Ages that leads us back to this very ancient tradition; we are brought back to it along another path. We have seen how Zeus spread out the cosmic mantle with the golden stars over the World-tree with its wide-stretching boughs, which overshadowed his bridal couch. The remembrance of this survives in the ceremonial customs in which the sacred tree, whose cosmic meaning is now plain to us, was clothed with skins and garments and with other symbols. Herodotus and Ælian inform us, as I have already indicated, that Xerxes, on the way to Sardes, crowned a plane-tree with a golden wreath. By this solemn act of worship at the head of his army, the king lays claim to the command of the four quarters of the earth. The magical act to ensure fertility is here a 'magic' for dominion.

From this a light falls on a feature of the German Imperial saga which has not yet been made sufficiently clear. As early as 1221, after the fall of Damietta, it was confidently foretold that David, the Priest-King from the East, and Frederick II. would meet in Jerusalem, and that thereupon the 'dry tree' would become 'green.' John of Hildesheim seeks for this 'dry tree' in the Tartar Kingdom, where it is guarded with the greatest possible care. Him who hangs his shield on it, it makes Lord of the Earth. Now the shield is also a cosmic symbol. Sun and moon themselves appear as shields. "Jahveh is Sun and Shield," we read in the Psalm. Alexander the Great also carried a shield with the cosmos depicted on it, as a magical means of bringing victory. The shield stands

without doubt on the same footing as the cosmic mantle and crown. Thus the symbolical clothing of the tree is still known in the Imperial legend of the Middle Ages; its connection with the sacred marriage, however, is to be recognised in the mediæval saga only if the whole relevant mythological figurative circle is surveyed. I will show later how the dry staff in the Tannhäuser legend, the withered tree of life in Dante's Earthly Paradise, and the dry tree of the Imperial saga are related to each other, how the cosmic decoration of the tree symbolises only the Tent which the King of Heaven stretched above his bridal couch, how the cult-rite is meant to signify that only through its cosmic adornment does the World-tree again acquire its fruits, the golden stars which shine down on the bridal couch, from which the Becoming of the universe arises. The dying Alexander, according to the Syrian legend, sends his throne to Jerusalem. That the world-cloak of the Western rulers of the Middle Ages was readily dedicated to the Supreme Being, we read in Eisler repeatedly. In the mediæval Imperial saga the last great Emperor resigns, on Golgotha, his crown to the Dispenser of every earthly power. This grandiose conclusion of the Imperial drama is a Christian form of a much older 'motive'; I think I have repeatedly proved this. The ancient Imperial prophecies also long before speak of a similar abdication of empire, which however plainly pre-supposes a still earlier form. It may be that the hanging of the cosmic shields or perhaps also of the cosmic crown on the World-tree approximates to the original form of the legend. The legend of the Emperor's surrender of his crown on Golgotha may easily have been formed from this '*mythologēma*.' According to an old legend there grew on Golgotha out

of the skull of Adam the shoot of the Tree of Life from which the dry stock of the Cross was made.

In the dreams of the people throughout the centuries there thus lives on a very ancient mythical idea.¹ It is true that the Imperial legend has gradually transformed it completely. When for instance Rückert sang of his Emperor of the Future:

There stands in a field
The Empire's dry tree,
And waits till the hero
Awakes from his dream.

When he boldly hangs
His shield on the tree,
Then the dry becomes green,
The Empire-field blooms—

he did not know that the colouring for the picture of his hero is taken from that of the God who spreads the cosmic mantle over the bridal Earth.

The student of legends, however, is interested by the fact that the modern poet is here working with very ancient mythical images; while the historian is surprised to find that in these images the original meaning has been preserved: the idea of a universal salvation and re-birth. As the theogamy, or marriage of the gods, the idea of an eternal, holy renewal of the universe, lay at the centre of the great, sacred Mysteries of antiquity and further symbolised to the *Mystēs* or initiate the new, spiritual birth out of the Deity, so it also lies at the focal point of the great circle of legends of the World-redeeming Emperor.

¹ I can here only tentatively suggest the supposition that the idea of the removal of mountains, which was certainly Eastern in origin, has also its roots in this potent myth. One recalls involuntarily the cosmic cave of Chronos, out of which the sun rises, the world-cavern with its strange and circumscribed limitations, which yet embrace the universe, so admirably described in the *Romance of Alexander*.

And no one has kept more clearly to the original notion than the singer of the Imperial idea, who in the last cantos of the *Purgatorio* describes for us a solemnisation of the Mysteries, translated into Christian terms; the central point of this being again a holy marriage, which to the great *Mystēs* Dante, the prototype of humanity, represents re-birth in the most stupendous imagery. Thus the Imperial saga becomes of immense significance for the correct definition of the original meaning of the term 'Renaissance.'¹

We see how for centuries the ancient idea of re-birth is preserved in this Imperial saga, not only in its thought-content, but also in its figurative language, and how this notion, at the beginning of the centuries which we sum up as the epoch of the Renaissance, is placed by the singer of the Imperial idea, in a most significant manner, at the central-point of his world-poem.

The cosmogonic representation of the sacred marriage under the World-tree transfigures the thought of the interdependence of all mankind, by placing it in the sphere of harmony between Deity and Cosmos, in the sphere of the ideal of the universally human. Wherever this thought, during the thousands of years of history, remains in that sphere, it works beneficently by waking the powers of individuals and placing before them a lofty goal. But—such is human imperfection—this universalism only too soon takes on a political colouring. Then it requires the death of

¹ I shall deal with Dante in a separate article, but I may mention here that Konrad Burdach, '*Sinn und Ursprung der Worte Renaissance und Reformation*,' *Sitzungsberichte der K. preuss. Akad. d. Wiss.* (1910), 594-646, has meanwhile arrived at similar conclusions. This comparatively short study, to which I shall repeatedly refer in my second article, is in my opinion the most important contribution which has been made in recent years to this problem.

nations; then it begins its sterile work, reducing everything to the same level; then it lets the life of the individual and the life of culture grow torpid. The empires of the world at the height of their political power exhibit a condition of exhaustion as far as culture is concerned. And the egoism which is then embodied in the world-empire, communicates itself to the masses which have become dully indifferent. Universalism is replaced by chaos. But—in accordance with the eternal cyclic movement of human affairs—there awakes again in the periods of chaos a longing for the universally human, for the Eternal, for the inward re-birth of all humanity from the Godhead.

If we place ourselves at this lofty standpoint, then the many-thousand-year-old history of the ancient civilised countries of the globe attains an imposing unity. At the central-point of this history, we now find the thought of salvation and redemption, and the motive-force of the evolution of the world is discovered to be the longing for a universal humanity, re-born and having its being in God. In the theocracy of Babylon¹ which gave no scope to the individual life, there was also no room for the idea of a common humanity. In Parseeism we already find a difference. There universalism is wedded to the idea that the state must imitate the principle of the Good alone which is all-powerful in the universe, that humanity must fashion itself anew on the pattern of the Kingdom of Light. Next the exclusively national Israelitish people find the way to humanity. The idea of the Kingdom of God and of its counterpart on Earth gradually gains life. At the same time the small Hebraic people gets

¹ In the following I extract some of the leading sentences from the introductory chapter of my monograph, '*Karl der Grosse*' in *Charakterbilder zur Weltgeschichte*, which is intended for a wider circle of readers.

the conception of the World-redeemer, who is to lead purified humanity into God's universal Kingdom of Peace.

Judaism became wedded with the Greek spirit and the world-culture of Hellenism came into being. In this culture the idea of universal sovereignty appears in a new form. It is purified by the spirit of the Platonic philosophy. Alexander the Great for the first time united with the Imperialistic thought, which he had formed for all coming ages, the ancient conception of humanity, which was derived from the æstheticism of the Platonic philosophy. In any state, such was now the doctrine, any individuality can develop its life; in any culture it can in itself bring the special laws and harmonies of that culture to the most perfect development; briefly, in any environment it can raise the ego into an æsthetically satisfying work of art. This universal human thought in the policy of the world-conqueror caused him to appear in the eyes of many an anguished Jew as the promised mediator and peace-bringer.

Thus 'Dionysos returned to earth,' as the great Macedonian was called, united the Hellenic thought of the divine nobility of the human soul with the Asiatic-Egyptian belief in a Kingdom of God and with the moral conceptions and the Messianic promises of the Jews, into a new idea which exercised a fascinating influence over the centuries. The Hellenistic universal kingdom now takes on that mystical, or preferably apocalyptic colouring, which, down to our own times, has ennobled the Imperial idea with its poetical, deep and lofty enchantment.

From the observation of a vast encircling world, from the effort to transform the earth-sphere of the

ancients into a great unity, there developed in Rome the recognition of a universal humanity, and at the same time a joyously conceived individualism. Thus the cosmopolitan, humanistic ideal of the Hellenic sages seemed destined to come true through Rome's powerfully active sense of reality. But those ideas of the loftiness of humankind which in Rome were reborn through the Stoic spirit, were rationalistic and consciously held aloof from the immaterial and divine. The more highly tuned aristocratic circles in Republican Rome became intoxicated with the world-view of a humanity directed to æsthetic aims. This view, however, had in it the seeds of internal decay. Only too soon Roman universalism became saturated with political tendencies; it degenerated into the egoism of the uniform world-state. The war of all against all soon follows; but in this war, at the end of the Republican period, there awakes, in the soul of the age, the hitherto carefully repressed recognition of the immense gulf between desire and accomplishment, the feeling of human weakness and imperfection, the consciousness of "all-powerful, prevailing guilt." The idea of sin, from which men had hitherto anxiously tried to escape, towered up in gigantic proportions at the time of the Civil Wars.

The feeling of guilt produces at the same time the longing for expiation and regeneration, for a mystical union with the Divine Universal Being. A period of religious activity begins; a new view of the world takes its rise, the central point of which is the universal craving for redemption, for rest in God. In this view of the world, the cosmopolitan idea of humanity is again purified; it obtains, in addition to the æsthetic, the necessary religious content. There

risers majestically behind the Roman world-empire, the potent metaphysical background of the living cosmos, governed by a "divine law, written in the hearts of all men." It became Rome's mission to the world to ensure the supremacy of this divine law and thus to bring peace to the world. Fostered by Stoic philosophy, which, under the leadership of Poseidonios, was turning back towards religion, this thought passed over into the consciousness of humanity.

"*Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo*,"¹ sang Vergil. Here is heard quite clearly the prognostic of the idea 'Renaissance'; the thought of the re-birth of the age through the Saviour Augustus. The circle of the time is completed; a Golden Age with a redeemed and morally renewed humanity is arising. On the coinage of the Emperor is found thereafter the symbol of re-birth, the phoenix, and the legend, "*Felix reparatio temporum*."² The idea that the Roman Empire, as the copy of the Divine Government of the World, was destined to give peace to all humanity and could give it unaided, persisted with wonderful tenacity. Upon the coming centuries of the Middle Ages there falls the gigantic shadow of the Imperium. And when once again, as in the days of the Triumvirate, a terrible crime produced an unspeakable consciousness of guilt, the thought of a common humanity was once more brought to life, and along with it the idea of a World-saviour. Einhard takes features from the Augustan Empire, glorified by legend and prophecy, the Sibyl features from Orpheus, the hero of the Mysteries of inner renewal, which they lend to the picture of the first Germanic Cæsars. And as Vergil

¹ "The mighty order of the ages is born anew."

² "The happy restoration of the ages."

once sang that the cycle of the times was completed, and a renewed humanity would rejoice in a Golden Age, so now a Carlovingian singer writes the verses :

*Prospicit alta novæ Romæ mens arce Palæmon,
Cuncta suo imperio consistere regna triumpho,
Rursus in antiquos mutataque sæcula mores.
Aurea Roma iterum renovata renascitur orbi.*¹

The poet here, quite in the manner of Vergil, lays special stress on the moral redemption of the times by the Saviour Charlemagne.²

But if we can really venture to speak of a Carlovingian Renaissance, it is only in the sense of the overcoming of the evil of the times and a revival of the lofty mood of the Augustan years of peace. Antiquity itself, with its beautiful forms, remains an exquisite decoration only, or solely an aid to deeper penetration into the meaning of the Holy Scriptures in their Latin form. Some decades earlier Bishop Braulio, in the gloomy times of the world's old-age, found in the study of antiquity his only consolation. In the preface to the works of his friend Isidor of Seville, we find the following: "*Quem (scil. Isidorum) Deus post tot defectus Hispaniæ novissimis temporibus suscitans, credo ad*

¹ "New Rome's old mind, Palæmon, triumphantly beholds from out its citadel all nations are in union beneath its sway, and that the times have turned once more unto the ancient manners. Golden Rome is born again renewed for all the world."

² I shall deal on another occasion, in connection with Burdach's work, with the meaning of the Phoenix-period as symbolising the revival of the Western Empire. I had already recognised that these verses composed about the first city of the renewed universal Roman Empire, the 'second Rome,' imperatively demand a change in the customary definition of the conception 'Renaissance,' before I read, in quite another connection, the highly pregnant and just words of Burdach: "These chiliastic-imperial ideas persist all through the Middle Ages. It is true that they change according to time and country, but behind them all stands the inextinguishable memory of the supernatural greatness of Rome, of its world-power and also of its culture, which, in their turn, were but the heritage of the Hellenistic and Oriental world-sovereignty and world-civilisation. And with this memory there always awoke the desire to reconstruct from within the lost glory of this vanished world, to found a *nova Roma*."

restauranda antiquorum monumenta, ne usquequaque rusticitate veterasceremus."¹ Between the meaning of the word *restaurare* in this eulogy, however, and that of *renasci* in the verses quoted above, there lies a whole world. The times seem to have renewed themselves since Isidor; men are penetrated by the conviction that Charlemagne, whom the Sibyl hailed as the re-born Orpheus and the Messianic Emperor, had founded a new era. The romantic mood of the Age of Augustus, borne up with a powerful faith in the future, is revived, as we see also in Alcuin's wonderful description of his high-enthroned Emperor who brings peace to the world. Between Isidor's traffic with antiquity and Alcuin's there is superficially no essential difference; yet was there a deep inner contrast between them—the words *restaurare* and *renasci* indicate it. In the former, pre-occupation with antiquity was nothing but a deceptive means of escape for a weary age from the misery of the time. The characteristic feature of the latter, of the 'Carlovingian Renaissance'—that timid attempt of humble scholars to reconquer the ancient culture, the content of which was still hidden from them—was that "self-renewal and self-elevation" which at the end of the Middle Ages, as we shall see, was accompanied with "national self-consciousness and self-recognition" (Burdach).

FRANZ KAMPERS.

¹ "Whom (namely Isidor) God has raised up in these last days, after so many failures in Spain, I believe for the restoration of the memorials of the ancients, that we may not in every land grow old in lack of culture."

NIETZSCHE'S 'ZARATHUSTRA.'

MAUD JOYNT, M.A.

"THERE are books which have an inverse value for soul and health according as they are used by a lower soul, a feebler vitality, or by a higher and more powerful one. In the former case they are dangerous, disintegrating, dissolving agents; in the latter trumpet-calls which challenge the bravest to a valour like their own." These words of Friedrich Nietzsche's might well be applied to his own principal work, *Also sprach Zarathustra*. For Nietzsche has undoubtedly in many quarters proved a dangerous and disintegrating force; and it is none the less true that 'brave souls' have found, and may find, in him strength and stimulus. The effect of a book, as of every other cause, is determined by the nature of the material on which it works, as the same fire melts wax but hardens clay. And even if it be admitted that an author is 'dangerous,' it does not follow that he has no valuable message to impart; for every new truth is dangerous and without danger is no progress.

Nietzsche has written many works of various nature, critical and philosophical, but the present paper is concerned with *Zarathustra* only, the one by which he is best known and in which he appears, not as a critic or philosopher, but in the higher quality of a poet or creator. He has himself described the frame

¹ *Also sprach Zarathustra* ('Thus spake Zoroaster'). By Friedrich Nietzsche (in four parts, Leipzig, 1902).

of mind in which this book was composed¹—most of it in the open air, among mountain solitudes—as ‘inspiration.’

“The condition can only be described by the notion of revelation, in the sense that suddenly, with unspeakable sureness and subtlety, something becomes visible, audible, which stirs and upheaves you from your inmost depths. You hear—you do not seek; you take without asking who gives; a thought flashes upon you like a lightning-stroke, inevitable, allowing no hesitation as to form.—I have never had any choice.”

And it is impossible to read the book without feeling this note of genuine inspiration, coming from a source deeper than mere intellectual belief or ratiocination. Zarathustra, the prophet who descends from his mountain fastnesses to teach the dwellers in valley and plain, with his flashing eyes and floating hair, is not only the creation of a poet, but himself a poet, delivering his message in paradox and parable, in metaphor and aphorism, in language that rises and falls with the rhythm of verse, full of life and passion, forcible in its directness, adapting itself to a wide range of emotions, scorn, indignation, irony, jest, playfulness—even tenderness—always one with the idea it would convey. Nietzsche has in this work risen to the level of a seer; and the genuine seer has always something to tell us which it is worth our while to listen to. It is true that we may interpret his message variously; it may even be that we shall find in it a truth not consciously implied by the speaker himself; for that is not one of the least among the properties of genius—it often reaches heights of which it is itself

¹ The first three parts were written between Feb. 1888 and Jan. 1889; the fourth was composed after an interval and not published till 1892, when the author's mind had already given way.

unaware. The following remarks, therefore, must be taken for what they are worth, as the interpretation of one reader only—one, it may be added, whose philosophical standpoint differs fundamentally from Nietzsche's.

The title of the book offers a convenient starting-point from which to begin its survey; and Nietzsche has told us elsewhere why he chose it. "Zarathustra was the first to see in the conflict of good and evil the real driving-wheel in the mechanism of things; the translation of morality into metaphysical concepts, as force, cause, end in itself, was *his* work. . . . He created that most fateful of errors, morality." Zarathustra—or Zoroaster, as he is known to us—the sage of ancient Persia, was in fact the first to introduce into theology, in his doctrine of the rival deities, Ahura Mazda and Ahriman, the principle of dualism, of good and evil conceived as two irreconcilable opposites in everlasting conflict; a doctrine which has profoundly influenced all succeeding systems of thought, not least the Jewish religion, and has played an important part in the development of Christianity. The popular Christian conception of God and Devil is, indeed, but a Western adaptation of the old Persian doctrine. I speak, be it understood, of Christianity as popularly understood; for there have never been wanting thinkers, even within the Churches, who demurred against the doctrine. And Nietzsche, being one of the demurrers, has chosen Zarathustra as the bearer of his protest. Zarathustra shall be the first to recognise the error for which he is responsible. Moreover, "Zarathustra was more truthful than any other thinker. His teaching, and his only, makes truthfulness its highest virtue. . . . To speak truth and to

shoot well with bow and arrows : that was virtue for the Persian." And Nietzsche himself admires truthfulness above other qualities and is an expert archer, one whose arrows seldom miss their mark.

The problem, then, of the conflict of good and evil was the one which led Nietzsche into the field of metaphysics ; and for a time, as is well known, he found, or thought he found, a solution of it in the philosophy of Schopenhauer. Schopenhauer had come forward as the exponent of a system at once idealistic and pessimistic, based on the illusive nature (*māyā*) of the phenomenal Universe, and holding up to men as their ultimate goal escape from that illusion and the sufferings it involved, by renunciation ; by giving up the *Wille zum Leben*, the 'will to live,' the inscrutable instinct by which Nature impels us into being and to the preservation of self and the reproduction of our species ; by ceasing from desire, hope and fear and entering on the stormless calm of Nirvāṇa. Schopenhauer found the chief support and illustration of his doctrine in the teachings of the ancient Brāhmans, in the Christian gospels, and in the experience of the Christian mystics. Whether he was right in his interpretation of Brāhman and Christian teachings—of which he judged from an outside standpoint—is another matter and one outside the scope of this article.

Nietzsche was by temperament alike an idealist and a pessimist : one of those gifted natures who pay the price of too ardent an imagination and too keen æsthetic instincts by finding themselves perpetually disappointed ; who are oppressed, not so much by the tragedies of life as by its paltriness and futility and the lowness of average human standards ; and for a time

the teaching of Schopenhauer held him strongly. But, as he himself characteristically observes, it is ill requital of a teacher to remain always a pupil; ere long he threw off the mantle of his master and came forth as a prophet on his own account. Schopenhauer's doctrine was too purely negative to satisfy him. In its place another idea, the greatest thought-product of the modern age, laid hold of his imagination: the idea of evolution. From idealist and pessimist he became materialist and optimist—if that can be called optimism which is really but the reverse side of pessimism. The world is not an illusion, but an actuality; there is no duality of body and soul; both are merely different aspects of the same thing; life is not a dream of the senses, it is real; and body, life, and world are the only realities we know. Life may be full of evil; assuredly it is full of suffering; but we have no business to escape from suffering by denying a reality and deluding ourselves with imagination of a supersensuous world or a future existence, with hopes of Heaven or Nirvāṇa. We have to live; let us make the best of it. The world *is*; but it is also becoming; nothing that we know is in a state of rest, on every side there is transition; in every order of creation, man included, are represented the countless stages of the evolutionary process; and what we term imperfections or evils, alike in the moral and the physical sphere, are only the inequalities in the scale of evolution and therefore, rightly viewed, not evils at all.

“Man is a rope, stretched between the brute and the Superman.”

“Ye have traversed the way from worm to man, and there is much in you that is still worm.”

This doctrine is already indicated in the symbolism

of the discourse with which Zarathustra opens his teaching, that of "the three transformations of the spirit; how the spirit of man becomes a camel, and the camel becomes a lion, and the lion at last a child"—a symbolism to which we shall have occasion to recur.

Nietzsche has nothing but scorn for the '*Hinterweltler*,' those who preach a world beyond as a refuge from the ills of this one; for the 'preachers of death,' the 'soul consumptives,' who 'begin to die as soon as they are born' and teach a doctrine of weariness and renunciation; for those who would have us despise the body and the earth. For the body is the expression of the will, the personality, the Ego. "This creating, willing, value-giving Ego, which is the standard and the value of things; this honestest form of being, the Ego, speaks of the body and desires the body, even when it becomes poet or phantast and flutters with broken wings. It is learning to speak a more honest language, this Ego, and the more it learns, the more it finds new words and honours for body and earth."

But *being* (and here again the disciple of Schopenhauer shows himself) is *will*: the 'will to live,' that obscure imperative instinct which impels man through birth into life, which urges him to self-preservation, self-development, self-reproduction, which rises into consciousness in definite desires and aims, which is the root-principle of the personality. Schopenhauer taught that this will must be brought under discipline, subdued and finally renounced; that freedom lay in escape from the personality, its desires and ambitions. Nietzsche would have us take the opposite route:

"Willing liberates: that is the true doctrine of will and freedom."

And what is 'will to live' but another name for the 'will to power' (*Wille zur Macht*)—the instinct of self-assertion, self-expansion, the realisation of latent energy in body and mind? that instinct which we see operative in all life around us, which is the driving-wheel of the universe, the source alike of what we term good and evil qualities, a force both creative and destructive, revealing itself in lightning-flash as in sunshine, and in the nature of man appearing in countless forms—the low cupidity of the savage, the storms of passion, the tender solitudes of maternity, the zest of the warrior, the zeal of the devotee, the inspirations of genius? Whatever their difference all men agree in this one point, in this desire to realise themselves and their physical and mental powers in face of all hindrances arising from environment or conflicting wills. It is the one universal and primitive instinct, and as such it brings its own justification. Seek not therefore—so counsels Zarathustra—to renounce thy will, but to fulfil it; seek not to renounce life, but to live more fully; seek not to escape from thyself but to *become* thyself.

"All those are like unto me (*Meines-Gleichen*) who give themselves their will and cast away resignation (*Ergebung*)."

Herein lies for Nietzsche the source of virtue. Virtue is but another name for energy; to be virtuous is to realise potential energy; it is something which comes from within, a spontaneous growth, not something which comes from without and is acquired; it is for each man the highest expression of his personality.

"That your virtue should be your Self and not something foreign, an integument, a covering: this is the fundamental truth of your souls, ye virtuous!"

Hence each man's virtue must differ according to his nature; the question is not so much whether it be high or low as whether it is your own, the sincere expression of yourself, something original, not a mere acquiescence in authority or the colourless imitation of another's graces.

"That man hath discovered himself who says: 'This is *my* good and evil!' Thereby he strikes dumb the mole-like dwarf who says: 'Good and evil are alike for all.'"

There is no high-road with pointing finger-posts leading to virtue; each must find the path for himself through the mazes of his own being.

"'This is *my* way: where is yours?' so I made answer to those who asked of me 'the way.' *The way*—there is no such thing!"

Some two centuries before another teacher, very different from Nietzsche in many respects, and one with whom he would have disclaimed affinity, defined virtue in practically identical terms. "By virtue and power I mean the same thing: virtue . . . is the very essence or nature of a man. . . . Virtue is nothing else but to act according to the laws of one's own nature."¹

This is not indeed the popular notion of virtue. In the language of every-day life the word generally stands for something negative, the abstinence from certain kinds of conduct proscribed as vicious—and many a man's virtue is nothing more than lack of temptation or lack of temperament; or in so far as it conveys a positive notion, it implies adherence to a more or less explicit code, emanating from social or religious authority.

¹ *Per virtutem et potentiam idem intelligo; virtus . . . est ipsa hominis essentia seu natura. . . . Virtus nihil aliud est quam ex legibus propria natura agere.* Spinoza, *Eth.* iv. Def. 8; Schol. prop. 18.

"There are some who, when their vices have grown lazy, call it virtue; when their hatred and their jealousy have stretched themselves to sleep, their 'righteousness' awakes and rubs its drowsy eyes. . . .

"There are others who are like watches that have been wound up; they go tick-tack, tick-tack! and demand that tick-tack should be called virtue."

There are 'little people' who have their little notions of happiness and virtue. "They are modest in virtue also—for they want to be comfortable. But only a modest virtue is compatible with comfort." There are some who preach 'resignation' and charity to others. "What they really want above all is that no one shall do them harm; and so they anticipate others and do them good. This may be called virtue; but it is *cowardice*." There are others who make it their complacent boast that they "set their stool in the middle—as far from dying gladiators as from wallowing sows. This may be called moderation; it is really mediocrity."

There is another principle of conduct, which has played an important part in the development of Christianity and which may be called the ascetic principle¹—that which teaches that the natural or egoistic instincts are in themselves opposed to goodness and that virtue consists in their suppression. Whatever extravagances and excesses this principle may have occasionally led to, it has certainly produced noble types of character, and it is one which, despite (perhaps because of) its austerity, appeals strongly to the

¹ I speak, be it understood, of asceticism as a *principle*—not as a practice. The latter may be a form of self-development; and John the Baptist or Francis of Assisi were doubtless following their instincts and fulfilling their will as much as Cæsar or Napoleon; a fact which Nietzsche has not grasped.

imagination—far more so than that more comfortable religious standard which seeks ‘to make the best of both worlds.’ It has its peculiar dangers, too, often generating spiritual pride and censorious hypocrisy on the one hand, on the other deterring weaker spirits or driving them to despair by the loftiness of its claims.

“There are some for whom virtue means writhing under a lash; and ye have listened overmuch to their cry! . . .

“Alas, and ye have heard, too, the cry of those who spake: ‘All that I am *not*, that is for me God and Virtue!’”

But virtue is for Zarathustra not like the moon, shining with pale reflected lustre, but a sun, radiant with its own heat and energy.

“When your heart swells and rises, broad and full, like the torrent, a blessing and a danger to those who dwell on its banks; then hath your virtue its uprise.

“When ye are exalted above praise and blame and your will seeks to rule all things like the will of a lover; then hath your virtue its uprise.

“When ye despise what is pleasant and scorn the soft couch and cannot make your bed far enough from enervating ease; then hath your virtue its uprise.”

If virtue, then, be the realisation of latent energy, of a man’s own nature, it follows that there can be no universal standard of virtue; for each individual the word must have a meaning of its own, according to his stage of development. From the evolutionary standpoint every natural impulse has its justification, “*dem Erkennenden heiligen sich alle Triebe*”—a saying which might have been uttered by Spinoza. Man is working his way up ‘from the worm’; he has in him the

instincts of the lower animals; he shares their vices, being indeed 'the cruellest of all the animals,' as Zarathustra reminds us; he rises by developing their virtues, the wisdom of the serpent, the courage of the eagle. And evolution knows of no hiatus. You may overcome the man, the lower personality, in you, but you cannot overleap it—" *der Mensch kann nicht übersprungen werden?* "

Organised society cannot, indeed, exist without a moral code of some sort; and it sets up 'tables of values,' a standard of good and evil which is in the first place based on practical utility, such conduct as is found to promote the general welfare being declared 'good,' while that which proves the reverse is stigmatised as 'bad.' For nations, as well as individuals, have their peculiar standards. "Every people speaks its own language of good and evil, not understood of its neighbours." And when men speak of 'good' or 'evil,' they mean, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, what is permitted or proscribed in the community to which they belong. But the individual's right and wrong may come to be in conflict with the recognised standard; it is possible that while disobeying it and drawing down on himself its penalties, he is fulfilling the dictates of a higher and more imperative instinct.

Let us turn back to the symbolism of the opening chapter. While man is in the camel stage of development—and in this stage most men are to be found—he bears the burden assigned to him and follows the track marked out across the desert, and therein lies his safety; and should he turn to the right hand or the left, the dragon 'Thou shalt!'—the dragon that represents established moral values—lies with glittering scales athwart his path and frightens him back. But when

he enters on the lion stage, he answers 'Thou shalt!' with 'I will'; as yet no creator, not having yet fashioned a moral code for himself, he nevertheless claims the right of doing so; and he learns for the first time to say 'No!' The last and highest stage is that of the child, when the spirit attains a higher innocence than that of mere unquestioning obedience, an instinct that is no longer blind; when it is ruled by its own will and becomes a creator and wins for itself a new world from the loss of the former one: the stage of 'holy affirmation' (*ein heiliges Ja-Sagen*).¹

Therefore, the first step in ascent is when the individual begins to question accepted standards and test them by his own experience instead of taking them on trust; to form his own notions of right and wrong; to claim for himself liberty of judgment. For—this is a truth Nietzsche reiterates again and again and one which can scarcely be repeated too often—our own experience is the only one that is valid for us. Doubtless he will stray in his efforts to find the way. "Man errs as long as he strives," Goethe tells us; but the important thing is to strive. Better a little progress on a lower level than standing still on a higher one. The road is long that leads from the worm to the Superman and the worst enemy each has to face is himself.

"Solitary one, thou goest the way unto thyself! And thy way leads past thyself and past thy seven devils."

And the seven devils must be fought and conquered one by one. But the man becomes strong in

¹ This three-fold ascent is, in truth, no new doctrine, having been expounded more or less explicitly by other teachers before Nietzsche, by some whom he would have disclaimed as his predecessors; it is in essence the old Indian doctrine of Tamas, Rajas and Sattwa—inertia, energy or passion, and harmony.

fighting, and his devils, once conquered, change their nature and become ministers to help him onwards.

"Solitary one, thou goest the way of the Creator; thou wilt create a god for thyself out of thy seven devils!"

For all native energy is in itself good, though ere yet understood and controlled it may assume the guise of a devil; and the passions of our nature are commonly but the reverse of our good qualities. The evil is not to have passions—indeed it is far more dangerous to be without them—but to remain their slaves. The first step towards overcoming them is to understand them. Knowledge is the magic ring or talisman which in the old Arabian tales transformed the terrific *jinn* into the obedient and useful servant of him who wore it.

"Once thou hadst passions and didst call them evil. But now thou hast thy virtues only; they grew out of thy passions. Thou didst impress thy highest aim upon thy passions; then they became thy virtues."

It is in this germ of an evolutionary theory of good and evil that is to be found, I believe, the chief value of Nietzsche's contribution to modern thought. For, rightly understood, it is the only theory which fits all the needs of the problem to be solved. All who have studied the facts of their own inner life know that virtue, as Nietzsche tells us, is energy manifesting itself in transformation; it is growth. Unless our ideals develope from day to day with ourselves, they cease to be operative; there is no such thing as stationary virtue. The virtues of yesterday are no use to-day save as stepping-stones towards higher ideals; the virtues of one stage of our life may come to be seen in the light of riper experience as errors—errors which

nevertheless served their purpose in leading us on. And even when we have listened to passion against the voice of judgment, the bitter consequences we reaped have often been far more effective in teaching us the right way than any moral doctrine. This teaching of Nietzsche's may be, as he calls it himself, 'unmoral'—even as Nature is unmoral, as Art is unmoral; but *immoral* it is not. It is based on the facts of human psychology. It is a teaching as old as the judging conscience of man, one which is implicit in the utterances of many an earlier teacher. It is the key (I believe) to the much-disputed ethical system of Spinoza. It underlies (and this is a truth even seldomer recognised) the parable of the Prodigal Son and many another obscure saying of the Gospels. History speaks no less for it. The virtues of one country, as Nietzsche reminds us, are not those of another; the virtues of one age are not those of the next. Our fathers persecuted the prophets and burnt witches, and thought that they were doing God service; and we in our turn uphold social conditions and practices which, doubtless, a more enlightened age will view with the same horror as we do witch-burning and religious persecution. And the very qualities which make of men zealous persecutors make of them also zealous followers, as Nietzsche truly observes. The instinct of self-assertion has been no less active in the development of society than of the individual; and from the energy engendered by the clash of conflicting egoisms have ever sprung the incentives to progress. History has no greater evil to show than war; but war is an inevitable and necessary discharge of humours which would otherwise rankle and fester in the tissues of society, and incidentally it has evoked and trained

some of the nobler qualities of mankind. "War and courage have done more great things than love of our neighbour.¹ Not your pity, but your bravery, hath hitherto freed the oppressed." True; but only because the genuine 'love of our neighbour' is an exceedingly rare development, one reached only long after the warrior stage is passed. But it, too, lies in the same line of evolution, and the only safe and legitimate 'love of our neighbour' is that which is the final and highest outcome of self-love.

"Love your neighbour as yourselves—by all means; but first I would have you such as love themselves."

"Thou must learn to love thyself with a whole and healthy love. . . . And verily, to learn to love oneself is no command for To-day and To-morrow. Rather of all arts this is the finest, subtlest, latest and most enduring."

Nor must it be supposed that Nietzsche denies the necessity of conventional standards and restraints. They are essential to human organisation, even as is the State 'which was invented for the superfluous.' But Nietzsche's message is not to the 'superfluous'²—the great mass of those who live unconsciously, governed by circumstance and tradition, but to the awakened; to those who would become 'creators.' To call forth in men the creative will—that which is not content to follow, to receive, to adapt itself to the measure of others, but which is self-determined, trying all things by its own standards, ever fashioning its own valuations; this is the aim of Zarathustra the

¹ *Mehr grosse Dinge* = '*plura*,' not '*maiora*.'

² 'Superfluous' may seem an inappropriate term to apply to the majority. But Nietzsche is no doubt influenced by the standpoint of the evolutionist. To establish or perfect a certain type, Nature seems to require a countless number of 'superfluous' lives.

apostle—"a fisher of men who descends to their levels that he may draw them up to his own."

"To create: this is the great redemption from suffering."

"Will liberates: for willing is creating."

To create—for Nietzsche this is to determine for ourselves the significance of things, of circumstances and events, instead of being passively acted on by them.

"Man was the first to place values in things: he was the first to create for things a meaning, a human significance! Therefore he calls himself 'man,' that is, the valuator. To assign values is to create."¹

But the creator must also be a destroyer. You cannot build till you have cleared away the ruins of the past; demolition and construction go hand in hand. Zarathustra comes not only as "a seer, a willer, a creator, himself a future and a bridge to the future," but as an iconoclast and shatterer of outworn ideals; and to shatter outworn ideals is part of the work to which he calls his followers. And it is true that every reformer has appeared to his own generation chiefly in the light of an iconoclast; though following ages, whose idols are not the same, may no longer see him in that aspect. Hence the natural opposition of the 'good and righteous' to every new doctrine. "The noble man wants to create new things: the good desires the old." And the most dangerous enemies to human progress are not the ignorant and vicious, but the good and righteous, those who "say and feel in their hearts 'We know

¹ In another work (*Zur Genealogie der Moral*, Part II. §8), Nietzsche connects the word *man* (Germ. *Mann*, *Mensch*) with the Sanscrit *manas* = 'mind, understanding'; being a member of the family to which Lat. *mens*, Eng. *mind*, etc., belong.

already what is good and righteous, and, moreover, we have it: woe unto those who still seek!'” Not the publicans and sinners, but the Pharisees. “The good cannot help being Pharisees; they *must* crucify the man who invents his own virtue.” And what were the Pharisees of old (let us forget for a moment the sinister but wholly secondary signification which the word has acquired) but the good, the orthodox, the respectable? those who accepted the existing order in the moral and social sphere (and doubtless had substantial, though not necessarily conscious, reasons for doing so) and viewed every attempt to change or overthrow it with pious and quite sincere horror? And it will be found that the movers in human progress have generally been not of that class, but proscribed by it; and whenever a new idea or teaching has ceased to be militant, has ceased to be the heresy of the few who were alike its propagators and its martyrs, and has passed as an accepted dogma or truism into the keeping of the many, the good and the respectable, then its force begins to be spent. “The good have ever been the beginning of the end.”

Not to be ‘good’ then—in the ordinary sense—but to be ‘noble’: that is the aim which Zarathustra sets before his hearers. “Better ill deeds than petty thoughts.” Not to be followers in his track, receivers of his teaching, but to be explorers and inventors for themselves. “The creator seeks companions and not corpses, nor yet flocks and believers. The creator seeks fellow-creators, those who inscribe new values on new tables.” Courage is the one quality needed; the quality by which man has ever ascended. Zarathustra “was a friend of all such as make long journeys and cannot live without danger.” And to

seek to climb in the inner life has its dangers no less than in the outer; the loftier the aim, the more precipitous the path, the deeper the fall. "Alas, I have known noble souls who lost their highest hope. And henceforth they blasphemed all high hopes, and lived wantonly in the pleasures of the moment and scarce formed aims beyond the passing hour. . . . Once they thought to become heroes; now they are lustlings. . . . By my love and hope I adjure thee: cast not away the hero in thy soul! Hold thy highest hope sacred!"

For this is no doctrine of ease or self-indulgence; the will which triumphs over circumstance and bends all things to itself is very different from the desire or appetite which is acted upon by external things and responds to them as a jelly-fish does to stimuli. "Such is the nature of noble souls; they wish not to have aught without paying the price, least of all life. He who is of the rabble would fain live free of cost; but we, to whom life hath given itself—we are ever pondering what we had best give in return. And verily 'tis a lofty speech which saith 'The promise which Life makes to us, let *us* keep to Life.' Thou shalt not seek to enjoy where thou dost not give to enjoy. And—thou shalt not *want* to enjoy!"

For to overcome circumstance is, in the end, in the highest sense, not to have things turn out according to our desires; but to find in everything that happens the fitting instrument of our will.

"All the past is a fragment, a riddle, a cruel fortuity—until the creative Will says of it: 'Even so I willed it!'"

What is this after all but the positive aspect of that doctrine of resignation which Nietzsche, perhaps

because he judged it from an outside point, denounced in Christianity and the teachings of the East?

"Let your love of life be love of your highest hope; and your highest hope be the highest thought of life! And your highest thought ye shall take as a command from me; and this is it: Man (*der Mensch*) is something that must be overcome."

"Life itself hath told this secret unto me: 'Lo,' it said, 'I am that which must ever overcome itself.'"

For the 'will to live' is not, as Schopenhauer taught, the 'will to exist' (*Wille zum Dasein*) but something deeper, higher.

And what is the final goal of striving? and is it to be reached in the destiny of the individual or of the race?

Nietzsche has no doctrine of personal salvation, except so far as a man may work out his own salvation by using to the full whatever energy is in him. But though that may go but a short way and though the individual destiny may remain fragmentary and imperfect, a beginning without end, a hope unfulfilled, Nature has her purpose towards which she works through countless individual lives. "The Superman is the meaning of the earth."

"Let the Future and the Far-off be to thee the cause of thy To-day."

"I love but the land of my *children*, the undiscovered land in the ends of the sea; thither I set my sail and direct my quest. In my children I will make amends for being the child of my fathers."

Live for the future; if you cannot be a 'Superman,' be at least a bridge to the Superman; in all the conduct of your life (including marriage) prepare for his coming: this is the ideal which Nietzsche proposes in ethics.

And when the 'Superman' is come—what then? Nietzsche does not tell us. I have no space to deal with his doctrine of the 'Everlasting Return' (*die ewige Wiederkunft*), the notion that all human experience repeats itself, in identical forms, in ever-recurring cycles throughout endless time; besides, though he himself attached importance to this speculation, he has not (at any rate in *Zarathustra*) elaborated it or shown its bearing on the rest of his teaching; it remains an unplaced fragment.

Neither is there room in a materialistic scheme of the Universe for a Deity. "The old God is dead, in whom the world once believed," Zarathustra tells his hearers. But it is evident that when men speak of 'God' they generally mean the prevailing conception of Deity; and that conception is as fluctuating as the mass of circumstances which have determined it, differing not only from age to age, but within the same limits of age and environment, from man to man. "God is a hypothesis; but I would not have you frame any hypothesis beyond your comprehension," Zarathustra says once to his followers. But, as a matter of fact, *can* anyone do so? are not rather our conceptions of God the measure of each one of us? No man, said Spinoza, who rightly understands what is meant by God can deny the existence of God; if men call themselves atheists, it is due to misunderstanding. But Spinoza's contemporaries called *him* an atheist, because his idea of God was not suited to their comprehension. "The old God is dead." Is it not indeed true that the old *idea* of God, the anthropomorphic idea which, in its various phases—a bugbear to frighten naughty children, a judge of wrong-doers, a benevolent Despot, a loving Father—made of Deity a

being with like passions as ourselves ; that this idea, having served its purpose in the education of the race, is passing away to yield place to a more spiritual conception in the minds of thinking men ?

“ What is Divinity but even this—that there are Gods, but not a God ?—He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.”

Such is in outline, as it appears to me, the fundamental teaching underlying *Zarathustra*. It is a teaching not without its danger ; misunderstood or misapplied (and has not Nietzsche himself misapplied it ?) the evolutionary theory may be made to justify unbridled ambitions or unnecessary social evils. In the particular form in which he has presented it, it is a teaching hardly suited for all ; for Nietzsche is an aristocrat by instinct and addresses himself to an aristocracy, that of intellect and character ; for the ‘superfluous’ (under which designation most of us, I fear, must come) he has little toleration ; his ideals are wholly of the ancient Roman or Stoic type. But it is no new teaching ; in so far as Nietzsche by virtue of his genius has seen into the nature of things and laid hold of truth, he is in agreement with many an inspired thinker who went before him. He has, however, thrown it into a new form, adapted to the fashions of a new age. And thoughtful readers who do not require from a writer conformity with their own opinions, religious or philosophical, will certainly find in *Zarathustra*, however they may dissent from its author’s views in general, something of a stimulus—as he himself says, a herald’s trumpet-call, inciting them to valour.

MAUD JOYNT.

THE MAGIC OF THE FINNS, AS ILLUSTRATED BY THEIR NATIONAL EPIC, THE KALEVALA.

THE STORY OF THE WOOING OF AINO BY THE CULTURE-
HERO VÄINÄMÖINEN, AND OF THE FIRST EXPEDITIONS
OF VÄINÄMÖINEN AND THE SMITH ILMARINEN TO THE
NORTHLAND.

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IN my paper on 'The Gods and Creation-Myths of the Kalevala,' (THE QUEST, Vol. i., No. 2, January, 1910, pp. 322-333) I gave a general outline of the subject, taken chiefly from the first, second and fiftieth Runos or Cantos of the Epic. In the present paper, I am giving an abstract of Runos 3 to 10, relating to the earlier intercourse of the two principal heroes with the people of the countries north of Kalevalā, Lapland and Pohjola, and leaving their later adventures, as well as those of the two less important heroes of the poem, Lemminkainen and Kullervo, for future papers.

Notwithstanding the divine origin of Väinämöinen, we find him, as soon as his country is cleared and planted, ruling as a patriarch over his own region of Kalevala, while to the north stretch countries inhabited by various other tribes of whose origin nothing is explained. Among these tribes his reputation as a minstrel spread far and wide, and at length came to the ears of a conceited young Laplander, named

Joukahainen, who insisted, despising the warnings of his parents, on driving to Väinämöinen's country to contend with him in singing.

On the third day of his journey he met Väinämöinen, who happened also to be driving out in his sledge, when he drove furiously against him, entangling the harness and breaking the sledges. Väinämöinen expostulated mildly, but Joukahainen treated him in the most insolent fashion.

Finally he forced Väinämöinen to listen to silly platitudes and boastings, and then proceeded to violent threats.

“He who shuns the sword's decision,
Nor betakes him to his sword-blade,
To a swine I soon will sing him,
To a snouted swine transform him.
Heroes I have thus o'erpowered,
Hither will I drive, and thither,
And will pitch them on the dung-hill,
Grunting in the cowshed corner.”

At last Väinämöinen was roused to indignation, and began to sing against him.

“Sang the aged Väinämöinen ;
Lakes swelled up, and earth was shaken,
And the coppery mountains trembled,
And the mighty rocks resounded,
And the mountains clave asunder ;
On the shore the stones were shivered.”

As he sang Joukahainen's sledge turned to saplings and reeds and rushes ; his horse and dog became stones ; his cap, coat, sword and cross-bow, clouds and rainbows ; his gloves, water-lilies, and his belt, stars ; while Joukahainen himself sank deeper and deeper into a swamp.

At last he cried for mercy, offering cross-bows, boats, horses, gold and silver, fields and stacks as ransom, while Väinämöinen only replied contemptuously that he had plenty himself, and wanted no more; and sunk him deeper in the swamp till he was almost suffocated. At last in despair Joukahainen offered his young sister Aino to Väinämöinen as a bride.

“She shall dust your chamber for you,
Sweep the flooring with her besom,
Keep the milk-pots all in order;
And shall wash your garments for you.
Golden fabrics she shall weave you,
And shall bake you cakes of honey.”

Väinämöinen then released him, and he drove home in great distress; but his mother was delighted at the idea of her daughter marrying so great and famous a hero. But Aino herself was in despair at the idea of leaving her home to marry an old man, and being obliged to hide her beautiful hair under a coif, young as she was. Her mother tried in vain to console her.

“‘Cast away this foolish sorrow,
Cease your weeping, all uncalled for,
Little cause have you for sorrow,
Little cause for lamentation.
God’s bright sun is ever shining
On the world in other regions,
Shines on other doors and windows
Than your father’s or your brother’s;
Berries grow on every mountain,
Strawberries on the plains are growing,
You can pluck them in your sorrow,
Wheresoe’er your steps may lead you;

Not alone on father's acres,
Or upon your brother's clearings."

Aino wandered off into the woods to gather bath-whisks, and there she met Väinämöinen, who greeted her as his bride. She answered him disdainfully, tore off and cast away her ornaments, and went home weeping. Her mother told her how the daughters of the Sun and Moon had once given her robes of gold and silver, which were laid by in the mountain storehouse, and sent her there to adorn herself with them. But she wandered away again weeping, till she came to a lake where she saw some maidens bathing at a distance. She swam out towards them, but sank in the lake, imploring her father and mother, brother and sister, never to use the water of the lake again.

"Never may my dearest sister,
Never while her life endureth,
Hither stray to wash her eyebrows,
On the bridge so near her dwelling.
In the lake the very water
Is as blood that leaves my veinlets;
Every fish that swims this water
Is as flesh from off my body;
All the bushes on the margin
Are as ribs of me unhappy;
And the grass upon the margin
As my soiled and tangled tresses."

Similar conceits are not uncommon in fairy tales.

The animals consulted together, and at last it was agreed that the hare should carry the news of Aino's sad death to her home; and her mother was overwhelmed with grief.

This story is one of the most favourite episodes of

the *Kalevala* in Finland, where there is an Aino in every family, named after the heroine, who is also celebrated in statues and modern poems and dramas.

When Väinämöinen heard of the death of Aino, he was much distressed, and appealed for aid to Untamo, the God of Dreams, who told him where to seek for the fair maidens of Ahto and Vellamo, the King and Queen of the waters.

So the old hero took his nets and fishing-tackle, and presently hooked a salmon, which he was about to cut up, when she jumped into the water, and raising her head, mocked him, telling him that she was Aino herself who wished to return to him; but he had not recognised her, and now he would never see her again. He tried to coax her back, but she dived out of sight, and after fishing for a long time in vain, he returned home and went to his mother's grave for advice (a not uncommon incident in Northern tales), and she advised him to seek a wife in the far north, Pohjola, where the maidens were far handsomer and more industrious than those of Lapland.

The special point of interest here is that there are several different accounts of Väinämöinen's origin in the *Kalevala*. At first he is the son of the goddess Ilmatar; here we find his mother lying in her grave; and in another passage Joukahainen's mother says:

“He's my sister's son, my nephew.”

Väinämöinen and the smith Ilmarinen (of whom we shall hear presently) are often said to be brothers. Later on in the poem, too, they meet Ilmatar in the woods, and she gives them advice without any reference being made to her relationship to Väinämöinen.

Then Väinämöinen mounted his straw-coloured

courser and rode across the waters towards Pohjola; but as he was passing near the coast of Lapland, Joukahainen, who was lying in wait for him, shot three arrows, poisoned with adders' venom, at him. The third pierced the horse, and Väinämöinen fell headlong into the water, while Joukahainen returned to his mother, who blamed him for his misdeed. She had previously forbidden him to shoot at Väinämöinen in the following terms:

“If you shoot at Väinämöinen,
And Kalevalainen slaughter,
Gladness from the earth will vanish,
And from earth will song be banished.
In the world is gladness better,
And on earth is song more cheerful,
Than to Manala if banished,
And to Tuonela's dark regions.”

(Mana and Tuoni are names of the God of Death, and the derivatives Manala and Tuonela are equivalent to Hades.)

Väinämöinen, thus suddenly plunged into the water, swam for nine days and nights, till he was reduced to despair, and his nails and the joints of his fingers and toes began to drop off. But an eagle came flying from Lapland, and remembering the kindness of the hero in leaving the birch tree standing for the birds to perch on, when he was clearing the country, carried him ashore. The eagle is described in the hyperbolic fashion usual in the poem.

“Came a bird from Lapland flying,
From the north-east came an eagle,
Not the largest of the eagles,
Nor was he among the smallest;

With one wing he swept the water,
To the sky was swung the other ;
On the sea his tail he rested,
On the cliffs his beak he rattled."

However, the eagle only carried him from one difficulty to another, for he left him in a swamp on the opposite side of the river to the Castle of Pohjola, which was his destination.

One of the girls of the castle had laid a wager with the Sun and Moon that she would be up before them ; so she rose early that morning, and after finishing all her household work, went out to empty her dustpan, when she heard unusual sounds from the other side of the river. So she called Louhi, the gap-toothed old Mistress of the Castle, who listened and declared :

" ' This is not like childhood's weeping,
Nor like women's lamentation,
But a bearded hero weeping ;
Thus weep men whose chins are bearded. "

She rowed out to him in a boat, and brought him to the castle, where she feasted and restored him ; and pressed him to remain. But he begged her to send him back to his own country. Then she offered him her daughter if he could forge the talisman called a Sampo, and weld its many-coloured cover,

" From the tips of swan's white wing-plumes,
From the milk of barren heifer,
From a single grain of barley,
From a single fleece of ewe's wool. "

These materials resemble those used by the dwarfs, as related in the Prose Edda, to construct the chain to bind the wolf Fenrir, " the noise made by the footfall of a cat, the beards of women, the roots of stones, the

sinews of bears, the breath of fishes, and the spittle of birds."

I infer that Louhi alone possessed the materials to forge a Sampo, but could not do so herself, and apparently possessed only enough to make one.

Väinämöinen said he could not do the work himself, but would send Ilmarinen, usually spoken of as his 'brother.'

"He's a smith without an equal,
None can wield the hammer like him,
For 'twas he who forged the heaven,
And who wrought the air's foundations;
Yet we find no trace of hammer,
Nor the trace of tongs discover."

She then gave him a horse and sledge, and started him on his homeward journey, warning him not to lift his head to look about him before evening, or some misfortune would befall him.

However, Väinämöinen had not gone far before he encountered the daughter of Louhi, who had placed herself in his path to intercept him.

"Lovely was the maid of Pohja,
Famed on land, on water peerless,
On the arch of air high-seated,
Brightly shining on the rainbow,
Clad in robes of dazzling lustre,
Clad in raiment white and shining.
There she wove a golden fabric,
Interwoven all with silver,
And her shuttle was all golden,
And her comb was all of silver."

When Väinämöinen heard the noise of the loom he

lifted his head, and invited the maiden to go home with him in his sledge. At first she gave him a blank refusal, but afterwards pretended to relent, and asked him to split a horse-hair with a blunt and pointless knife, and to tie invisible knots upon an egg. He easily accomplished these seemingly impossible tasks, and then she asked him to peel a stone, and to hew asunder a pile of ice without scattering any splinters. Lastly she asked him to make a boat of the fragments of her spindle and shuttle, and to launch it without touching it with hand or knee.

Three days the hero worked upon the boat, when the evil demon Lempo or Hiisi caused the axe to glance from a rock. The iron cut deeply into the knees and toes of Väinämöinen, and the blood rushed out in torrents. He tried one spell after another, but nothing would staunch the blood; so he drove away from place to place, till he found an old man who answered in reply to his appeal for aid that greater floods had been stemmed by three words of the Creator. Thus encouraged, Väinämöinen descended from the sledge and hastened into the house, but the case was desperate, and in a very few minutes the blood pouring from his wounds filled all the tubs and boats in the establishment. Then the old man questioned the hero about the origin of Iron; for unless you know the name and origin of any evil power, you cannot repel its maleficent influence. Then Väinämöinen answered:

“Well I know the birth of Iron,
And how Steel was first created.
Air is the primæval mother,
Water is the eldest brother,
Iron is the youngest brother,
And the Fire in midst between them.”

He went on to relate how, after Ukko, the Creator, had parted Air and Water, and Land and Water, he rubbed his hands on his left knee, and created three fair Daughters of Creation, who stepped to the edges of the clouds, and shed down black, white, and red milk upon the earth, which became Iron. Then the Iron paid a visit to his brother the Fire, but met with so warm a reception that he fled to the swamp, and hid himself among the roots of the trees; but after some years the Iron became uncovered by the tramping of the wolves and bears.

After this Ilmarinen, the primæval smith, was born at night upon a hill of charcoal, holding a copper hammer in one hand, and his pincers in another. Next day he built himself a smithy, and then sought out the Iron in the marshes, and despite its remonstrances, melted it in the furnace, and when it asked for release, made it swear by the most solemn oaths, by the forge and the anvil, by the hammer and the mallet, never to do injury to its own relations. Then Ilmarinen sent the Bee to bring honey from the flowers, to temper the steel; but the Hornet, the Bird of Hiisi, the Evil Power, was lurking in the roof of the smithy, and brought the hissing and venom of serpents and toads, and the acid of ants, and Ilmarinen, thinking the Bee had returned with the honey, threw the poison into the tempering mixture, when the Iron in fury attacked its relations. (Ilmatar, the mother of Väinämöinen, is sometimes called a Daughter of Creation; so Väinämöinen might literally be considered to be a cousin of Iron.)

Then the old man began to revile the Iron for its perjury, and to call on the blood to cease flowing; and he invoked Ukko, or Jumala, the Supreme God, to close

the wound. Then he sent his son to fetch magic ointment from the honey (honey-dew) of the oak trees, and from grasses and flowers. The boy prepared the magic ointment, and tested it by uniting the stem of a broken aspen, and also broken rocks. (The account of the preparation and testing of the ointment is interesting, but too long to quote here.) Then the old man tried the remedy on Väinämöinen; but at first it caused him great suffering, which the magician drove away to the mythical Hill of Torture and Mount of Suffering, there to torture the rocks and stones. At length Väinämöinen was healed of his wounds and sufferings, and returned thanks to God for his cure, advising others to place their trust not in themselves, nor in boats, but in the Creator.

Charms to staunch the flowing of blood are common in Finland and Esthonia (cp. Abercromby, *Pre- and Proto-historic Finns*, ii. 23, 24; Kirby, *Hero of Esthonia*, i. 136, 137).

Väinämöinen then drove home discomfited, and in a bad humour, and presently entered Kalevala.

“Then the aged Väinämöinen
Spoke aloud his songs of magic,
And a flower-crowned pine grew upward,
Crowned with flowers, and leaves all golden;
And its summit reached to heaven,
To the very cloud uprising,
In the air the boughs extended,
And they spread themselves to heaven.
Then he sang his songs of magic,
And he sang a moon all shining,
In the pine-tree's golden summit;
And the Great Bear in the branches.”

Then Väinämöinen drove to the forge of Ilmarinen,

where he found the smith hard at work ; and the latter inquired where he had been, and how he had fared. Väinämöinen told him, and then expatiated on the beauty of the maiden of the Northland, and urged the smith to go thither to forge the Sampo, and claim the maiden ; but Ilmarinen received the news very coldly, saying that perhaps his brother had pledged him to ensure his own safety, and that nothing would induce him to undertake the journey. But finally Väinämöinen persuaded him to go to look at the wonderful pine-tree which he had created by enchantment, and to climb it to bring down the Great Bear from the summit.

“ Said the pine-tree’s golden summit,
Said the widely-branching pine-tree,
‘ Mighty man, of all most foolish,
O most thoughtless of the heroes !
In my branches, fool, thou climbest,
To my summit, as a boy might,
And would’st grasp the moon’s reflection
And the false stars thou beholdest ! ’ ”

Then Väinämöinen called on the tempest to uproot the tree, and carry it with Ilmarinen on the wings of the wind to Pohjola, where Louhi received him with rejoicing, and told her daughter to appear before him in her most beautiful dress ; and she offered her to him as a bride if he would forge the Sampo. And he replied :

“ I will go to forge the Sampo,
Weld its many-coloured cover,
From the tips of swan’s white wing-plumes,
From the milk of barren heifer,
From a little grain of barley,

From the wool of sheep of summer,
For 'twas I who forged the heavens,
And the vault of air I hammered,
Ere the air had yet beginning
Or a trace of aught was present ! ”

He fixed on a place for his smithy, and made his servants, the winds, work the bellows to half their power for three days. On the first day he found a gold cross-bow tipped with silver, and with the shaft ornamented with copper, in the furnace. Nevertheless, though it was handsome, it was evil, demanding the sacrifice of a head every day, and two on feast days. So Ilmarinen broke it up, and cast it back into the furnace, and again his servants worked the bellows with half their power. On the following day a boat of gold and copper appeared in the furnace, but this also was evil, for it would go to battle, and indulge in wanton warfare without any reason. So Ilmarinen broke up the boat too, and threw it back into the furnace, and his servants worked the bellows as before. On the third day appeared a cow with golden horns, with the disc of the sun on her head, and the stars of the Great Bear on her forehead. But she also was evil, for she used to stray away in the forest, and waste her milk on the ground. So Ilmarinen cut up the cow, and threw her back into the furnace, and the servants worked the bellows as before. Next day appeared a gold ploughshare, with a copper frame, and the handles tipped with silver, but this also was evil, for it ploughed up indiscriminately the village cornfields and pastures.

Ilmarinen broke up the plough, and cast it back into the furnace, and then ordered all the winds of heaven to work the bellows to the utmost of their power, and they blew from all quarters for three days ;

and at length Ilmarinen saw the Sampo forming at the bottom of the furnace.

“ Thereupon smith Ilmarinen,
He the great primeval craftsman,
Welded it and hammered at it,
Heaped his rapid blows upon it,
Forged with cunning art the Sampo.
And on one side was a corn-mill,
On another side a salt-mill,
And upon the third a coin-mill.

Now was grinding the new Sampo,
And revolved the pictured cover ;
Chestfuls did it grind till evening,
First for food it ground a chestful,
And another ground for barter,
And a third it ground for storage.

Now rejoiced the Crone of Pohja,
And conveyed the bulky Sampo
To the rocky hills of Pohja,
And within the Mount of Copper,
And behind nine locks secured it.
Then it struck its roots around it,
Fathoms nine in length that measured,
One in Mother Earth deep-rooted,
In the strand the next was planted,
In the nearest mount the third one.”

Ilmarinen now asked for the maiden as the reward of his labour, but she answered :

“ Who in years that this shall follow,
For three summers in succession,
Who shall hear the cuckoo calling,
And the birds all sweetly singing,
If I seek a foreign country,

As in foreign lands a berry ?
If the dove had thus departed,
 “ And the maiden thus should wander,
Strayed away the mother's darling,
Likewise would the cranberries vanish,
All the cuckoos vanish with them,
And the nightingales would migrate
From the summit of this mountain,
From the summits of these uplands.
 “ Not as yet can I abandon
My delightful life as maiden,
And my innocent employments
In the glowing heats of summer.
All unplucked the mountain berries,
And the lake shore will be songless,
And unvisited the meadows,
And in woods I sport no longer.”

In the early part of the poem, while still unmarried, she is alternately a witch and a child ; and in the latter character, she is not unlike Aino.

Ilmarinen was distressed at her refusal to marry him, though it was apparently understood by all parties that it was not a final rejection. He now wished to return home ; and Louhi feasted him, and then provided him with a boat which brought him back to his own country after a three days' uneventful voyage.

W. F. KIRBY.

(Mr. Kirby's delightful translation of *The Kalevala* is published by
Messrs. Dent & Co.—ED.)

TWO TYPES OF CHRISTIAN THEOLOGY —EASTERN AND WESTERN.

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My aim in this paper will be to exhibit a twofold strain in Christian theology during its formative period. The theology of the East and the theology of the West were governed by different interests and reflect different types of character. It is a commonplace that the Greek genius found expression mainly in intellectual speculation, while the Latin genius devoted itself instinctively to the claims of government and order. The effect of this contrasted temperament upon Christian theology is at once obvious in the questions with which the East and the West mainly dealt, or which at the least one or the other did most to elucidate or define. Eastern theology may be characterised as the theology of nature, in contrast to the theology of grace which was elaborated almost entirely by the West. It was the nature of God and of His relation with the world which occupied pre-eminently the attention of the East. The problem for whose solution on Christian lines the West was almost exclusively responsible was that of the manner and effect of the Divine operation in man. The theology of the one was metaphysical and speculative, of the other psychological and practical.

Yet I do not wish to imply that, during the formative period of Christian theology, with which alone we

are here concerned, either of these theological types expressed itself in uniform result, or on the other hand that they were lacking in influence each on the other. That period was marked by intense intellectual activity both in East and West. It is natural therefore to expect that neither the Greek nor the Latin temper should have expressed itself in theology in a perfectly uniform manner, that there should have been grave differences both of method and outlook among the theologians of both these general types. And that expectation is justified by the facts. Taking for instance the fourth century as the most prolific period of Eastern theology, we have at least four clearly distinguished schools or groups of Christian thinkers in the East—the Alexandrian School, the successors of Clement and Origen; the Palestinian School, represented by Cyril of Jerusalem; the Antiochene School, represented by Diodore of Tarsus and Theodore of Mopsuestia; and the great Cappadocians, Basil and the two Gregories. And in the West, leaving altogether out of sight innumerable minor divisions, we are forced to recognise the broad differences of type between the Africans, the theologians of Northern Italy, and those of Spain and Aquitania. And again it must be remarked that during this period the East and the West were continually acting and reacting upon each other. Athanasius for instance was much affected by the West, and his theology is at times deeply impressed with a western character. Augustine, on the other hand, the greatest of the Westerns, is largely indebted to Alexandrian Neoplatonism.

Yet in spite of these undoubted facts, facts which were inevitable at a time when the intellect of both East and West was vigorously enlisted in the solution

of a common problem, the distinction between the two types of thought is unmistakable, and equally the distinction between the character of their respective contributions to theology. And I may perhaps most efficiently exhibit the nature of the difference by submitting to a brief examination the work of two representative theologians of each type—of Origen and Athanasius in the East, and of Tertullian and Augustine in the West. Origen was not only, with Clement, the founder of Eastern theology; he is also by far the most representative of its specific character. His memory has indeed, mainly on account of his doctrine of the ἀποκατάστασις or final restitution of all things, been hardly used by the pundits of orthodoxy. He has been represented sometimes as hardly Christian in the orthodox sense at all, and in any case as very defectively Christian. It is a quite inexcusable misrepresentation. Origen was as loyal as any of the orthodox theologians of the time to the orthodox tradition. He is indeed one of the founders of detailed Scriptural exegesis. On Scripture, as the sole orthodox tradition of Christian revelation, he relied for the proof of all his doctrine, and to the exposition of the meaning of Scripture he devoted a large part of his theological labour. And by Scripture he meant not merely the New Testament, but the Old. Both were for him the immediate revelation of the Word, the Logos. If in the one case the Word had spoken directly or through His apostles, in the other He had spoken with a like immediacy through Moses and the prophets. Origen indeed distinguished three senses in the words of Scripture, a somatic or literal sense, a psychic or moral sense, and a pneumatic or spiritual sense. But in this there was nothing to mark him off

from the most orthodox either of his predecessors or successors. Allegorism was an accepted necessity of Scriptural interpretation which penetrated even to the West and found indeed one of its greatest exponents in the person of Augustine. And if Origen was thus a traditionalist in almost jealously founding his doctrine on Scripture, he was also much less of a formal philosopher than his predecessor Clement. He was indeed the pupil of Ammonius Saccas, the founder of Neoplatonism, and the fellow-pupil of Plotinus, the author of the *Enneads*. But he died some sixteen years before the *Enneads*, which gave systematic form to the Neoplatonic doctrine, were published in 269, and in any case he was far from being in any sense a systematic philosopher. None the less, Greek that he was, he hailed philosophy as a kind of secondary Divine revelation, and as a most important and indispensable aid to the interpretation of the primary and immediate revelation. And it is the temper and the prevailing interests of Greek philosophy that determine his whole attitude as a Christian teacher. For instance he depreciates faith at the expense of *γνῶσις* or knowledge. Faith seems at times for him to be only an expedient for the salvation of those who must be content with a lower level, both intellectual and moral. The knowledge of the secrets of the invisible transcendent order is possible, and is necessary for those who would attain a high moral level. To the man of faith, Scripture reveals only its somatic or at most its psychic sense. The pneumatic sense is reserved to those who have attained by the ascetic life to *gnōsis*. Here we have the Greek note at the very foundation of Origen's thought. But it is in the superstructure that the preoccupations of the

Greek mind are most apparent. What was this illuminating and redeeming *gnōsis*? It was the knowledge of the Divine nature, and of the method of the derivation of the visible world from that nature. By a kind of intellectual contemplation which was always closely associated with a moral asceticism, it was possible to achieve this knowledge. Revelation itself as the immediate communication of the Divine Word *was* this knowledge, and the perfect understanding of it involved that immediate communion with the Divine Word which redeemed man from death and corruption, which endowed his spirit with immortality and incorruptibility. When he speaks of the Eucharistic elements as being the body and blood of Christ sanctifying the souls of those who receive them, he asks: "What else can the body and blood of God the Word be than the word which nourishes and the word which refreshes the heart?" It is an assimilation of Eucharistic doctrine to the root-conception of the saving value of *gnōsis*.

But it is in his theology proper, in his doctrine of the Divine nature, and in the dependent doctrine of creation, that the essentially Hellenic attitude of Origen's mind becomes apparent. His God is the somewhat abstract God of Platonism. He is beyond all being, free from all possible limitations (*incomprehensibilis*), without any kind of affective existence (*impassibilis*), and in a sense beyond the appreciations of human knowledge (*inestimabilis*). Yet man in proportion as he disengages himself from the trammels of the flesh can truly know God, the Monad which transcends being. The Incarnate Word of the Christian tradition, Jesus Christ, is the Son of the Father. For in this Monad there is an act of eternal and continuous

generation. That act indeed constitutes its essential nature, so that the Monad is also a Duad or rather a Triad. Yet the Son presents less fully the Divine nature than the Father. He is not $\delta\ \theta\epsilon\acute{o}\varsigma$, but $\theta\epsilon\acute{o}\varsigma$, not the God, but God. His special function is to be the mediator or instrument of creation. In Him all the ideas of God according to which the invisible and visible worlds were created, existed eternally for the special purpose of creation. For the created world, in itself eternal, must have been so in order that God might be God. For the eternity of God's omnipotence would be denied if there had not been eternally a world over which His power was exercised. This world, which has eternally existed as the necessary corollary of the eternal character of the Divine power, consisted originally of created spirits, but spirits which must have had a body, however subtle or refined. God alone is bodiless spirit. These embodied spirits were created free, and the abuse of moral freedom accounts for the present variety of created beings. Through their greater or lesser alienation from the Divine will the spirits lose as it were their primal heat (Origen derives $\psi\upsilon\chi\eta$, the sensitive and animal soul of man, from $\psi\acute{\upsilon}\chi\epsilon\iota\nu$, to grow cold) and so their bodies lose their original subtlety and become grosser, more absorbed in and accommodated to matter or body. Matter is indeed, so far as one can see, for Origen merely desubtilised spirit. At any rate it is the concomitant and expression of a process of degeneration in the quality of spirit. And as in the Divine plan freedom is the instrument of this descension of spirit, so also it is the instrument of the ascension or restoration of spirit. We have seen already something of Origen's insistence on the saving value of knowledge. We are prepared

therefore for his presentation of the work of Jesus Christ as the teacher of the secrets of the Divine law and the perfect model by imitation of Whom we assimilate those secrets and become partakers of the Divine life. He does not indeed for a moment lose sight of the Scriptural tradition concerning redemption, that Christ is a ransom for our sins. On the contrary it was he who first fully developed the view that Jesus offered His own perfect life as a ransom to the Devil, the only ransom sufficient to liberate the souls of men from their subjection to Satan. But at the same time, the true way of appropriating the redemption is the way of knowledge, and Jesus is Himself the supreme revealer and mediator of that knowledge to us.

Now it is clear that in all this there is a very close formal approximation to the Gnostic doctrine of emanations. The approximation indeed never becomes identification. Origen's respect both for the spirit and the letter of tradition is too great to allow of anything like absolute identification. The old Hebrew view of God's absolute transcendence is safeguarded. But it is safeguarded in strict accordance with the current ideas of Hellenic philosophy. And if there is still a formal gap between the Gnostic and the Origenistic system, the preoccupations which determine both are the same and the solutions reached breathe something of the same spirit. Both are concerned with constructing a theology which will account for nature, its Divine origin, its actual imperfection, and the method of its redemption from that imperfection to perfect assimilation with the Divine Will. And both are persuaded that *gnōsis*, the higher knowledge, the knowledge of the secrets of the invisible order, is the way of that redemption.

Let us now move a whole century forward, and compare with the position of Origen that of Athanasius. If Origen was the greatest and most original of the Greek Fathers, Athanasius became and has remained the most authoritative. His long residence at Rome had communicated to him something of the temper of the West. Much more rigorously than Origen he confines himself to the religious data of Scripture. And in his controversy with Arius he bases his theology almost solely on the work of redemption, practically ignoring the issues raised by the problem of creation. It is evident that at this point he is more closely akin to the theologians of the West with their insistence on the doctrines of grace than to the Easterns with their prevailing interest in metaphysics. Yet when we come to examine into the nature of his interest in the doctrine of redemption we find that it is strictly metaphysical. The efficacy of the process of redemption is the motive of his Trinitarian doctrine. "How," he asked himself, "could man be redeemed if the mediator of his redemption were not Himself indubitably God?" "If the Word were only by participation Divine, and not in Himself the divinity and substantial image of the Father, then He would not have been able to make others Divine, for He Himself in that case had only been made Divine." For the method of redemption is the assimilation of our nature to the Divine nature, and that assimilation has been achieved by the Incarnation. So much indeed does Athanasius make redemption dependent on the Incarnation that he speaks at times of Jesus as if His human nature were not so much individual as collective, as if it included the humanity of the whole race. All the more was it necessary for him to insist that that

collective humanity was united in the Person of Jesus Christ to the essential Divinity, and not to an imparted or created Divine nature, in order that the work of redemption might be effectually accomplished. Here, in the root-notion of his theology, Athanasius is essentially Greek and as remote as possible from the interests and ideas which dominated Latin theology. It is only in our own day that the Athanasian connection of redemption with the Incarnation has been partially revived among certain Anglican theologians.

From this rapid glance at the Athanasian theology we must now turn to the theologians of the West. The classical expression of Western theology is confined almost entirely to Africa. It is at least true that all the Western doctors are overshadowed by the two great Africans in whom Latin theology originated and attained the zenith of its power—Tertullian and Augustine. Every characteristic of Western theology is already apparent in Tertullian, is indeed more pronouncedly present in him than in any of his successors—its practical preoccupations, its legalistic conception of the relations between God and man, its longing for system and, akin to that, its power of coining the definite and sufficient formula, and its occasional tendency to a kind of Pauline mysticism. For Tertullian the Christian tradition is absolutely self-contained and self-sufficient. If, as in the *Apologetic*, he occasionally makes concessions to the value of philosophy as an instrument and expression of Divine truth, he repudiates on the whole all commerce with the philosophic schools. The Christian revelation does not need to be proved. It does not need even elaborate exposition. It needs only to be believed, to be accepted almost blindly in an act of faith which is of itself

meritorious. Knowledge is here completely dethroned from the position of ascendancy assigned to it by the Greeks. The faith, and the very kind of faith, which they depreciated reigns by unchallenged right in its stead. The object, therefore, of the theologian is the purely practical one of stating the faith, of defending it against attack, of protecting it by a ring-fence of exact definition against the invasion of foreign elements. Again, the theology of Tertullian is full of legal and juridical terms. The relations between God and man are defined as in a law-book and stated with the accuracy of a business account. Every good work makes God our debtor. On account of it He owes us a debt which He is bound by His Divine honour to pay. On the other hand we offend God and are His debtors so long as we remain in our sins, for which we must make Him satisfaction. Penance is a compensation which we offer to God to obtain immunity from punishment. Here is the unmistakable Western note. The Sacraments have become at once more important and more external. They are no longer universal mysteries working throughout nature by means of particular natural elements, the choice of which witnesses to the divine destiny and ever present capacity of nature. They are definite miracles or miraculous instruments of grace dispensed by the external divine authority with a strictly legal formality.

Again it is interesting to notice in Tertullian the Latin gift of exact formulation of doctrine. If it is a power whose exercise is facilitated by the clearness and dignity of expression of the Latin language, we must not forget that those characteristics of speech were but mediated by the character and temperament which gave that speech its special quality. But one un-

doubted effect of this gift has been that the Latins have often succeeded in finding the adequate formula for the expression of a certain phase of truth even when they had not themselves very carefully sifted and analysed the elements of that truth. This kind of intuition for form is part of the system-making habit. It is easy enough to depreciate its value, to realise the danger which it involves of permanently imprisoning thought within artificial limits. Yet, on the other hand, it is a condition of the liberation of all thought on its onward way. We can see this double tendency in the case of modern science, how on the one hand there is a tendency to take for granted the finality of each new generalisation, how on the other hand the generalisation resumes the thought of the past and thus enables the thought of the future to prepare itself with the greatest possible economy of force. In any case Tertullian had this power in a marked degree, even if his use of it served to imprison rather than liberate towards new effort the Christian thought of the West. Such formulæ as '*tres personæ, una substantia*' of the Trinity, '*una persona, duæ substantiæ*' of the person of Christ, continued to be the definite expression of Latin theology on these points, while '*a Patre per Filium*' pointed the way to the final formulation of the Latin doctrine of the Procession of the Holy Spirit.

In St. Augustine we have passed away to some extent from the rigorism of Tertullian. His was a richer and gentler nature, as well as an incomparably greater intelligence. Yet the mere fact that his long struggle with the Donatists and the Pelagians hardened him in his later years into a mood of deepening intolerance, witnesses to his share in the Western

feeling for external order and government. In many ways indeed he may be regarded as the intellectual founder of the great Church system of the West. But it is of course as a theologian that we are interested in him here. And it is as a theologian that he reveals most clearly his Latin origin and affinities. There is no department of theology in which his authority was not established throughout the West. Even where he merely translated the thought which had become current in the East, he knew how to give to it that clearness of form, that definiteness of outline, which were needed to recommend it to the Western mind. This is notably the case with his treatment of the doctrine of the Trinity. We have seen something of the development of that doctrine in the East. We have seen something of the various attempts made by the Greek mind to reconcile intellectually the belief in one God with the bare affirmation of the Divinity of Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit in the original tradition. Now all through those attempts we cannot fail to see the difficulty there is to avoid a crude tritheism. At first it is a tritheism marked by a descending scale of divinity in the Persons, and then by a divinity which is affirmed to be equal in all, but which when described in its various activity in each of the Persons leaves on us a distinct impression of necessary subordination of the Second or Third Person to the First. The reason of this difficulty and of the impression of difficulty which still remains after it has been supposed to be surmounted, is that the Greeks never ceased to identify Divinity in its original underived being with the Father. But Augustine really transcended this difficulty by insisting on Divinity as an eternal and primordial unity in the constitution of

which the Three Persons were equally and eternally necessary.

But Augustine's real distinction as a theologian lies not in his re-handling of themes already exhaustively treated by the Greek theologians, even when he added something essential to the completeness of their position, but in his handling of problems which the East never faced. Those problems indeed were forced upon him by the accidents of contemporary speculation. None the less it was the Latin genius that detected their gravity and that alone contributed to their solution. Now I have no desire here, as I certainly have not time, to enter upon an elaborate exposition of Augustine's doctrine of grace. But I do wish briefly to indicate how that particular doctrine was an expression of the specially practical and at the same time semi-mystical temper of the West. Here is no remote metaphysical interest, but an immediate psychological one. Experientially man is capable of good will and of good works. How is that capacity produced? The answer of Pelagius was that man had been created with a free will, that in the power of that free will he could serve God and grow into likeness with Him, that Divine grace was indeed always co-operant with the will, but with the will in its native freedom, a freedom which had not been annihilated in man's first fall. It was practically the answer of Origen. But in the West the theological framework in which Origen had set that doctrine of freedom had little or no meaning. The West was not interested in Origen's metaphysical structure of the relations between God and the world. For it God was manifested mainly in His relation with man. The doctrine of free will, therefore, which might have been harmless in and even essential to Origen's

scheme, was an offence to all that was most profound and mystical in the religious sense of the West. Man was not capable by nature of obedience to God. He was, on the contrary, utterly incapable of pleasing God, for he was not only an actual sinner, he was born in sin. His nature had been utterly ruined in that first sin of Adam. His desires were evil and towards evil by a flaw in his nature for which he was not individually responsible. That was a fact of experience. If it was also a fact of experience that some men were able to conquer these evil desires, to tread them underfoot, that was entirely the result of a miraculous gift of God, of a miraculous impartation of grace to those on whom He would have mercy. The work of salvation was entirely and exclusively the work of God. The elect of God did indeed in truth and with a species of free will fulfil His Will. But that was by no means to be reckoned as a merit to them. Their freedom was but the power of determination by conscience which was itself the most conspicuous effect of the immediate action of Divine grace. The faintest movement of the will towards right was an outcome of God's grace. No foreseen merit in those who would be saved had determined God's decrees in their favour. His predestination was absolutely free and unmotivated by any natural grace of character. For such grace was only a deceptive appearance. There was no grace which was not the effect of the miraculous Divine intervention intended to accomplish the purpose of the eternal Divine decrees. The doctrine seems to us immeasurably harsh and repellent, and yet it has been the herald and accompaniment of every notable religious awakening in the West, except the Franciscan movement, which we can hardly count as a popular and general religious reform.

These are the two great types of interest and motive, reflections of two contrasted types of character and capacity enlisted in the service of religion, which went to the making of Christian theology, or rather of that fixed theological result of the speculation of the first six Christian centuries on the deposit of revelation which we call dogma. I would briefly sum up what seem to me their values in the religious development of Christendom. From the point of view of intellectual speculation, the Eastern type has unquestioned superiority. The Western, save for Augustine and Victorinus, another African, contributed practically nothing in this field. It organised results, it gave them definite and lucid expression. Perhaps from this point of view it has done lasting harm. It has stereotyped Greek thought, which was of its nature and in its very form fluid, into hard formulas, clear in their expression, but utterly divorced from the spirit which gave them birth and charged them with meaning. From the religious point of view the verdict will be different. The Greek view of redemption tended to what I venture to call a static immanence of God in us. That view is already apparent in germ in the Johannine writings. We are immediately deified by a kind of magical admission through the sacramental activity of the Church into the life of the Incarnation. Growth in that life is the gradual increase in knowledge of its mysteries already present in us. The real activity of the Christian is intellectual, though the intellect is trained for its upward flight by an ascetic discipline which releases the soul from the toils of body. The Western view of redemption, however crude and repellent its theology, implies a dynamic action of God in us. It is in the actual energy of the will that God

reveals to us His power. It is in the stress and struggle of the common motives which underlie the moral life of man, the upward strain of higher motives against the downward tug of the lower, that we know the grace of God.

After all, the interests which determined the theology of Augustine and the theology of Pelagius were one and the same. They were both striving to account for the moral nature of man on religious grounds, to build up a human psychology in terms of God. They were both essentially sons of the West. And if Augustine became the orthodox doctor and Pelagius was condemned, they have none the less both contributed to the later Western theology which expresses the Western desire to do and to be rather than to know. If Augustine conquered in the Vth century, he was virtually condemned in the XVIIth in the person of Jansenius. And if Pelagius was condemned in the Vth, he was rehabilitated at the end of the XVIth, through Molinos and the Jesuit doctors who followed him. And to-day religion subsists as a human experience faintly illuminating at certain points with the light of faith the secrets of the unseen world, not as a metaphysical revelation governing by the power of knowledge the rebellious motives and forces of our inner life. Religiously we are Westerns, not Easterns, and now that the theology of the past is beginning to be acknowledged as indeed of the past we can perhaps afford to study it for the sake of the religious values and experiences which it enshrines.

A. L. LILLEY.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE TRUE MAN IN ANCIENT CHINESE MYSTICAL PHILOSOPHY.

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IN the last number an attempt was made to outline some of the more general notions of the Way of the Spirit according to Chwang Tze, a Chinese mystical philosopher of the latter half of the fourth and early part of the third century B.C. Of the individual, however, and the way of his going in hope of attaining to self-realisation comparatively little was said. I therefore propose now to consider at greater length man and the means of his perfecting according to this remarkable and arresting view of life.

As with the other general notions of Chwang Tze there is no systematic exposition of the constitution of the individual. The philosophers of the Tao, or Way of the Spirit as I have ventured to phrase it, are very cautious in their psychology, they are content with very simple categories and eschew all detail.

The cause of the emotions in us, they declare, is hard to discover; it is not easy to say what it really is. The problem is set forth in very modern fashion, as may be seen from the following reflection: "But for these emotions *I* should not be. But for *me*, they would have no scope. So far we can go; but we do not know what it is that brings them into play. 'Twould seem to be a soul;¹ but the clue to its exist-

¹ Elsewhere the soul is freely spoken of.

ence is wanting. That such a Power operates is credible enough, though we cannot see its form. It has functions without form " (2₂).¹

The soul (the spiritual—L.) is born of Tao (22₅). A distinction seems to be drawn between mind and soul or spirit; as for instance when it is said of the 'fasting of the heart' as a means of reaching unity: "You hear not with the ears, but with the mind; not with the mind, but with your soul" (4₂). What the distinction is, however, I cannot discover precisely from the text (cp. 21₃). Tao is moreover said to give man his 'expression' (5₅). This can hardly be his 'personal appearance,' as Legge translates it, for in the very same sentence it is contrasted with the bodily form which is said to be given by Heaven. It is the union of Heaven and Earth which is said to produce shape or form (17₁, 19₁). The attainment of the human form is said to be a source of joy; but this achievement is far from the perfection of attaining to the universal body (6₆), and what that is we shall see later on (p. 490). That form means the physical body simply is clearly not the case, as it is elsewhere stated that body is born of the vital (seminal—L.) essence (22₅). Form is rather the manifold impression of the 'seal' or 'type' of Heaven and Earth vitally stamped on the psycho-physiological 'plasm,' as in the Sethite² tradition of the early heretical or rather syncretic Gnosis which throws back to a mixed Zoroastrian source, and so again puts us in contact with the

¹ The quotations are from Giles (H. A.), *Chuang Tzū, Mystic, Moralist and Social Reformer* (London, 1889), except when marked with an L., when they are from Legge (J.), *The Texts of Taoism* (S. B. E., vols. xxxix. and xl., Oxford, 1891). The inferior figures refer to the numbering of Legge's sub-divisions of the chapters.

² The equation Seth = Zoroaster has been successfully established by Bousset in his *Hauptprobleme der Gnosis* (1907).

supposed common Central Asian 'origin' for these very similar ideas in East and West to which reference was made in the last paper.

Though then there is little of precision in any of the psychological ideas of our Taoist philosophers, there are some high intuitions; as for instance: We have nothing of our own, it is all lent us. Bodily form is the delegated image of God (or of Heaven and Earth); our life is His delegated harmony; our individuality (or nature) His delegated adaptability (224). The soul is immortal and divine. Life and death are all powerful, but they cannot affect it (51); to know this constitutes the sage. The man who has reached union or the consciousness of the mystic 'I' dares to say: The universe (or Heaven and Earth) and I came into being together (26). Nay further, it is declared of this greater 'I' by one who had attained union with it: "But I will lead you through the portals of Eternity into the domain of Infinity. My light is the light of sun and moon. My life is the life of heaven and earth. I know not who comes and who goes. Men may all die, but I endure for ever" (114). If such is the meaning of the original, it is difficult to avoid paralleling the opening sentences with the declarations of the Johannine Christ, and with the 'I'-utterances of the new-found *Odes of Solomon*, in which Harnack recognises the presuppositions of the Johannine mystical theology. In any case conviction in the immortality of the mystic 'I' was unshakable for those who could reflect: "The Universe (Heaven and Earth—L.) is the smelting pot, and God (the Creator—L.) is the caster. I shall go whithersoever I am sent, to wake unconscious of the past, as man wakes from dreamless sleep" (610).

Nevertheless the followers of the Tao did not despise the body; indeed they seem to have been firmly convinced that without a *corpus sanum* there was little chance of a *mens sana*. Their discipline, however, may be said to have been primarily and finally spiritual, for we are told that to be complete in spirit is the way of the sage (L.). "Aiming at Tao he perfects his virtue. By perfecting his virtue he perfects his body, and by perfecting his body he perfects his spiritual part" (12₁₁). "Cleanse your heart and purge it of passion and betake yourself to the land where mortality is not" (20₂). Though our philosophers did not withdraw themselves from the practical life of the world, they were at the same time contemplatives in that they held that discursive knowledge and ratiocination were hindrances to spiritual intuition. The senses are to be used solely as senses and not allowed to stir the passions within. More than this; all 'wisdom' is to be shut out from the mind (4₂). "Wash your soul as white as snow. Discard your knowledge" (22₅). True knowledge could only be attained by the intuition of the self in the stillness of peace (5₁). "See nothing; hear nothing; let your soul be wrapped in quiet, and your body will begin to take proper form. Let there be absolute repose and absolute purity" (11₄). Here 'body' is clearly referable to a subtle inward plasm, a quintessence or prime substance, and not to the gross body; though the one would react on the other. There thus seems to have been a distinct 'yoga'-practice; but all this could be of none effect as a means of reaching Tao, unless it were accompanied with the moral discipline of removing the fetters, as a Buddhist would term them: Discard the (lower) stimuli of purpose

(impulses of the will—L.)—honour, wealth, fame, etc. ; repress the distortions of the mind—arguments, opinions, deportment, etc. ; remove the entanglements to virtue—hate, longing, joy and anger, etc. This is all understandable enough, but we enter the *via negativa* indeed when we are bidden renounce the last obstructions to Tao, which are recited as: rejecting and adopting, receiving and giving, knowledge and ability (23₁₁). Occasionally we notice a sentence indicating that some more distinctively psychic practices were attempted. There is danger (or banefulness) in the outward turned senses and faculties for the inner self (24₁₃) ; they ought to be turned on themselves, on their own internal workings (24₁₂). There is thus allusion to the mystic state of seeing sight and hearing hearing, “from a lofty dais suspended in their very midst ” (25₃).

But whatever disciplines and practices our mystics may have followed, it is quite evident that they thought little of the majority of the ways of psychic development of which we hear so much to-day, or of the practices of deep-breathing as it is now called, and of the purely physical stretchings and posturings which form a chief element in modern debased Taoism, for Chwang Tze writes: “Exhaling and inhaling, getting rid of the old and assimilating the new, stretching like a bear and craning like a bird,—this is valetudinarianism, affected by professors of hygiene ” (15₁). The way of the Tao started from within in the depths, not from the external and the superficial. “In self-esteem without self-conceit, in moral culture without charity and duty to one’s neighbour, in government without rank and fame, in retirement without solitude, in health without hygiene,—there we have oblivion absolute

coupled with possession of all things; an infinite calm which becomes an object to be attained by all" (15₁). Premonitions and dreams formed no part of their interest; for of the true man it is said that he is centered in the present alone: "Ignoring the future and the past, he resigns himself to the laws of God. . . . His sleep is dreamless" (15₂).

The true man aims in all things at poise and balance; there must be no exaggeration, 'nothing too much' (43). "Outwardly you may adapt yourself, but inwardly you must keep up your own standard. . . . You must not let the outward adaptation penetrate within, nor the inward standard manifest itself without" (45). There is a certain mystic point of poise, a spiritual centre of gravity, that must at all hazards be preserved: "Because men are made to rejoice and to sorrow and to displace their centre of gravity, they lose their steadiness, and are unsuccessful in thought and action" (11₁). The maintenance of calm in the midst of storm and stress is the chief safeguard in all dangers, physical and moral: "If a man can but be impervious to capsizings and accidents in general, whither shall he not be able comfortably to go?" (19₄). In this connection a graphic and humorous story is told of an old philosopher who entered a torrent and re-emerged a hundred yards lower down, and "with flowing hair went carolling along the bank"—to the great amazement of Confucius and his disciples, who thought he must be deranged and had intended to commit suicide. In answer to their astonished questionings as to what was the way by which he had learned thus to deal with water, he replied: "No, I have no way. There was my original condition to begin with; then habit growing into nature; and lastly acquie-

science in destiny. Plunging in with the whirl, I come out with the swirl. I accommodate myself to the water, not the water to me" (199). The story is clearly intended to convey further and deeper meaning. Such men are said mystically to be of the Middle State. "In the Middle Kingdom there are men who recognise neither positive nor negative. They abide between heaven and earth. They act their part as mortals and then return to the Cause (*sc.* God)" (225). Perfect adaptability was the great secret; to be absolutely rigid and stuck in one position was regarded as the antipodes of wisdom. "Adopt no absolute position. Let externals take care of themselves. In motion, be like water. At rest, like a mirror. Respond, like the echo. Be subtle, as though non-existent. Be still, as though pure" (335).

This doctrine of natural and spontaneous adaptation to environment, but not of being swamped by it (for the spiritual centre, the inward standard, must ever be preserved), may be regarded as an ever cheerful and ready acquiescence in what is generally called fate, or the immediate present circumstances, by going forth as it were to meet them with joy, even as a bridegroom goes forth to meet his bride; for circumstances are the ever-changing moods of the man's true complement, and thus it is that the sting is at once taken out of the stress and the sorrows of life. This theory of willing and spontaneous self-adaptation to externals is called the 'doctrine of non-angularity' (144). "Only he who can adapt himself to the vicissitudes of fortune without being carried away, is fit to use the instruments of right" (145). "To recognise the inevitable and to quietly acquiesce in destiny, is the achievement of the virtuous man alone" (52); for "those who under-

stand the conditions of destiny devote no attention to things over which knowledge has no control " (19₁). But this is not to be taken as the creed of pure fatalism. It is rather cheerful acquiescence with the 'little' so as to reach the 'great'; and 'great' here, as we learned in the last article, means 'whole.' For if "he who comprehends the Lesser Destiny" resigns himself to the inevitable, "he who comprehends the Greater Destiny *becomes himself part of it.*"

There are two sources of safety: Destiny and Duty. Duty is service; the highest duty is to be utterly oblivious of self. "To serve one's own heart so as to permit neither joy nor sorrow within, but to cultivate resignation to the inevitable,—this is the climax of virtue" (4₃). Such a man is said to be without personal passions and so "does not permit good and evil to disturb his internal economy" (5₅); he may thus be thought of as sharing in the great or pure passions of nature. To be ever in a state of accord with the exigencies of one's environment is characterised as "tranquillity amid all disturbances" (L.), or as being "battered but not bruised" (6₈). To reach such continuous perfection it is said that a man must become "first etherealised (with a mind as clear as the morning—L.), next possessed of perfect wisdom (or stand face to face with truth—L.), then without past or present, and finally able to enter there where life and death are no more,—where killing does not take away life, nor does prolongation of life add to the duration of existence" (6₈).

To understand one must become like or in harmony with that which is to be understood or apprehended. Thus "to apprehend fully the scheme of the universe (*lit.* the virtue of Heaven and Earth),—this is called

the great secret of being in accord with God" (13₂, cp. 13₆). To be equally happy under all circumstances (16₄) is the preliminary condition to such understanding; for the happiness of the men of Tao has nothing to do with worldly success or failure (28₈).

These doctrines are for the most part founded upon the conviction that man can regain a state of 'natural integrity' (9₂), fabled as the possession of the people of a primitive paradisiacal period, a golden age of pure simplicity and perfect virtue (10₃); this natural virtue is now obscured by convention and the complexities of over-civilised life. The people of that golden age are said to have "loved one another without being conscious of charity. They were true without being conscious of loyalty. They were honest without being conscious of good faith. They acted freely in all things without recognising obligations to any one. Thus their deeds left no trace; their affairs were not handed down to posterity" (12₁₃). They acted with spontaneous impulse and without thought of self-interest. Thus their deeds left no trace; or, as a Buddhist would phrase it, they did not generate *karma*. A deliberate return to this spontaneous state of natural harmony was the goal of the true man, for, as one of the sayings held in highest repute tells us: "The perfect man leaves no trace behind" (26₈). But we may ask, Why this glorification of the traceless past, when we are distinctly told that "to glorify the past and condemn the present is the way of the scholar" (26₈), and not of the sage? This contradiction, like so many others, Chwang Tze is at no pains to remove; indeed he intensifies it by adding that if the sages of yore were to appear to-day, they would not talk about the past, but "accommodate them-

selves" to the present age and its necessities (26s). This seems to mean that the true sage acts and does not talk; in any case our philosopher is in agreement with hosts of others in the belief that we have to regain the child state we have lost—the complement if not the antithesis of the objective evolutionary theory. Thus the Taoists possessed an unshakable conviction that there is nothing like the "light of nature" (23). This light of nature is also called the "proper light of the mind" (L.), which is explained by Legge as the "perfect mind or the principle of the Tao" (*ib.*). Elsewhere (27) it is defined by Chwang Tze when he writes: "To be able to pour in without making full, and pour out without making empty, in ignorance of the power by which such results are accomplished,—this is accounted Light." This Light is called the 'Heavenly Treasure House,' the 'Store of Light' (L.). Further we are told: "What the true sage aims at is the Light which comes out of darkness. He does not view things as apprehended by himself, subjectively, but transfers himself into the position of the things viewed. This is called using the Light" (25). It is thus evident that what Chwang Tze understood by simplicity and the light of nature and the rest was nothing else but the spontaneous operation of Tao itself.

The whole of the ethics of Taoism, accordingly, is based on the idea of being naturally virtuous rather than on striving to be intentionally good. You must first possess Tao yourself before you can really help others (41). The true sage "never preaches at people, but puts himself in sympathy with them" (54); for "he who is naturally in sympathy with man, to him all men come" (23s). This natural sharing of one's

virtue with others is called true wisdom (247). But this true virtue begotten of sympathy must be that virtue which is "without intention" (121); there must be no interfering with the self-initiation of another, no imposition of authority. For "there is nothing more fatal than intentional virtue, when the mind looks outward" (3211). The soul in itself loves harmony and hates disorder (242); for harmony is virtue (161). Virtue abides in the natural. The natural (or heavenly—L.) abides within, the artificial (or human—L.) without (177). Thus ordinary moralists devote themselves to the obligations between man and man (244); they do not know the natural virtue of heaven. Natural virtue is 'divine virtue'; it is humorously described as "being joined with the universe without being more conscious of it than an idiot" (128). This divine virtue is likened unto pure water, as in the ancient saying: "Pure, without admixture; uniform, without change; negative, without action; moved, only at the will of God,—such would be the spirituality nourished according to Tao" (153).

Very different is the way of the world in attaining its ends either by force or the holding out of rewards. "Appeal to arms," Chwang Tze teaches, "is the lowest form of virtue. Rewards and punishments are the lowest form of education. Ceremonies and laws are the worst form of government" (134). For "ceremonial is the invention of man. Our original purity is given us by God" (31). Not only so, but "form and virtue, and charity and duty to one's neighbour,—these are the accidentals of the spiritual" (139); the essential spirit thinks not of such things. The end is neither honour nor knowledge, but goodness. "If the virtuous are honoured, emulation will ensue. If knowledge be

fostered, the result will be theft. These things are no use to make people good " (23₂). That end, however, is but the same as the beginning, for the whole theory of ethics is, as we have repeatedly seen, based on the belief in the original or natural goodness of the heart of man. This should not be interfered with, for "man's heart (mind—L.) may be forced down or stirred up. In each case the issue is fatal. By gentleness the hardest heart may be softened. But try to cut and polish it—'twill glow like fire or freeze like ice. In the twinkling of an eye it will pass beyond the limits of the Four Seas. In repose, profoundly still; in motion, far away in the sky (like one of the bodies in the sky—L.). No bolt can bar, no bond can bind,—such is the human heart" (11₃). Confucius, on the contrary, was far less of an optimist with regard to the heart's natural goodness, for he is made to say: "The heart of man is more dangerous than mountains and rivers, more difficult to understand than Heaven itself" (32₁₀).

The way to regain the original purity of the inner nature was called the 'fasting of the heart' or of the mind. This is set forth in Legge's version as follows: "Maintain a perfect unity in every movement of your will. You will not wait for the hearing of your ears about it, but for the hearing of your mind. You will not wait for the hearing of your mind, but for the hearing of your spirit (soul—G.). Let the hearing (of the ears) rest with the ears. Let the mind rest in the verification (of the rightness of what is in the will). But the spirit is free from all pre-occupation and so waits for (the appearance of) things. Where the proper course (*sc.* Tao) is, there is freedom from all pre-occupation; such freedom is the fasting of the

mind" (4₂). This natural goodness is thus man's original integrity and not intentional goodness, which is said elsewhere (16₂) to lead man away from Tao. There are those who inflict injury by doing good (24₁₂). The subtlety of this ethic is amazing and shows a very high stage of moral culture. The hypocrisy of sham goodness is laid bare ruthlessly. "To employ goodness as a passport to influence through the gratification of others, is an everlasting shame" (265). But this ancient doctrine of the Tao, we fear, is too transcendent for struggling humanity to-day, which will only gape in amazement before such paradoxes as: "Put away goodness and you will be naturally good,"—a saying which follows immediately on the injunction: "Get rid of small wisdom and great wisdom will shine upon you" (266).

As we have already seen, Confucian ethic was based upon charity or benevolence and duty to one's neighbour or righteousness. This Chwang Tze calls the Tao of Confucius (288). Now it is a most remarkable fact that already six centuries B.C. not only was the attempt made to base the social polity of a great state upon these admirable virtues, but that contemporaneously, and with ever-growing vigour and conviction in the fourth century, it was pointed out that this over-busy attempt with its concomitant perpetual interference with others was giving rise to more harm than good. It was of course counterfeit charity and artificial charity that was opposed and not the real thing. In a presumably apocryphal conversation between the two greatest philosophers of Chinese antiquity, when Confucius had expatiated complacently on the doctrine of charity and duty to one's neighbour, Lao Tze, the Old Philosopher, broke out impatiently

with: "The chaff from winnowing will blind a man's eyes so that he cannot tell the points of the compass. . . . And just in the same way this talk of charity and duty to one's neighbour drives me nearly crazy. Sir! strive to keep the world to its original simplicity. And as the wind bloweth where it listeth, so let virtue establish itself" (146). It must be confessed, moreover, that the Taoists did not shirk the issue, nor did they minimise the strength of their opponents, if at any rate we are to judge by the following:

"Tell me," said Lao Tze, "in what consist charity and duty to one's neighbour?"

"They consist," answered Confucius, "in a capacity for rejoicing in all things; in universal love without the element of self. These are the characteristics of charity and duty to one's neighbour."

Most people would imagine that this ought to have settled Lao Tze once for all, But by no means, the old man comes up smiling with:

"What stuff! Is not your elimination of self a positive manifestation of self? Alas! Sir, you have brought much confusion into the mind of man" (137).

We fear, however, that this retort will be somewhat obscure for most, and all the more so when Chwang Tze himself declares that "perfect charity does not admit of love of the individual," for it embraces all men equally (142). What seems to be meant is that the phrase "universal love without the element of self" contains a contradiction in terms; such love to be truly universal should include and not exclude the love of one's self, while at the same time it transcends the love of a selected individual or individuals, as that connotes indifference or less love

or even dislike for others. Begotten of such mystical notions, strange phrases meet us which at first sight appear manifestly absurd, and only yield a subtle truth when questioned patiently; as for example the startling pronouncements: "Love for the people is the root of all evil for the people. Cultivation of duty towards one's neighbour in order to put an end to war is the origin of all fighting" (24₂). The intentional exaggeration (we should never forget the humour of Chwang Tze) puts us off at first, but when we ponder it deeply, we find we can fit the cap to many heads to-day.

There is a real and a false charity and duty (8₁); there is the natural and the artificial. "Intentional charity and intentional duty to one's neighbour are surely not included in our moral nature (or humanity—L.)" (8₃). Of a teacher of the Tao it is related that of his attendants "he dismissed those who were systematically clever and conventionally charitable" (23₁). Preaching of charity "before reaching the heart by the example of one's own disregard for name and fame" is accordingly deprecated (4₁). It is characterised as "but moral culture, affected by would-be pacificators and teachers of mankind" (15₁); for "perfect politeness is not artificial; perfect duty to one's neighbour is not a matter of calculation" (23₁₁). The perfect man benefits spontaneously and not from calculated love of his fellow man (6₃). In brief, perfection for the followers of the Tao was of another order from what is called charity and duty. The doctrine was: Be your best self, and do not fall into the fatal error of becoming someone else outside of yourself (8₅). The Taoist contention was that when the Confucian sages or scholars appeared "tripping people over charity and fettering with duty to one's neighbour," doubt

found its way into the world. "Annihilation of Tao (the natural integrity of things) in order to practise charity and duty to one's neighbour,—this is the error of the sages" (9₂). And so the Taoist anarchically urged: Utterly abolish all the restrictions of the sages (that is the artificiality of calculated rules), and the people will begin to be fit for the reception of Tao (or natural goodness) (10₃).

And if our present day sages will assuredly shake their heads, if not lose their tempers, over such 'nihilistic,' notions, *à fortiori* from the modern point of view no tenet of the Tao is open to more objection than what is called the doctrine of inaction, which will be incontinently condemned on all sides in the West as involving a gospel of absolute quietism. But this does not seem to me by any means to be the soul of the matter, as may be seen from the following: "If you would attain peace, level down your emotional nature. If you desire spirituality, cultivate adaptation of the intelligence." And Legge's version continues: "When action is required of him, he wishes that it may be right; and it then is under an inevitable restraint. Those who act according to that inevitable constraint pursue the way (Tao) of the sage" (23₁₂). This inaction is an inner attitude, not an inhibition of external action: "By inaction we can become the centre of thought, the focus of responsibility, the arbiter of wisdom. Full allowance must be made for others, while remaining unmoved oneself. There must be a thorough compliance with divine principles, without any manifestation thereof." The last sentence is translated by Legge as: "He fulfils all that he has received from Heaven (=the heavenly or self-determining nature), but he does not see that he was the

recipient of anything" (76); for his activities are all spontaneous and immediate. It is by means of this inner inaction that the true man is able to adapt himself to the natural conditions of existence. This inner inaction, however, is not will-less passivity; for on the contrary it supplies the condition for bringing about an enormous expansion of sympathy, so that we find it written that he alone "who respects the state as his own body is fit to support it, and he who loves the state as his own body, is fit to govern it" (11₂). The secret of the whole matter is thus set forth: "The true sage looks up to God (Heaven—L.) but does not offer to aid (*sc.* Heaven). He perfects his virtue, but does not involve himself. He guides himself by Tao, but makes no plans. He identifies himself with charity, but does not rely on it. He extends his duty towards his neighbour, but does not store it up. He responds to ceremony, without tabooing it. He undertakes affairs, without declining them. He metes out law without confusion. He relies on his fellow-men and does not make light of them. He accommodates himself to matter and does not ignore it." Thus "while there should be no action, there should be also no inaction" (11₇)—a paradox, but yet a subtle truth for those who realise that it is God who works through the perfected man, and who can understand that God acts by means of inaction (12₂), or equally well rests in activity. Thus the true sages act according to nature and so rest in tranquillity; "resting therein they reach the unconditioned, from which springs the conditioned; and with the conditioned comes order. Again from the unconditioned comes repose, and from repose comes movement, and from movement comes attainment. Further, from repose comes inaction, and from inaction

comes potentiality of action " (13₁). On the last phrase Giles very rightly comments (p. 158): "When inaction has been achieved, action results spontaneously and unconsciously to the organism." It is indeed the Way of the Spirit; but "unless there is a suitable endowment within, Tao will not abide. Unless there is outward correctness, Tao will not operate " (14₅); or as Legge phrases it: "If, within, there be not the presiding principle, it (Tao) will not remain there; and if, outwardly, there be not the correct obedience, it will not be carried out." And this 'suitable endowment' or 'presiding principle' is the right will in the heart (28₈).

Though on the one hand the Taoist philosophy is centred in the notion of an essentially changeless reality, on the other it is permeated with the idea of the eternal flux of things and of perpetual transformations, and of the recurrent alternations of existence, the interplay between the opposites, as conditioned by the circle of necessity. Life and death, existence and non-existence, success and non-success, poverty and wealth, virtue and vice, good and evil report, hunger and thirst and repletion, warmth and cold—these all revolve upon the ever-changing Wheel of Destiny (5₄). Life and death belong to Destiny; their sequence, like day and night, is of God (from Heaven—L.), beyond the interference of man, an inevitable law (6₅). Equally, life follows upon death; death is the beginning of life (22₁). This life is a loan (18₃); death is a state of blessedness and union; for, as the skull is humorously made to say to Chwang Tze: "In death there is no sovereign above, and no subject below. Our existences are bounded only by eternity (Heaven and Earth—L.). The happiness of a king among men cannot exceed that which we enjoy " (18₄). Notice,

however, that it is the skull who speaks and not the dead man; still I can nowhere find mention of a purgatory or hell to be dreaded. And though there is a doctrine of metamorphosis I can find no trace of the notion of metempsychosis in the sense of reincarnation which usually accompanies the idea of the Wheel of Becoming. In fact, as also in Confucian agnosticism, all reference to the after-death state as a continuance of earth-conditions or in any other 'spiritistic' mode, is entirely omitted, for, "What should the dead know of the living or the living of the dead?" (6₁₂). It is enough to know that: "The bow-sheath is slipped off; the clothes-bag is dropped; and in the confusion the soul wings its flight (? to Heaven) and the body follows (? to Earth) on the Great Journey home" (22₅).

Their fearlessness and incurious views of what the Western world regards as the king of terrors is well brought out in the words put into the mouth of one of their sages on his death-bed: "I obtained life because it was my time; I am now parting with it according to the same law. Content with the natural sequence of these states, joy and sorrow touch me not. I am simply, as the ancients expressed it, hanging in the air, unable to cut myself down, bound with the trammels of material existence. But man has ever given way before God. Why then should I be afraid?" (6₉)—the natural courage of a true over-man. So also Chwang Tze tells us, in philosophising on the death of Lao Tze, that the ancients spoke of death as of God cutting down a man suspended in the air. "The fuel is consumed, but the fire may be transmitted, and we know not that it comes to an end" (3₄). This being 'suspended in the air' Legge translates as "the loosening of the cord on which God (Ti) suspends the life"

(i. 202),—the 'silver thread' of Kōheleth. But the most remarkable passage of all contains the last fine words ascribed to Lao Tze himself when refusing the splendid obsequies his disciples were proposing to give him: "With Heaven and Earth as my coffin and shell; with the sun, moon and stars as my burial regalia; and with all creation to escort me to the grave,—are not my funeral paraphernalia ready to hand?" (32₁₄).

To such men with their whole being centred on the transcendent and yet most immanent reality of Tao, life as we ordinarily live it was as it were a dream. Man's precious personality, to which we all in the West cling so desperately, was not the true man for them. "A man's personality is something of which he is subjectively conscious. It is impossible for him to say if he is really that of which he is conscious of being. You dream you are a bird, and soar to heaven. You dream you are a fish, and dive into the ocean's depth. And you cannot tell whether the man now speaking is awake or in a dream" (6₁₂). They looked to the Great Awakening not only out of all the dreams of dreaming life but also out of all the dreams of waking life. "Those who dream of the banquet, wake to lamentation and sorrow. Those who dream of lamentation and sorrow, wake to join the hunt. While they dream, they do not know they dream. Some will even interpret the very dream they are dreaming; and only when they awake do they know it was a dream." So too in the great dream of life. "By and by comes the Great Awakening, and then we find out that this life is really a great dream. Fools think they are awake now, and flatter themselves they know if they are really princes or peasants. Confucius and you are

both dreams; and I who say you are dreams,—I am a dream myself. This is a paradox. To-morrow a sage may arise to explain it; but that to-morrow will not be till ten thousand generations have gone by" (29). And yet though it could not be explained, there were those who had already awakened.

The ideal of the Taoist, as we have seen, was to become naturally the perfect or true or pure man or real sage, the man of spontaneous virtue. The perfect man is a spiritual being (28). Pure men alone can attain to pure knowledge. What, then, is a pure man? "The pure men of old acted without calculation, not seeking to secure results. They laid no plans. Therefore, failing, they had no cause for regret; succeeding, no cause for congratulation. . . . The pure men of old slept without dreams and waked without anxiety. They ate without discrimination, breathing deep breaths. For pure men draw breath from the uttermost depths" (62). The last sentence does not refer to physical so much as to a certain 'psychical breathing'; mystically it signifies inspiring spiritually the great life of the universe. Indeed the Tao of the pure and simple is said to consist in preserving spirituality (153). Some of the characteristics of the spiritual or truly great man, the man who is whole and complete, are given as follows: "The truly great man, although he does not injure others, does not credit himself with charity and mercy. He seeks not gain, but does not despise his followers who do. He struggles not for wealth, but does not take credit for letting it alone. He asks help from no man, but takes no credit for his self-reliance, neither does he despise those who seek preferment through friends. He acts differently from the vulgar crowd, but takes no credit for his exception-

ality; nor because others act with the majority does he despise them as hypocrites " (17₃). Surely we have here signs of a spiritual culture and a natural nobility and delicacy of character which few will appreciate even in our own days.

To be wise without wisdom (4₂) is to be oblivious of self as apart from others (4₃), or in other words to possess the instinctive and natural feeling of the solidarity of humanity. Nay, more than this: "The true sage folds the universe to his bosom" (24₁₀); for the love of the sage for his fellows is "without end, and mankind cease not to repose therein" (25₂); "he exults to see Tao diffused among his fellow men, while suffering no loss himself" (25₁). Such an one is called the man of complete virtue; without this he can never be a true ruler of men (6₃), least of all a saviour; for it is this natural virtue which "expands his heart," so that it "goes forth to all who come to take refuge therein" (12₃). Indeed the true man becomes as it were a law of compensation or completion to all things (G. p. 139). "Men cling to him as children who have lost their mother; they rally round him as wayfarers who have missed their road. He has wealth and to spare; but he knows not whence it comes. He has food and drink more than sufficient, but he knows not who provides it. Such is a man of virtue" (12₁₂). Such a divine man is said to ride upon the sky (*id.*); "he takes his stand upon the beauty of the universe" (22₂). "Charioted upon the universe, with all creation for his team, he passes along the highway of mortality" (13₃); for thus he is really "charioted upon Tao and floating far above mortality" (20₁). He is a chariot to himself (20₂); he is perfect, "in appearance a man, in reality God" (21₁).

But to achieve this the man must die to the world as he has previously regarded it, and become alive to a consciousness of its true nature. "By renouncing the world, one gets rid of the cares of the world. The result is a natural level which is equivalent to a rebirth. And he who is reborn is near" to Tao (19₁). Such men are reborn as the people of God. "Those who pay no attention to their artificial virtues and condition become oblivious of their own personality; and thus becoming oblivious of their own personality, they proceed to be people of God" (23₁₂). And again: "Those whose hearts are in a state of repose give forth divine radiance, by the light of which they see themselves as they are. And only by cultivating such repose can man attain to the constant. Those who are constant are sought after by men and assisted by God. Those who are thus sought after by men are the people of God; those who are assisted by God are His chosen children" (23₉).

Chwang Tze may be obscure; but for those who can penetrate his obscurity, he is an illuminate of the first order. Indeed it is not too much to say that he is one of the greatest teachers of mankind; and yet how few in the West or even in the East out of China have heard so much as his name!

G. R. S. MEAD.

BERGSON'S 'TIME AND FREE-WILL.'¹

EDWARD DOUGLAS FAWCETT.

A MELANCHOLY interest colours one's enjoyment of this excellent translation. We are indebted for the English rendering to the labours of Mr. F. L. Pogson, who met his death, a few months ago, while climbing in the Alps. *Time and Free-Will* is the work thought out and written by Henri Bergson between 1883 and 1887, and published in 1889, under the title *Les Données immédiates de la Conscience*. The new and more 'live' title is well justified. The book prepares us to confront an unveiling of the real nature of time. And this revised view of time furnishes scope for belief in a real freedom. Of course it would be an achievement of signal merit to show that a portion at least of human activity is truly free. The determinists include men of the most acute intelligence; nay, most modern philosophers are determinists, whatever be the general attitude towards the universe (idealistic, agnostic, materialistic or other) which they favour. Note incidentally that determinism is implied by all those imposing systems of philosophy—German and Indian—which deny the reality of Change. Thus the Absolutism of Hegel or of the Vedānta is incompatible with belief in the 'freedom of the will.' In a universe in which nothing really happens—in which there are no events, no evolution or dissolution—, in which the

¹ *Time and Free-Will*. By Henri Bergson. Authorised Translation by F. L. Pogson. London (Swan Sonnenschein), 1910.

unchanging alone veritably exists, there is no scope for free activity. Time and finite *action* are a vain show. I wonder sometimes how many of our dilettante admirers of 'Indian wisdom' realise to what the Vedānta philosophy, consistently interpreted, leads.

Being unacquainted with Bergson's later and chief works *Matter and Memory* and *Creative Evolution*, I propose to consider the present volume as if it stood alone.

There is nothing novel in the method pursued by Henri Bergson, though people unversed in the history of modern philosophy are apt to think otherwise. Bergson, like many others, is opposed to the conceptual and abstract method "which," Mr. Pogson informs us, "has been the dominant tradition in philosophy. For him reality is not to be reached by any elaborate construction of thought; it is given in immediate experience as a flux, a continuous process of becoming, to be grasped by intuition, by sympathetic insight." Concepts break up this flux into artificially stable but dead parts, the primary values of which are merely practical. If we desire to get at reality in its living actual movement, we must discard the mere concepts and immerse ourselves, as best we may, in the flux. This is precisely the procedure which I have recommended in my own books. But the advice is not novel. Schopenhauer is the true protagonist of this metaphysical reformation—the herald of pragmatists, Bergsonians, and other radical empiricists alike. He it was who first brought to book in damaging fashion that 'intellectualism' and that worship of the *Concept* which reach a culminating point in Hegel and have influenced, undoubtedly to an enormous extent, the history of subsequent idealistic Western philo-

sophy. Schopenhauer had that old man of the sea the obscurantist sage of Königsberg, on his back and being an innovator struggling with a tyrannical past, did not succeed in practising all that he preached. But he was wise enough to deride attempts to play with sterile concepts in the name of "constructive thought" and resolute enough to aver that all wisdom lies "*in the perception,*" i.e. in concrete appearances. He, too, like Bergson, held that intellect has been forged for practical ends, and, when working merely with fixed abstract concepts, is no instrument for attaining pure philosophical truth. A similar attitude was taken up even by Schelling in his later moods. Does he not upbraid the Hegelians for ascribing to the Concept the self-propulsive living force which belongs only to that for which concepts are substituted in our thoughts? Of course, this declaration against abstract thinking as glorified by Hegel implies the alternative procedure of resort to the 'flux.' And resort to the 'flux' will end by forcing a Schelling, a Bergson or anyone else into an attitude for which the old 'constructive' Absolutisms show as simply intellectual *devices* which are convenient to particular thinkers, but certainly not true. There is discoverable no actual *experience* on which belief in these doctrines (of the 'One Changeless Reality,' of time, determinism and so on) can genuinely ground. And failing such verifying *experience*, what is the good of feigning it perversely in one's ways of philosophical writing and talking?

But those who take to heart the words of Schopenhauer and Schelling may well differ on important counts both from these two thinkers and from one another. They, too, may be obsessed

by intellectual inventions, traditional or even home-made, or, again, their 'immersion' in the desired intuitive experience may have been often incomplete. To be aware clearly of all that floats in experience, is frequently very difficult. And radical empiricists may bring back different reports as to what they find therein. Thus in criticising the argument of Chapter I., I am in entire agreement with Bergson as to the *method* of inquiry which he favours, but I venture to submit that the eminent professor has built his demonstration on a foundation of sand. That foundation is the generally-accepted statement to the effect that extension is not a quality of our psychic states.

Conformably to the practice of radical empiricists, I shall not talk abstractly but refer Bergsonians to the *experience* in which they, like myself, put their trust. I shall pit two phases of intuitionism against one another.

There are three chapters in this volume, and the first of these discusses 'The Intensity of Psychic States.' Now it has been held very widely that psychic states show degrees of a form of quantity which is called 'Intensity'—that while not magnitudes of the extensive or spatial sort, they, nevertheless, vary quantitatively in respect of degree. Bergson's contention is that these so-called degrees of Intensity indicate differences not of quantity, but of quality; quantitative differences being predicable only of spatial objects such as marbles, trees or ships. Are you uncertain as to the reason why so much importance is attached to this contention? Hear, then, Bergson himself on the point. The "assimilation of thought to things is useful in practical life and necessary in

most of the sciences. But it may be asked whether the insurmountable difficulties presented by certain philosophical problems do not arise from our placing side by side in space phenomena which do not occupy space, and whether, by merely getting rid of the clumsy symbols round which we are fighting, we might not bring the fight to an end. When an illegitimate translation of the unextended into the extended, of quality into quantity, has introduced contradiction into the heart of the question, contradiction must, of course, recur in the answer." Having sought to show that Intensity implies no quantitative differences, and later, in Chapter II., to dispel a confusion, due to the misuse of space-symbols, which obscures the discussion of 'duration' and 'succession,' he considers that the problem of free-will has been greatly simplified, and, indeed, in a sense, disappears. We are, in fine, to regard misused space-symbolism as the great obstacle in the way of lucid thinking on the closely allied issues of Time and Free-Will.

Chapter I., then, disputes the generally received view that there are two sorts of Quantity—Extensive and Intensive. Bergson alleges that sensations, emotions, thoughts, etc., are not phenomena which show growth and diminution; are not magnitudes, which can be compared and discussed as 'greater' and 'less.' To treat them as magnitudes is to import into the sphere of the inextensive, symbolism derived from experience of space—of size, distance, juxtaposition, of container and contained, and so forth. Thus it may be said that my anger is now much greater than it was five minutes ago. This does not imply, according to Bergson, that my anger has increased in amount or quantity. The change has not been of the nature of a

spatial growth. It is not such as to warrant the statement that the present anger is so big that it could be conceived to *contain* the former anger. The change, which, conveniently enough, is labelled one of degree, is really one of kind or quality; the present emotional mood incorporating *novel elements* which the emotion of five minutes ago did not possess. The alleged intensive 'quantities' cannot be *superposed*, and, in fact, there is no ground for assimilating such 'intensities' to magnitudes at all. The usual procedure is to admit that intensive certainly differ from extensive magnitudes, but constitute, withal, a separate species of Quantity. But Bergson condemns this view unreservedly. "Why go on speaking of quantity and magnitude when there is no longer a container or a contained? If a quantity can increase and diminish, if we perceive in it, so to speak, the *less* inside the *more*, is not such a quantity on this very account divisible and thereby extended? Is it not a contradiction to speak of an inextensive quantity? But yet common sense agrees with the philosophers in setting up a pure intensity as a magnitude, just as if it were something extended."

I need not follow M. Bergson through his analyses of sensations, etc., and through his criticism, a very able one, of the quantitative developments of psychophysics as undertaken by Fechner and Delboeuf. His conclusion is that the intensity-distinctions of psychic states are, without exception, merely qualitative. I will pass on to consider a question which dominates the entire field of this controversy. None of M. Bergson's critics, so far as I am aware, have raised this embarrassing question. Indeed, my own book *The Individual and Reality* is probably the only modern

philosophical work in which this mode of regarding Extension is made of capital importance. The contention, of course, may be erroneous. But if it be well founded, it is fatal to the Bergsonian hypothesis that 'intensities' refer us to a domain where there are no magnitudes.

M. Bergson takes over uncritically the current opinion to the effect that internal 'psychic states' are not spatial. And this is not a matter for wonderment. Ever since Kant declared that space is not a form of the 'phenomena of the internal sense,' it has remained the general belief that experiences classed as 'memory,' 'imagination,' 'emotion,' and so forth, are impossibly spatial. But this view is in truth little better than a respectable superstition. And I will indicate the ground for regarding it as such without more ado.

It is a truism that Nature and what I call my private thoughts, emotions and volitions are only known to me in and as Experience. And, as even the Absolutist Bradley allows, "*My experience falls within my own circle, a circle closed on the outside; and, with all its elements alike, every sphere is opaque to the others which surround it.*"¹ The entire external spatial world, *as I know it*, is just so much experience within this circle. Agreed. But to assert this is to affirm that a goodly portion of my experiences *are* extended, to wit all those 'psychic states' which analysis extricates out of the complexity of outward perception. The jar of which I am conscious is clearly extended. And were some superhuman being to become aware of my jar experience, he too could only be aware of that jar as extended. So far so good. But we cannot stop at this point. The *idea* or

¹ *Appearance and Reality*, p. 846.

memory-image of the jar is extended just as was the original percept. For what is the image but a rather faint and poor copy of the said percept? And note that in remembering the jar I am aware of its varied colours, lights and shades; and to be aware of colours, etc., *which bound one another*, is to be aware of that *order* of co-existing feelings which we abstract as 'space.'¹ Again, in picturing the movement of balls on an imaginary billiard-table, I am aware of positions, directions, shapes, sizes and distances with great clearness. In visualising, also, the rush of an *imaginary* motor-car I am aware, in a faint form, of movements similar in kind to those which occur in my external perceptual experience. How natural that this should be the case? *All presentations alike*, as James and others have urged, *show a primitive 'extensity.'* *Presentations being thus originally spatial, representations or 'ideas' of them will (as echoes) be spatial as well.* So true is this that I can actually compare the size of a tree which I perceive in the garden with the size of another tree which I recall only as an image. And, in abnormal conditions, an image may become so vivid that it actually acquires the force of a percept and may occupy a portion of the space that this room, say, takes up in my visual field. It is then genuinely 'superposed,' as M. Bergson would say, on ordinarily admitted spatial facts, occupies an obviously measurable portion of a spatial vision, is placed in 'juxtaposition,' ranged 'side by side,' with quite similar phenomena. But this insistent 'phenomenon of the internal sense' does not owe its spatial character to its mere vividness. Its vividness serves only to disclose unmistakably the extension which all phenomena of its

¹ Cp. *Individual and Reality*, p. 97, also pp. 188ff.

sort possess even when (as is usual in the case of mental images) they are represented only 'faintly.'

Similarly emotions are more voluminous and massive according to the more or less of 'internal space' which they fill. They are the affective colouring of contents which are spatial in literal fact.

If you are startled by this seeming paradox, reconsider the issue thus. All that you know directly is just—your experience. A portion of this experience, which is called outward or external perception, comprises extended objects. There is nothing remarkable, therefore, in the assertion that the 'psychic states' analysed out of this outward or external experience are spatial. They are present in this form and you have merely to recognise the fact. Another portion of your experience, which you call inward or internal, consists very largely at any rate of '*echoes*' or '*copies*' of objects that were originally noticed in outward experience. Note this term 'copies.' Surely when you recall a mountain in memory, there is represented not only its colours, etc., but its spatial form. If the latter is not *copied* more or less satisfactorily, it is absurd to talk of the *image* of the mountain being present at all. Obviously the 'extensity' is copied as well as the colours. But if the extensity is copied, there is a *magnitude* floating in the experience of the 'internal sense.' Kant failed wholly to appreciate this fact.

You may complicate the discussion here by urging that, though the *contents* of both fields of my conscious life are extended, the consciousness of them is not. I will not debate this issue now. I will merely observe that it is not practicable, except verbally, to abstract 'consciousness' from content which it is 'of.'

Furthermore, the issue would not be relevant in the regard of M. Bergson's theory of intensity. All that I am concerned to urge now is that the *contents* of both external and internal perception are spatial.

M. Bergson may be perfectly right in urging that in the case of an alleged growth or diminution of the intensity of an internal phenomenon, there is always a *qualitative* change. Indeed, this seems to me obvious—in cases like the increase of anger, or diminution of sexual love, for instance, obtrusively obvious. But I submit that there is a quantitative change occurring *as well*. The 'increased' anger in colouring more content, in invading more of my inner life, does really and not metaphorically fill a larger internal space. And when psychologists write about the '*massive*' character of the emotion, they imply this internal space or are using a significant word idly. The spatial rendering of phenomena of internal perception is not mere *symbolism*; it is truly descriptive of the character of the realities in question.

So much for 'intensity.' Bergson passes on to consider the multiplicity of conscious states. And he notes two sorts of multiplicity, one *quantitative* or discrete multiplicity which implies the intuition of space, and another which concerns conscious states as such and is merely qualitative. "Our final conclusion . . . is that there are two kinds of multiplicity: that of material objects, to which the conception of number is immediately applicable; and the multiplicity of states of consciousness which cannot be regarded as numerical without the help of some symbolical representation, in which a necessary element is *space*" (p. 88). But what if, as previously urged, there is an *ideal or internal space* always in being,

no space-symbolism drawn from the juxtaposition of 'external objects' being required? Well: obviously we have no need to borrow space from outward experience if inward experience exhibits a space-order as well.

When reference is made to "material objects to which the conception of number is immediately applicable," to "*mutually external*" things, one ought to be careful to recall that *even these external objects are not given primarily as merely juxtaposed and discrete*. "Objectivity," as I have urged elsewhere, "*precedes objects*"—which latter are really products of dissociation or analysis; aspects of the object *continuum* which happen to *stand out* and arrest attention.¹ 'Material objects' are not thrust upon us miraculously; they arise, for us, out of the primitively-confused *continuum* of experience itself. Later, they strike the mind as discrete, merely juxtaposed, separates; a passing attitude of ours which further attention serves to dispel.² I desire to suggest here that, just as material objects (for us) arise out of the object-*continuum* and behave then *as if* they are discretely, so internal objects may arise out of another domain of the *continuum* *directly* and behave as if they are discretely without any call for a space-schema borrowed from external experience. The internal space in which they stand out furnishes the required 'setting.'

The unfolding qualitative multiplicity of conscious states, in which there is succession but no distinction and no separation, but an interpenetration of unlike elements is *Duration*.³ "Pure Duration is the form

¹ *Individual and Reality*, pp. 191, 2.

² As idealists we re-establish the seemingly broken *continuum*.

³ I will recall here a fact of some historical interest. Royer-Collard (1768-1846) observes that Duration is not in the object, but in us. And

which the succession of our conscious states assumes when our ego lets itself *live*, when it refrains from separating its present state from former states . . . nor need it forget its former states: it is enough that, in recalling these states, it does not set them alongside its actual state as one point alongside another, but forms both the past and the present states into an organic whole" (p. 100). The attitude in which this *Whole-Feeling*, this awaring of the *continuum*, is present, is exactly what I have indicated, with allusions to Fichte and others, in my last work—it is an experience quite easily attained.¹ But it appears to me that the term 'Pure Duration' leaves much to be desired. There is awared inevitably a whole of changeful feeling and this feeling exhibits a vague spatial bigness as well. You cannot live 'pure' duration,² but you can let the subject-object contrast momentarily lapse almost completely, and you can allow the normally *broken* life within your circle of experience to become temporarily a solid-feeling whole. Space, however, which is pervasive of the individual, cannot be exorcised.

When the idea of space is thrust upon this so-called 'pure duration' we get, according to M. Bergson, the idea of a *homogeneous* and *measurable* time. But a confusion between the primitive concrete duration and this invented abstract homogeneous time results very readily; and hereby hang very many errors and riddles which have marked the history of

Duration is presupposed by succession. Our feeling of duration, he adds, rests ultimately on the *continuity* of our activity. These remarks were not apparently made in vain.

¹ *Individual and Reality*, p. 77.

² And no such state can ever have existed, unless we are to suppose it in that cosmic 'Night' which possibly preceded the evolution of space, time-sequence, Nature and individuals. Cp. *Individual and Reality*, pp. 274ff.

philosophy. This contention is followed out in very interesting fashion.

Chapter III. deals with the Free-Will problem. Here the trouble, we are told, arises because men will insist on dealing in abstract-conceptual fashion with volitions *after* they have resulted in act, whereas the concrete self lives altogether clear of the trammels imagined by the theorists. Freedom is empirically certain, but it cannot, withal, be defined in conceptual terms. "The self, infallible when it affirms its immediate experiences, feels itself free and says so [this is not always so if the evidence of some determinists goes for anything—E. D. F.] ; but as soon as it tries to explain its freedom to itself, it no longer perceives itself except by a refraction through space" observes M. Bergson. The riddle of Freedom which has worried philosophers for so many centuries arises, in short, from our corrupting the primitive time-feeling with space. The self is really a living unity whose acts, or rather whose more significant acts, express the *whole* personality—not merely a few artificially isolated and atomistic preceding 'states'—and are, accordingly, free. For if an act exactly realises what the entire operative personality works to produce, well—that act cannot surely be described as forced on the said personality by a necessity not itself.

Free-acts are rare, because a personality is so often the place of surface-waves which leave its deeper being undisturbed. But in the crisis the individual is free. The trouble, if he be a philosopher, is that he cannot explain the 'how' of his freedom in conceptual fashion. This is M. Bergson's belief, but is it true? I cannot follow him once more. I have in fact proffered a definite explanation of the 'how' and I

have still to learn that it cannot stand.¹ But we must all admit that the issue is one of great difficulty and be prepared to revise our provisional conclusions if there be need. And there is so much in this controversy of which we may have failed to take due account.

For myself I sight a leaven of the impossibly predictable in free volition—conceive that there must be recognised a conscious spontaneity which repeats on a higher level that 'chance' which marked primeval happenings in Nature.² If this belief in spontaneity be well founded, we must not—take due note—shrink from a further belief that lies ahead. To an indefinitely great extent the future of the universe, so far as it is modified by conscious volition, is uncertain, unpredictable even by a being so exalted as to merit the appellation of 'god'—a finite god. To those who, like myself, regard each great world-era as in large part *experimental* and inevitably big with surprises and novelties, great and small, such a view is agreeable, imports a stirring sporting interest into the process of the suns. But to the Absolutist, nourished on German or Hindu fictions, the notion will seem repulsive. Is it not Bradley who, believing in the Changeless and Perfect One Reality, regards it as blasphemy to aver that the universe is being improved? And how uncomfortable will feel the Eastern mystics in view of process of which none may predict the end.

¹ *Individual and Reality*, pp. 227ff.

² The 'laws' of Nature are *generalisations* of human thinkers. But they refer us to uniformities of co-existence and sequence among phenomena. These latter regularities are Nature's acquired habits. The late William James laid stress upon 'absolute chance.' And we note that it is impossible even now to pretend that we have drawn all Nature into the net of those generalisations which we call 'laws.' Even Mill, discussing the character and distribution of the permanent natural causes, has to remark that their co-existence "ranks to us among merely casual coincidences." There is, also, we seem justified in saying, a chance-element present in all cases of causation whatever.

I need only conclude by urging every serious student of philosophy to study Prof. Bergson's valuable and pellucidly clear book. It is in this general direction, though not necessarily quite along the path traced by the author, that the metaphysics of the future has to be sought. Idealistic Absolutism—the belief in One Reality perfect, finished, and above time—the giant error of Hegelianism and of the most famous philosophy of India—is moribund. Reality is to be found in *process*, in the flux. *Time and Free-Will* is an admirable example of the best kind of works which are associated with our dawning Metaphysical Reformation.

E. D. FAWCETT.

THE QUEST.

IN holy quest afar I fly,
 The stars beyond—beyond the sky,
 My soul to face.
 For long through dreary void I go,
 Till dawning wisdom whispers low :
 " 'Tis not in Space."
 Alarmed, I pray : " Let Time reveal
 My soul to me, and not conceal
 The path to climb.
 In Future is it, or in Past ? "
 In both I seek, and learn at last :
 ' Tis not in Time.
 Despair and dread my heart assail,
 But Will commands : " Lift up the veil !
 Where is my soul ? "
 The Silence speaks, and calms my heart :
 " In thee is God ; in God thou art ;
 He is the Whole."

CLAUDE W. JOHNSON.

THE NEGATIVE EVIDENCE FOR SURVIVAL.—II.¹

E. E. FOURNIER D'ALBE, B.Sc.

WE are driven, then, to the conclusion, that at the death of the organism some 'regulating principle' is withdrawn from it. It is about this withdrawal that most of the further questions must necessarily centre. And here we reach at the same time the second line of defence of the materialist position. "Even admitting," says the materialist, "that 'something' is 'withdrawn,' there is no reason to suppose that that 'something' is capable of an independent existence. It is, in fact, inconceivable how it can 'exist' at all if it is immaterial. And if it were material, it would occupy space and would have a certain weight, and could be placed in evidence with modern instruments. But no such evidence has ever been forthcoming."

This is, I think, the materialistic argument fairly stated. It sounds convincing enough, but I believe I am able to show that it will not bear any careful examination.

We may grant at once the connection between mind and matter. Personally, I find it very difficult to conceive of mind as existing apart from any kind of matter. I prefer to identify mind and matter, but not in the materialist sense. I prefer to regard matter as always associated with mind simply because all matter is essentially alive. The life of atoms may be beyond our imagination and our means of interpretation, but

¹ For Part I. see the last number.—Ed.

it may be none the less real. And if some forms of matter are more 'organic' and endowed with a more complex life, I take that as evidence that the atoms composing it have, like ourselves, fitted themselves for a higher system of co-operation for mutual benefit and the service of a higher purpose.

Granted, then, that the soul, the 'regulating principle,' has a material constitution and structure of some kind, how shall we find room for it in this material universe in which the very molecules cannot escape the scrutiny of our modern instruments and appliances? I think we can reassure ourselves on this point also. I have shown on another occasion that if the human soul had a material substratum of the density of air its withdrawal at death could not possibly be discovered by weighing, since a body weighs nothing when weighed in a medium of the same density as itself.

The objection that if the material substratum of the soul had the density of air it could not possibly 'hang together' and maintain its separate organised existence, can, I think, be met with equal success. Biologists admit that there is a unity of purpose in the human organism, and assert that the cells contain separate life-elements which locally control the cells and yet act in unison with the general purposes of the organism. Now it is clear that this involves the existence of separate and spatially distinct centres of life, centres separated from each other by intervening layers of protoplasm and cell-wall, of food-stuffs and waste products. If these do not make co-operation impossible, why should intervening molecules of mobile air do so?

And as regards any difficulties in the way of a

withdrawal of material particles from the organism, it must be remembered that no living structure can possibly be impervious. Life demands a constant change and exchange of material, and all the living tissues of the body are therefore so constructed that there is a free permeation of every part by diffusion or osmosis. The withdrawal of the soul by these processes would, of course, necessarily be gradual, but I think we may take it for granted that so-called 'instantaneous' death never takes place, however suddenly the ordinary working consciousness may be merged in the larger consciousness.

Another point to be remembered is that there is not necessarily any identity of the frontiers of the soul and the body. The soul, and its material substratum, may, for aught we know, extend far beyond the limits of the body, or it may be capable of projection beyond its limits. We have at present very little means of ascertaining the true limits of what we may call the 'soul-body,' but there is no reason why we should not at some future time be in possession of instruments for determining them.

You may have heard of 'ionisation.' The air is said sometimes to be 'ionised.' It is always considerably ionised when Roentgen rays have been playing through it or when radium or some 'radio-active' substance is about. It means that the molecules of the air are split up into 'ions,' which are atoms or clusters of atoms electrified positively or negatively. Since opposite electricities attract each other, ionised air tends to lose its ionisation by the recombination of oppositely charged ions.

The whole subject is barely ten years old. I mention it in order to show that our knowledge of the

constitution of air and gases is constantly being extended. There is no way as yet of *seeing* ionised air, or distinguishing it optically from air which is not ionised. Ionisation is discovered by endeavouring to send a feeble electric discharge across the air under investigation. The ionisation facilitates such discharge, and that is how we know the air is ionised. It is quite possible that in some such indirect way, or even in a more direct way, we may soon be able to discover things and structures in the ambient air of which the instruments available at present leave us in complete ignorance. At present, at all events, we are not in a position to state that the air around us does *not* contain living beings of a gaseous state of aggregation. Had there been any necessity for constant communication with such beings, no doubt our organism would have evolved suitable apparatus and the necessary senses long ago.

I have referred to the merging of our daily waking consciousness in the larger consciousness. Let us devote a few minutes to a consideration of what is meant by consciousness. It is necessary to do so, as the loss of consciousness during sleep and on other occasions is often used to prepare us for a final disappearance of consciousness at death. The question is asked: Why should death not be at best a long sleep?

A little consideration shows that our consciousness at any given moment is a very limited thing. It does not even include all the memories of past acts of consciousness, much less of the submerged consciousness which built up our bodies. When we are intensely preoccupied we are practically 'asleep' so far as all the rest of our consciousness is concerned. Our total tally of memories is never present at

any one moment. We remember only those things which we can link with some present state or action. We do many things 'unconsciously' which once required considerable attention. Those early efforts are scarcely recalled. Many of us do not remember ever having learnt to read, not to speak of learning to walk and to talk. Yet surely those early efforts were conscious enough.

Our every-day consciousness resembles an endless cord which has become a hopeless tangle. We touch upon some parts of the tangle and they start into the waking consciousness, they happen to be uppermost in our mind. The majority are hopelessly submerged. Yet they are all safely stowed away, and their existence is in no way affected by a spell of what is called loss of consciousness. All we have ever thought or done is on record in the inner recesses of our being. Not only that, but the cord, though tangled, is unbroken, and the sequence of events and actions can always be recovered. I think the unconsciousness of sleep is one of the most powerful evidences in favour of the survival of memory. And we may be very sure that all the organic activities which neither sleep nor slumber have their full records in that submerged consciousness which has taken charge of the local administration of our organic life.

We must carefully guard against a very prevalent misuse of the word 'consciousness.' What precisely do we mean by the phrase "he lost consciousness" or "he regained consciousness"? I think we mean memory rather than consciousness. For the only test we have for the truth of those phrases is that the chain of memory is broken in the one case and re-established in the other. A consciousness which is disconnected

from the individual's chain of memory cannot possibly be identified as his consciousness. I may have vivid dreams all night long, but if, just before waking, the chain of memory concerning them is broken, I shall appear to myself as having been absolutely unconscious. And if, in a state of hypnosis or delirium, we say or do things which we do not remember afterwards, we again say that we did it 'unconsciously,' although the words or acts may at the time have had all the appearances of consciousness, and may have required considerable will-power and intelligence.

All these difficulties may be got rid of by recognising at once that what we call consciousness in the ordinary sense is simply that part of the whole which is linked to our chain of waking memories,—a chain which largely depends upon language, and is almost entirely the creation of our social activities. It is, to a great extent, imposed upon us from without, and we often decide whether a thing is imaginary or real by an appeal to others, though our perceptions admit of no doubt that the thing is absolutely real to ourselves. I have ventured to call this very special department of consciousness the 'social' consciousness, as distinguished from the 'organic' consciousness which built up our organism.

It is quite possible, and indeed very probable, that the crisis usually called death submerges for a time the social or waking consciousness, and concentrates the attention of the individual upon those organic functions which are at that time undergoing so profound a revolution.

I submit that this view of the relations between mind and body is simple, rational, and in harmony with universal experience. It disposes entirely of

those hasty generalisations from imperfectly understood appearances which are often brought forward as evidence of the total extinction of the individual at death. You will understand that I am strictly confining myself to what I have called negative evidence. The temptation to clinch the matter by bringing forward the positive evidence for survival is great, but this is not the occasion for that. We must first clear away the barricades of miscellanea erected by the enemy before we can come to handigrips with him.

It was Sir William Ramsay, I think, who said that to him the greatest stumbling block in the way of a belief in survival was the obvious and inevitable decay of the human faculties in old age.

This is, indeed, one of those serious difficulties which have largely contributed to impair the belief among thinking people. But again, I think, there is an absolutely conclusive answer. The assumption on which the objection to survival is based is that when certain important powers show a general decadence, the integrity of the individual himself is approaching extinction. This is entirely fallacious. The most important attribute of organic life—the supreme power which is the ultimate test as between living and ‘dead’ matter—is the power of growth by cell-division. Now this power is greatest before birth, and undergoes a rapid decay during childhood. Yet nobody surely would maintain that the ‘prime of life’ is a presage of final disintegration and death! The most significant period of life, from the point of view of the preservation of the type, the species, to which the materialist assigns such exaggerated importance, is early manhood and womanhood. And yet this is the very period at which the pristine power of cell-division, that supreme

attribute of life, has, comparatively speaking, become almost extinct.

No, we cannot draw any conclusions against immortality from the decay of certain faculties and functions. Rather must we conclude that the changes observed are so many stages in the preparation for a new type of existence. The proper scientific procedure would be to perform what geometricians call an 'extrapolation.' You draw a curve representing the rise and fall of the quantity or property you are studying. At a certain point the curve becomes invisible, and you endeavour to guess at the trend of the invisible portion by noting the trend of the general curve and the direction it tended to take just before the visible portion ended. If we do this for an average and typical human life, what do we find? We find a steady rise in the mental scope and range of outlook of the individual, and the emergence of new faculties to replace those that are more appropriate to younger days. Taking the normal span of life as seventy or eighty years, we should, on the hypothesis of annihilation, find a steady decline of all faculties ending at normal death in their total loss. Instead of this, we find in most cases a mental life quite unimpaired, or, when attended by bodily infirmity, more vigorous than it would be at an early age if burdened with the same infirmities. The general curve of faculties shows no decline as a rule. It may show a gentle rise up to the moment of death. Who knows but that the moment of death may give a decidedly upward trend to the curve of faculties?

We hear so much about the importance of the preservation of the type. Nature is supposed to care more for the type than for the individual.

So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life.

But can we base a consistent view of human fate upon the precautions devised by 'nature' to safeguard the avenues of human development? What is the 'type' but the aggregate of average individuals? What, I ask, is the larger and wiser view: To regard the type as the chief object of evolution, or to regard it as the avenue and high-way prepared for the march towards perfection of the largest possible number of individuals? As a matter of fact, there is nothing fixed and permanent about type. It is a means, not an end in itself. Types are constantly changing. They become extinct, and others arise to take their places. What is the use of being 'careful' about types which are sure to perish in the end? The world is unthinkable without individual immortality. It admits of no rational interpretation without it.

That, I hear someone say, is rank teleology. It presumes to prescribe to the universe that it must have a purpose obvious to ourselves. But remember, I am not bringing teleological evidence in favour of survival. I am refuting teleological evidence against it. Are we not constantly told that the whole 'purpose' of life is the reproduction and preservation of the species? And being confronted with such an alleged 'purpose,' may we not trace a larger purpose and wider sweep in the fate of the single individual? I maintain that the individual is the keynote of the universe, and that all the pains and toils of all the ages make for the production and multiplication of that microcosm, that soul which shall "think again the great thought of creation."

We must not forget that absolutely all the evidence against survival is negative evidence. Nobody can prove that a man's personality does *not* survive bodily death. The utmost he can do is to say that there is no evidence that it *does*.

But I am convinced that the disinclination in many quarters to believe in survival is not due to a sifting of the evidence for or against. It is due to the impatient longing for a comprehensive view of the universe, for a common principle underlying all things, visible and invisible. Materialistic monism offers such a common principle, and satisfies that need. But the medicine thus administered does not cure, it only palliates. The truth, when it comes into power, must be at least equally comprehensive and it must, in addition, harmonise the older truths with the newer knowledge. This harmonisation is the need of the day.

May we live to see the day of this larger truth dawn on earth. Life will once more be supreme. We shall see it everywhere in a million forms, in all human and animal life, and in plant life, in the play of atoms and in the rolling planets. The trend of all the world's events is towards the creation of higher and higher forms of life, life on a larger and larger scale. We shall begin to realise that this earth-planet has a life of its own of which our mental and organic life are a small part. Is it not strange and significant that the bulk of one of the cells composing the human body bears to the bulk of the whole body the same ratio as the bulk of the human body bears to the bulk of the earth? We are cells of the earth's body, and our life is part of the earth life, an imperishable part of it. It was Emanuel Swedenborg who said that the two greatest of divine attributes were Love and Wisdom.

That is the key to the life of the universe. It makes for the larger and larger outlook, the seeing eye of wisdom, and it also makes for the closer and closer union of all eyes that see and all hearts that feel in the fuller throb of the great heart of the world.

Even as we watch, the outlook is changing. Men are no longer content to confine their outlook upon life to the eye-piece of a microscope. The microscope has but served to reveal a mechanism of ever-increasing complexity. To obtain a vision of life, we must look within ourselves. We know life. We do not know death. We shall never know it. It is death, and not life, which is the great Unknowable. Death is the cessation, not of life, but of our communication with it. When the wires are cut, and the intelligent operator no longer gets his messages through, we do not now fall into the error of assuming the annihilation of the operator. Nor does our own approaching departure from this sphere appal us. For annihilation is unthinkable. If it were natural and inevitable, would not 'evolution' have produced a desire for annihilation which should precede death and finally become irresistible? But no such desire is evinced by the aged in the aggregate. There is no call for it, no appointed function for it. The so-called terrors of the transit are mostly of an artificial origin. The normal hesitancy is a natural check upon voluntary retirement from earth-life. But there is no danger signal ahead, no "all hope abandon ye who enter here," no warning cry from the crowds on the verge of the chasm. What breaks faintly on our ear is the marching song of the victorious host, the peal of triumph that heralds their arrival in the elysian fields.

E. E. FOURNIER D'ALBE.

THE CAROLES IN MEDIÆVAL ROMANCE.

JESSIE L. WESTON.

To the student of Mediæval romance the curious 'Dancing-day' carol, printed in the October No. of *THE QUEST*, and Mr. Mead's comments thereon,¹ are of special interest. We know the 'caroles' so well, and some of us must, I am sure, like myself, have often pondered over the problem of the connection between these dances of the Middle Ages and the religious songs of to-day. For the 'caroles,' strictly speaking, were dances, not songs. Where the verb employed is not simply '*caroler*,' it is '*danser*,' or '*faire* (not *chanter*) *les caroles*' (the noun being always in the plural). In the Mediæval use of the term, then, it is clear that the dance was of far more importance than the accompanying song.

In view of the distinctly 'Mystery' origin of the carol in question, and its close connection with a text which treats of the mystic, cosmic, dance it has seemed to me that readers of *THE QUEST* might be interested in certain illustrations, drawn from Mediæval romance, of a mysterious and magic origin being attributed to the 'caroles'; of course they are frequently treated as ordinary dances, but there are cases in which both origin and effect are extraordinary.

There are three notable instances in Arthurian romance. The first is found in the ordinary, or Vulgate, *Merlin* text, where Merlin, desirous of impressing Viviane with his magical powers, creates, by

¹ 'The Sacred Dance of Jesus,' vol. ii., no. 1, pp. 45—67.

means of a spell, 'caroles' for her diversion. The passage runs thus:¹

"Merlins se traist a une part, et fait .i. cerne a une verge en mi la lande, et puis s'en retourne vers la pucele. Mais il n'i ot mie grantment este quant la pucele se regarde et voit issir de la forest de briosque dames et chevaliers, et puceles, et escuiers, a grant plente, si se tienent tout main-a-main, et viennent chantant, et faisant la grignor joie que onques homs veïst. Si viennent tout entor le cerne que Merlins avoit fet, et quant il furent ens si commenchierent les caroles et les dances si merveilleuses que l'en ne poroit la quarte part dire de la joie que illuec fu menee."

("Merlin drew to one side and made a circle in a meadow in the midst of the glade, and then returned to the maiden. But he had not been with her long when the maiden looked and beheld come forth from the forest of Briosques ladies and knights, and maidens and squires, in a great company. Each held the other by the hand and they came singing and making the greatest joy ever man beheld. So they came within the ring that Merlin had made, and when they were within they began *carols* and *dances* so marvellous that one could not tell the fourth part of the joy they made there.")

In this instance those who take part in the dance appear themselves to be the creations of Merlin's art; he summons, and dismisses, them at will, and the dances themselves may, indeed, be but illusions. But we have other instances where the dances, magically set in motion, themselves exercise a spell upon those mortals who come within their influence. A very charming illustration of this is found in the poem of *Meraugis de Portlesquez*.²

The knight, riding with his lady through deep

¹ Cp. *Merlin*, ed. Sommer, p. 224.

² *Meraugis de Portlesquez*, by Raoul de Houdenc, ed. Friedwagner, pp. 144 and 167—171.

winter snow, comes to a garden, in the centre of which is a tree, green as in summer, around which maidens sing and 'make caroles.' One knight alone is in their company, and Meraugis, recognising a deadly foe, rushes forward to challenge him, when suddenly all desire for strife leaves him :

*“ Qu'autel talent com il avoit
Orainz, quant il estoit la fors,
De ferir de sa lance el cors
Le chevalier, que il haoit,
Autel talent a orendroit de caroler.”*

(“ For as much desire as he had afore, when he was there without, to smite with his lance the body of the knight he hated, so much desire has he now to *carol*.”)

Helmet on head, shield hung from his neck, he joins the ring, while the other knight, the spell broken, flies from the garden; looking back, he recognises Meraugis, but dare not return for vengeance, lest the spell overtake him again. We are told that Meraugis,

*“ n'en remua
De caroler, ainz carola
.X. semaines ”—*

(“ ceased not to *carol* ; thus he *carolled* ten weeks ”)

before the arrival of another knight releases him. In a very charming manner the poet describes the bewilderment of the hero, who, believing himself still in the depth of the winter, sees the earth gay with grass and flowers, and hears the song of the birds. He believes himself the victim of enchantment till, coming to a cross-road, he sees folk adoring the Cross, knows that it is indeed Easter, and cries : “ *Trop ai lonc temps carolé !* ”¹

(“ Too long have I *carolled* ! ”)

¹ I have given the above quotations as illustrating the use of the verb *caroler*.

A similar adventure befalls no less a hero than Lancelot, in *Der Verlorenen Forest*, from which no knight who enters returns. He comes with his squire to a clearing where knights and ladies are dancing 'caroles,' and feels impelled to join them. The squire, after waiting till he is weary, leaves him, and Lancelot dances for an indefinite time till he experiences a desire to sit on the throne in the midst of the ring. Immediately the enchantment ceases, and he is told that it was due to a spell woven by a nephew of King Ban, who fell in love with a maiden whom he found seated on this throne, and for her sake started these 'caroles,' to continue till the fairest and bravest knight on earth should occupy her seat.¹

The incident, familiar to all Folk-lore students, of the mortal who, falling under the spell of fairy revels, becomes unconscious of the flight of time, and awakes at last to find himself in a strange world, all familiar to him having passed away, seems to be a popular variant of the same theme, though I do not think the term 'caroles' is found in this connection. But the above illustrations have made it quite clear that the Mediæval writer lays stress on the dance, and not on the song; this latter is but an accompaniment to the former. How then did the term come to change its signification, and be associated exclusively with religious song of a popular character?

I am inclined to think, as, I gather, Mr. Mead, too, does, that the 'caroles' proper, were a genuine survival of the religious 'mystery' dances, and that to this origin may be ascribed the traditionally magical pro-

¹ I suspect this story to be a mere imitation of the *Merlin* version. The story will be found in Jonckbloet's edition of the Dutch *Lancelot*, ll. 15353-16260, and 18180. There is, unfortunately, no modern edition of the original French text.

perties with which, as we have seen, Mediæval writers not infrequently endowed them. The song accompanying the original dance would, of course, like that dance be sacred, or mystical, in character. It does not seem to me improbable that when the dance, as a religious practice, died out, the song survived, and was known by the name which originally denoted the complete ceremony. If this were the case we might expect the genuine song-carol to be mystical in character, and it would not surprise me should we eventually find that this curious 'Dancing-day' carol, and the still more curious, 'Over yonder's a Park,'¹ are in very deed relics from this mysterious Past. Both are extremely suggestive and curious, but while the parentage of the first seems, from its analogy with 'The Hymn of Jesus,' to be the more directly ascertainable, that of the second is even more interesting. The 'Dancing-day' takes us back to the earliest age of Christianity, but 'Over yonder's a Park' is pre-Christian. To one thoroughly familiar with the Grail imagery it is obvious that this carol cannot be glossed (as Miss Gilchrist, in the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, has attempted to gloss it) in the interests of the Christian Grail legend. It is, I hold, no reminiscence of the Grail story, Christian, or pre-Christian; the imagery is the imagery of the ritual of which that story has preserved an incomplete remembrance, and its connection with the legend I hold to be that subsisting naturally between two derivatives from the same parent stock. Both alike are precious survivals from a body of earlier faith and practice.

The real value and interest of both the carols referred to lies in their witness to the survival of a

¹ Cp. THE QUEST, *ibid.*, p. 48 n.

genuine 'Mystery' tradition in the folk-song of the British Isles; there is no need to force it further. But if such tradition survived in song, why not also in story? It is precisely for such a survival that I have for some years past been contending, as I believe it is only on these lines, and by help of the light thus afforded us, that we can hope to elucidate certain complicated problems of Mediæval literary sources. I feel that the thanks of all students of Mediæval literature are due to Mr. Mead for drawing our attention to these most interesting texts, and for his comments upon them.¹

Since writing the above I have come upon a story illustrative of sacrilege, in Robert of Brunne's *Handlynge Synne* (a translation of *Le Manuel des Péchiés*). The tale relates how certain dancers who persisted in dancing 'caroles' in a churchyard during the Christmas Mass, were cursed by the priest, and danced without ceasing for a year before the ring was broken, and even afterwards the individual members were unable to stop dancing. One, known as St. Theodrich, was eventually cured at the tomb of St. Edith. Here the opening verse of the song which accompanied the carol is given, but it is purely incidental in character:

"*Equitabat Bevis per silvam frondosam,
Ducebat secum Merswyndam formosam.
Quid stamus, cur non imus?*"

("Through leafy wood was Bevis riding,
Fair Merswynde with him leading.
Why stop, why not go on?")

Bevis and Merswynde are the names of two of the dancers.

JESSIE L. WESTON.

¹ With regard to the quotation from the *Dieta Salutis* on p. 49 of Mr. Mead's article, I would remind readers of Fra Angelico's painting of 'Paradiso,' in the Belle Arti gallery in Florence, where he depicts the Dance of the Blessed with inimitable charm and simplicity.

FRAZER'S 'TOTEMISM AND EXOGAMY'

REV. H. J. DUKINFIELD ASTLEY, M.A., LITT.D.,

Fellow of the Royal Anthropological Institute.

DR. FRAZER, who is recognised by all students as one of the greatest of living anthropologists, is a veritable magician. Not content with having on his hands at the present moment a new edition of *The Golden Bough* in five volumes, of which one (part iv.), *Adonis, Attis, Osiris*, has been out some time, and two further parts are now ready, he meantime gives to the world a magnificent monograph in four volumes on the subject of *Totemism and Exogamy*, which itself might be the work of a lifetime. But just as genius has been defined as "an infinite capacity for taking pains," so in this monumental work Dr. Frazer's "magic" is the result of indefatigable industry. We have here, moreover, no set of jejune conclusions strung together on a chain of a dry-as-dust collection of bare facts, but a work that it is a pleasure to read for its literary qualities alone, and which, for that very reason, may well appeal to a wider circle than is usually interested in subjects so remote from the affairs of everyday life.

For Dr. Frazer is something more than a magician; he is a poet too, and many a glint of "the light that never was on sea or land" illumines his pages. Take this example from the Preface :

¹ *Totemism and Exogamy: A Treatise on certain early Forms of Superstition and Society.* By J. G. FRAZER, D.C.L., Litt.D., F.B.A. (Macmillan & Co., 1910, 4 vols., 50s. net.)

Our contemporaries of this and the rising generation appear to be hardly aware that we are witnessing the last act of a long drama, a tragedy and a comedy in one, which is being silently played, with no fanfare of trumpets or roll of drums, before our eyes on the stage of history. Whatever becomes of the savage, the curtain must soon descend on savagery for ever. . . . Its darker side will be forgotten, its brighter side will be remembered. . . . Time, the magician, will cast his unfailing spell over these remote ages. An atmosphere of romance will gather round them, like the blue haze which softens into tender beauty the harsher features of a distant landscape. So the patriarchal age is invested for us with a perennial charm in the enchanting narratives of Genesis and the Odyssey, narratives which breathe the freshness of a summer morning, and glisten as with dewdrops in the first beams of the rising sun of history.

The work consists of three sections. The first contains, practically unaltered, Dr. Frazer's book on Totemism published in 1887, and four articles contributed to the *Fortnightly Review* in 1899 and 1905; these account for about one-third of the first volume. The second section consists of an 'Ethnographical Survey of Totemism,' which takes up the remainder of the first volume and the whole of the second and third volumes. The fourth volume is occupied with 'Summary and Conclusion,' which take up about half, and the rest is devoted to notes, corrections and additions. These latter are responsible for the only grumble the reader feels inclined to make, for he cannot help feeling that it would have been better if they could have been included in their proper places. As it is, it is necessary to have the fourth volume always at hand when reading any of the other three.

The Index is, of course, all that could be wished, and a series of useful maps, showing the geographical distribution of Totemism, as known to-day, is given.

The first section is so well known to students of

the subject that it might almost have been omitted with advantage; and it is not necessary to refer further to it here, except for the opportunity it affords of observing the changes in the author's views. We note, for example, one grand difference between the views of Dr. Frazer in 1887 and those which he now holds. He then considered that there was something religious about totemism, or at least, that it might be reckoned as one of the originating features of religion. Further study has convinced him, as it has all students of the subject, that totemism and religion belong to different categories. Totemism is a social arrangement, and it is people who are in the animistic stage of religion who are totemists in their social arrangements, but there is no necessary connection between the religion and the totemism.

Totemism is now defined by Dr. Frazer as "an intimate relation supposed to exist between a group of kindred people on the one side and a species of natural or artificial objects on the other side, which objects are called the totems of the human group." Broadly speaking, this relation is one of friendship and kinship. The totem, be it tree or plant or animal or insect, or rock or stone or sun, moon or star, is as far as possible identified with the individual; it is treated with consideration, but it is never worshipped; "hence it is an error to speak of true totemism as a religion." As a rule, the totem, when an object that in ordinary circumstances is edible, is not injured or eaten by its human clansmen, although it may sometimes be partaken of as a sort of sacramental meal or to promote the multiplication of the object. A totemic clan is usually exogamous, but in Central Australia and elsewhere there are some tribes in which a man may marry

a woman of the same totemic clan as himself. Dr. Frazer thinks this is the primitive rule, which he calls 'pure totemism' as contrasted with 'exogamous totemism.' He considers totemism and exogamy as wholly distinct from and independent of each other, though in many tribes they have crossed and blended.

Illustrations of all the various differing yet correlated details of the customs connected with and springing from totemism and exogamy in all parts of the world where they at present exist, are given in the 2,000 pages in which are embodied Dr. Frazer's complete 'Ethnographical Survey.' This can only be described as masterly. The parts of the world where totemism and exogamy are now found existing, are Australia, New Guinea, Melanesia, Polynesia, Africa, North and South America, and among certain of the aboriginal tribes of India; and from all these wide fields, by the help of those who have studied on the spot, such as Messrs. Spencer & Gillen, Howitt, Fison, Morgan, Dennett, Crookes, and travellers and missionaries galore, whose accounts he largely quotes in their own words, Dr. Frazer marshals the facts, which he afterwards makes use of in the 'Summary and Conclusion' at the end.

The thanks of all students are due to the author for the almost meticulous pains he has taken in labouring through this enormous mass of material, and in presenting the results of his research in so orderly and readable a form. In dealing with Australia, however, how was it he has overlooked the valuable contributions of Mr. R. H. Mathews, and Mrs. Langloh Parker's book on the Euahlayi tribe? His reasons for not referring to the work of the Rev. C. Strehlow, German Lutheran missionary in S. Australia, are given

on p. 187 (vol. i.), and seeing that this writer denies, against all the evidence, the Arunta nescience of the effect of congress in producing conception, one cannot but agree with Dr. Frazer's contemptuous dismissal of him. "It seems to me that the sources from which Mr. Strehlow has drawn his accounts are deeply tainted, and I shall therefore abstain from making use of his information."

In corroboration of the fact here referred to, and which is conclusively attested by Messrs. Spencer & Gillen, though denied by Mr. Strehlow, it may be useful to quote the evidence of Dr. Frodsham, Bishop of North Queensland, given by Dr. Frazer in *Man*, 1909, 86 as follows :

He told me he had travelled among the Arunta as well as among the N. Queensland tribes, and asked me whether I was aware that the Australian aborigines do not believe children to be the fruit of the intercourse of the sexes? This incredulity is not confined to the Arunta, but is shared by all the N. Queensland tribes, and forms a fact which has to be reckoned with in introducing a higher standard of sexual morality among the natives, on their admission into mission stations.

This is important in view of the credence which Professor Ridgway seemed inclined to give to Mr. Strehlow's denials at the Dublin meeting of the British Association, 1908.

Perhaps the most valuable part of the 'Survey' is that which deals with the Australian natives, particularly the clearness with which their social organisation is described, and the practical results of the class exogamy as set out in the summary on p. 106 (vol. iv.); but if the observations of Mr. Mathews are corroborated, the statement that "the eight-class system has hitherto been discovered with male descent

only" will have to be modified. As regards his earlier terms of 'sex totem' and 'individual totem,' Dr. Frazer admits that they are unsatisfactory, and he now suggests 'sex patron' for the former and 'guardian genius' for the latter, both of which will probably be accepted by all students.

It will have been observed that totemism and exogamy now prevail only among the black and brown races of mankind. The march of civilisation has long banished them from, if they ever existed among, the yellow and white races—the Turanians, Semites and Aryans. Did they ever exist among the ancestors of these races? Are they a necessary stage in the evolution of mankind, a concomitant of animism? Animism is the 'seed of religion'; all races, whatever their present stage of religious progress, began in animism; it was the first outlook of man upon nature—yet, while Dr. Frazer would no doubt admit this, for his belief that magic preceded religion is not antagonistic to this idea, although I would myself rather say that magic is the outcome of the animistic outlook upon nature, he is very dubious as to the universal prevalence of totemism and exogamy. In the Preface he says:

In estimating the part played by totemism in history, I have throughout essayed to reduce within reasonable limits the extravagant pretensions which have sometimes been put forward on behalf of the institution as if it had been a factor of primary importance in the religious and economic development of mankind. . . . Its main interest for us lies in the glimpse which it affords into the working of the childlike mind of the savage; it is, as it were, a window opened up into a distant past. Exogamy is also a product of savagery, but it has few or none of the quaint superstitions which lend a certain picturesque charm to totemism. It is, so to say, a stern puritanical institution. . . . Yet its

interest for the student of history is much deeper than that of its gayer and more frivolous sister. For whereas totemism, *if it ever existed among the ancestors of the civilised races*, has vanished without leaving a trace behind, exogamy has bequeathed to civilisation the momentous legacy of the prohibited degrees of marriage. (The italics are ours.)

And in vol. iv., p. 13, after pointing out that totemism has not been found as a living institution in any part of Northern Africa, Europe, or Asia, excepting India, Dr. Frazer goes on :

Nor has it been demonstrated beyond the reach of reasonable doubt that the institution ever obtained among any of the three great families of mankind—the Aryan, the Semitic and the Turanian.

In face of this problem the author confesses himself “doubtful or unconvinced.”

In this the present writer cannot but think him too cautious. Reverting for a moment to the “contribution made by totemism to the economic progress of mankind,” which we admit, with the author, to be “little, if any,” we remark that he himself allows that it was totemism which “suggested” to the Central Australians “the beginning of plastic as well as pictorial art.”

The passage in which Dr. Frazer describes this deserves quotation, both for its intrinsic beauty and for the lucidity with which the author shows the meaning and objective of primitive art :

While totemism has not demonstrably enlarged the material resources or increased the wealth of its votaries, it seems unquestionably to have done something to stir in them a sense of art, and to improve the manual dexterity which is requisite to embody artistic ideals. If it was not the mother it has been the foster-mother of painting and sculpture. The rude drawings on the ground, in which the natives of Central Australia depict with a

few simple colours their totems and the scenes of their native land, may be said to represent the germ of that long development which under happier skies blossomed out into the frescoes of Michael Angelo, the cartoons of Raphael, the glowing canvases of Titian, and the unearthly splendour of Turner's divine creations. And among these same primitive savages totemism suggested a beginning of plastic as well as of pictorial art. . . . Now it is to be observed that the motive . . . is not a purely æsthetic one; it is not a delight in art for art's sake. Their aim is thoroughly practical; . . . in all such cases art is merely the handmaid of magic. . . . Thus, in Australia, as in many other parts of the world, magic may with some show of reason be called the nursing mother of art.¹

Now in what does this 'art' consist? In designs drawn upon their '*churinga*' and upon the rock-faces in their '*ertnatulunga*,' i.e. upon the sticks or stones which mark their totem class, and upon the rock-faces of the 'sacred and secret' depositories of these '*churinga*,' or upon the ground, consisting of what are technically known as 'cup- and ring-markings' and spirals. These designs are found in infinite variety, and are practically, if we may use the term, the 'heraldry' of the tribes. Now it is well known that such designs are found as the work of primitive man in all parts of the world, and the present writer has contended for many years, in papers before the British Association and elsewhere, that such designs are evidences that the people who limned them were in the totemistic stage of social arrangements. This applies to all such designs as are found in Europe and Asia as the work of the ancestors of the present races. As regards totemism among the Semites, the present writer, following the learned Prof. Robertson Smith, hopes to show in a future issue of this REVIEW that it is not

¹ Vol. iv., p. 25; cp. Astley, *Prehistoric Archaeology and the Old Testament*, pp. 114, 187.

impossible to find traces of totemism in the pages of the Old Testament.

The reader is constantly warned, and rightly, not to think of totemism as religious—Dr. Frazer holds that “religion always implies an inequality between the worshippers and the worshipped . . . but in pure totemism no such inequality exists.” He still thinks, as we hinted above, that magic preceded religion, and in this we think he is mistaken. Both are the necessary outcome and accompaniment of animism. Yet he is probably right, except that he does not make sufficient allowance for the influence and authority of the ‘old men’ in Australian Society, when he says of present-day conditions: “In Australia, totemic society is democratical and magical; in Melanesia, Polynesia, North America and Africa, it becomes more monarchical and religious.”

With regard to the origin of totemism Dr. Frazer refers to the three theories which he has held at different times, and maintains his present adherence to what he terms the ‘conceptional theory,’ which he founded on the remarkable ignorance of ordinary physiological facts, referred to above, which characterises certain Australian tribes.

These tribes are, in Central Australia, those that form ‘the Arunta nation,’ *viz.* the Arunta, Kaitish, Warramunga, the Unmatjera and others, and certain tribes in N. Queensland. Among these latter, there are tribes with whom the mere acceptance of food from a man by a woman is not only regarded as a marriage ceremony, but as the actual cause of conception. Among the Arunta it is different. There, as Dr. Frazer puts it, “the sick fancies of pregnant women” determine both the fact of conception and the

totem of the child to be born, irrespective altogether of the totem of its mother, and *à fortiori*, of its father, whose only part in the business, according to Arunta belief, is "to prepare the mother for the entrance of a spirit-child." This arises from the further belief that every living Arunta is the re-incarnation of an ancestor who lived in the Alcheringa times, and whose spirit is impatient to be born again of an earthly mother. Such a re-incarnate spirit could not be the offspring of an earthly father. Thus this very nescience on the part of the Arunta and their kindred tribes is an argument against Dr. Frazer's theory as to the relative primitiveness of the Central tribes. It is not so much due to ignorance, as to philosophic thought and reasoning, and thus falls into line with the division of the tribe into eight exogamous or intermarrying classes, as tending to prove that in comparison with tribes who have fixed totems descending in the maternal or paternal line, and who only possess two or four exogamous classes, together with the rule that no man or woman may marry another of the same totem (which is quite possible among the Arunta where the totems are local and not hereditary), the Arunta are relatively advanced, and indeed far removed from what we may suppose the "primitive" condition to have been.¹

It is curious that except twice, in footnotes, Andrew Lang, who has written so much on the 'Secret of the Totem,' is not mentioned throughout the entire work. This is probably due to that writer's adhesion

¹ On this whole subject see an article by the present writer to be published in the next Part of the *Journal of the Royal Anthropological Institute*. In vol. iv., pp. 17, 111, and 266, Dr. Frazer has some interesting remarks as to the meaning of the word 'primitive' when applied even to the lowest savage.

to the untenable theory, first put forward by Herbert Spencer, that totemism originated in nicknames.

The origin of exogamy, or the practice of obtaining wives from outside the group, is a much discussed subject from the days of the first early researches of McLennan. Dr. Frazer holds that :

Exogamy, especially in the form in which it is practised by the lowest of existing savages, the aborigines of Australia, presents a curious analogy to a system of scientific breeding. That the exogamous system of these primitive people was artificial, and that it was deliberately devised by them for the purpose which it actually serves, *viz.* the prevention of the marriage of near kin, seems quite certain. . . . Yet it is impossible to suppose that these ignorant and improvident savages could have been animated by an exact knowledge of its consequences (vol. iv., p. 168).

In this connection we note that, in contrast to the view put forward by Mr. Ernest Crawley in 1902, in his interesting book on Primitive Marriage entitled *The Mystic Rose*, Dr. Frazer affirms most strongly his belief in primitive promiscuity. And in this we think the evidence, direct and presumptive, is on his side. Mr. Crawley, at the close of his book, declares: "It may be confidently assumed that individual marriage has been, as far as we can trace it back, the regular type of union of man and woman. The promiscuity theory really belongs to the mythological stage of human intelligence," and so "one is struck by the high morality of primitive man." One is rather struck by the power of Mr. Crawley's imagination! On the other hand, Dr. Frazer says :

If exogamy has been instituted in other parts of the world to serve the same purpose that it appears to have served in Australia, we must conclude that it has been everywhere a system of group marriage, devised for the sake of superseding a previous state of sexual promiscuity, which had been for some time falling into

general disrepute before a few of the abler men hit upon an expedient for abolishing it or rather for retaining it within certain limits (vol. iv., p. 187).

It appears to be a reasonable hypothesis that at least a large part of mankind has passed through the stage of group-marriage in its progress upward from a still lower stage of sexual promiscuity to a higher stage of monogamy. . . . The object of exogamy was to prevent the marriage of near kin, and its history is the history first of a growing and afterwards of a decaying scrupulosity as to such marriage (*ibid.*, pp. 151, 152).

Thus exogamy replaced a previous state of practically unrestricted sexual promiscuity (*ibid.*, p. 121). [And therefore:]

The end which it accomplished was wise, though the thoughts of the men who invented it were foolish. In acting as they did these poor savages blindly obeyed the impulse of the great evolutionary forces which in the physical world are constantly evolving higher out of lower forms of existence, and in the moral world civilisation out of savagery. If that is so, exogamy has been an instrument in the hands of that unknown power, the masked wizard of history, who by some mysterious process, some subtle alchemy, so often transmutes in the crucible of suffering the dross of folly and evil into the fine gold of wisdom and good (*ibid.*, p. 169).

We said that Dr. Frazer was a magician and a poet. He also shows himself, by numerous little touches in the course of his work, to be a philosopher too. These take the form of subtle disquisitions in the midst of his discussions of native life and custom, such as that on the supposed 'democratic' character of native Australian totemic society (vol. iv., p. 28) or that on the supposed origin of the North American belief in guardian spirits (vol. iii., p. 355), which are highly debatable subjects, but which throw an interesting light on the author's own outlook upon life. We should like to quote these and others as valuable examples of Dr. Frazer's opinions, with which the reader may or may not agree, did space permit.

In casting a final glance over these four massive

volumes we can only once more express our admiration of Dr. Frazer's industry and his untiring capacity for work. In them he has not only approved himself an authority on his subject for all time, however much we may disagree with some of his conclusions, but he has accomplished a task which many a man might be content to leave to posterity as his life-work. Yet it is only a *parergon*, issued to the world in the midst of professional labours, and while engaged in the onerous toil of revising another monumental work. Such labour may well make lesser mortals gasp.

The students of such subjects are no doubt comparatively few, but on behalf of one of them at least we offer Dr. Frazer our unstinted thanks.

H. J. DUKINFELD ASTLEY.

THE BUDDHA OF KAMAKURA.

HERE centuries their unresting flight
 Stay, nor pass into that night
 Of time that clouds man's weakling sight :
 The indifferent days
 Like shadows lie of deep twilight
 Or purple haze.

And silence, like a cloudy pall,
 Lingers untroubled over all,
 Save when the temple *kāne*¹ call
 To holy prayer,
 Till hills and woods are musical
 And wistful air.

¹ Bells.

Remorseless change this sacred plot
Leaves scatheless ; and the common lot,
That men call Life and Love, is not :

A peace serene
From the unquiet heart laves what
Is and has been.

No hands have wrought this vasty shrine ;
Through buttressed walls no windows shine,
On vaulted roofs no traceries twine ;

Uncloistered fane,—
The enduring heavens above incline
Nor pass, nor wane.

And thou, *Dai Būtsū* !¹ scarce less than they,
The heavens that are thy roof alway,
Know'st not of time's relentless sway,

Of chance or fate,
Time's servants that by night and day
Disintegrate.

More silent than the dreaming days,
Shāka Sāma,² thy calm gaze,
Sadly contemplative, surveys

Fitfully whirled
In vortices of phase on phase
Man's fevered world.

No thoughts thy meditative brow
Cloud with deep questionings of how,
Or whence, or whither passes now

The apparent whole :
As hopes uplift, negations bow
My fretful soul.

Creeds and philosophies untold
Of Western or of Eastern mould,
Faiths of the new world and the old,

In ceaseless strife,
That would the verities unfold
Of human life,—

¹ Great Buddha. The final *u* is virtually silent.

² Lord Shāka ; an appellation of the Buddha.

THE QUEST

From these have I sought to learn of each
Conviction from their reasoned speech,
In faith that they the soul would teach
 Its hope and need ;
But the soul's desire shall over-reach
 Doctrine and creed.

All wealth of thought and science poured
With lavish faith into that hoard
Of knowledge, by man's labours stored,
 Doth this suffice
To buy soul-peace, the one reward
 That hath no price ?—

That peace, age-old, which resteth here,
Its shadowy deeps so still, so near,
That almost as a voiceless fear
 It shrouds the soul ;
Till seems the pain to disappear
 From memory's scroll.

The unuttered word of peace is heard
By inmost spirit, inly stirred
To some affinity conferred
 With all the prayer,
That here like incense-smoke has blurred
 The expressive air.

The prayers of centuries, long-spiced,
Tears, hopes of men and women dead,
Dai Būtsū, and prayers that in their stead
 Still rise to thee,—
From these, here lingering, is shed
 A peace on me.

HAROLD WILLIAMS.

WHAT THEY CALLED LIFE.

A BIOLOGICAL INEXACTITUDE.

M. URQUHART.

IT was the egg which began the mischief. This, I understand, has been the nature of eggs from their beginning, and it is, perhaps, one reason why certain Schools forbid their use as food.

In any case, I know it was because I ate one Campine's egg for breakfast, that I met with a series of adventures in the forenoon. For to eat an egg is to eat life. And nobody can eat an egg without hatching it, at any rate imaginatively, in speculation on the future of the chicken if one had not eaten its first dream of life.

Therefore I was not surprised to find the walls of my room grow moist and impalpable, and to feel as if little grey ghosts slid by me, fluttering inadequately-clad wings in my eyes and ears and uttering little cries like bats' cries. It was, perhaps, the Limbo of the chickens, wherein, as in a hall, I stood to wait.

And a feather blew through the grey hall, and touched a milky-coloured curtain. And it said "Life is a feather" as it went. It vanished on a little breath of air.

And I thought as I stood, I am going to be shown life in another picture. Life is stronger than the feather of an unfledged chicken's wing.

Then I felt as if I were set into a great cheese that

was just creamily rotten, and that I could feel it cling about my bare ankles. And, just because it clung, I looked down at my standing-place. And I saw that the ground of the cheese was alive with maggots, furiously and revengefully alive. Each tore at the pulp with cruel little jaws, and each little white maggot was fat to bursting with a disgusting corruption of life, and each was trying to split its horrid tight-stretched skin and get more life. It seemed to think it was its only method of escape. And they curled round my legs with a violent energy that meant they desired to breed at any cost, and they sucked from me and bred and swarmed. And I stood fixed in the cheese abyss and could not stir; I could not even twitch a muscle to shake them off, or do anything but give to them, and then take back from them in slime what I had given in flesh and blood.

I cannot say how long I stayed in that mealy abyss, for time did not seem a measure of moments, only a measure of endurance, a definite increase of disgust, and a sense of inevitability.

Then, just as if a corkscrew had been put into me instead of into a cork, something sharp and spiral and fiery bored into my body and drew me with a quick jerk out of the seething slush. As it lifted me, I saw the cheese writhe with bigger and bigger maggots, all tossing their blind heads, and their eyelids looked as if they were sewed down with dull pink cotton. They massed themselves together like macaroni, and writhed like knotted worms.

Then I could see that I stood on an open space of silver sand and very sparse fine grass. I tried to clean my feet in the sand, for they felt polluted with the maggots of the cheese. The sand felt fresh and cool

and grittily clean between my toes, and I rubbed them as if I tried to polish them. And I waited till I got my breath and felt less sick.

The place changed, as if a curtain had been pulled across what once was sky, and I saw nothing but trees, crowded so closely together that there was barely room to set a finger between their boughs. I stood panting for air between the boles, at first scarcely realising that they were not painted, but alive. Soon I saw their life was the life of the maggots, as they become visible within as without, as if they were made of substance like gelatine or gold-beaters-skin, translucent rather than transparent, and their blood pulsed behind the screen.

All their branches were arms, and all their twigs were fingers, and each finger had a mouth at its end, with little lips that opened and shut and were lined with a membrane in blackish-violet and blackish-red. And they opened and shut and sucked with just the same consciously horrid greed that the maggots used inside their cheese.

And I saw that each root of each tree was fringed and fibred with these feeler-mouths; and each fibre contracted and expanded in the lust of life, each tree expressed its soul in its pulpy, wormy, rootlets, of which not one was hard or fine, but all were lusciously soft and inexpressibly corrupt. And yet, as they stood in their moss-grassed ground, the trees looked firm behind their bark; only I was conscious all the time of this furious and corrupt expression going on behind a little skin-like screen, the greed to overmaster other lives and to grasp more for each little stained and drawn mouth. For all the mouths looked dry, though their fingers were as sappy as coral worms before the

coral hardens. And they were twisted into thousands of fantastic shapes, figures of eight and double noughts, and little strings, like skin-eggs looped together. Nothing was clean or angular, but all was pulpy and fat to bursting with something I can only call the life that is corruption.

There were no quicken-trees or any kind that bears berries or cones. And the thousand lips of the trees whispered their shameful secrets, till all the herbs lay down and hid their faces.

And I asked why these trees could bear no berries or any kind of fruit? And a clean wind blew between the trees and said in its own tongue, as it blew a scarlet arbutus-berry and a little fir-cone down to me, that the trees able to express themselves in fruits of any kind are really the "sterile" trees, and that all their branches must be angular, and because they are forked and angular they have not got these little stained mouths, and cannot conceive and generate in the same way as these fat, juicy, slimy trees could do. It spoke quite casually, and added that "the expression by the outer being is the paradox of the inner substance," and pattered some more little scarlet berries at me as it fled away.

And as a berry struck me, it turned to a great plain of snow, with nothing but lavender and violet shadows, thrown by nothing, wavering over its immeasurable surfaces. I have to call them surfaces, for they were all flats, without solidity. There was an expanse of blue-green ice, like exquisite pale flame, and a shimmer of sky, all flat and cold, all in one line. And two tiny little feathers, one of rose-colour and one of green, blew across the ice. But when I watched them closely I saw that they were only feather-

shadows. And birds like cranes and grey geese, flat as rice-paper, sailed across the flat sky. I have to say across, but it wasn't really across, there was a sense of motion, but not of direction, they came and they went. And I knew it was a place of ancient and unbroken peace, because not even consciousness was alive. It was a place of sterility, white snow and shadows.

In that flat place of peace I understood quite well that the least desire for change would make everything solid instead of flat, and perhaps the snow would wake and breed. Only nothing ever had desired it, until then. And just because I began to feel a stirring in something that wasn't mind, but was something which stood up outside myself like blurred shadows or moving ideas of possibilities, a shadow-cow began to form of snow, and looked round the wide flat world with snow-blind eyes. And of course I wondered if she were the old Norse mother-cow, and I looked at her mouth to see if she were going to lick salt-grains. But she had no mouth any more than she had eyes or ears.

And I saw a shape before me, which seemed like particles of ice or water, over which ran waves of colour like water-veils with a glimmer of fire behind them, and it said through many coloured veils: "Seven are the gates of Life, and through seven gateways life can enter in."

And I understood that each eye could be a door; I pictured it like the double-door of an old barn, through which the sunbeams strike a clay-hard floor to gold.

And the ice-shape said: "Have you never watched the shutters in a cat's eyes?" And I said I had. And the Shape said: "On what do those shutters open?" And I wondered, and something made me say: "Not on its brain, but outward." And the Shape

said: "Yes, but it takes a long time to remember that." And I asked: "But what about the theory that impressions are formed on the brain before the eye perceives the image?"

And the Shape took fiercer colours before me as it said: "Must not man enter into the chamber before conception? Yet is conception from the outside in. Only creation is from inside out."

"So Audhumla won't create?" I asked.

"Not yet. She cannot even find her salt. For unless a man can find his salt and separate it grain by grain and lick it up, he can but conceive and not create."

Then I asked It: "How can the cow, who is blind, ever hope to find her salt?"

And the Shape answered: "By desire are powers given us."

Then I said: "Given us—from the outside in, again, then?"

And the Shape wavered as if it smiled and said: "Your salt-cake is inside yourself. Only, sometimes it is needful to spew it forth before you find it in the snow. Then the snow will give it back to you. But the process of digestion must all be gone through again from the beginning."

I asked for my salt-cake, and the Figure laughed again and shook like tremulous, icy air.

"Look into your inside," It said.

And everything turned dusk about me, and I felt that though we had not risen nor descended yet we were no longer on the ice-fields and the snow. The threads of the air felt thicker, and I asked: "How can I look inside?"

And the Figure, veiled in snow-wreaths, answered: "Go behind your own two eyes and see."

But I said: "Even so I will be able only to see inside my brain. Is my salt-cake in my brain?"

And the Figure said: "Open wide your doors that the king of glory may come in."

And of course I took up the hymn and asked, "Who is the king of glory?" and I felt as if my eyes would burst, as something that resembled doors, or shutters, parted in their pupils. And there was a feeling of great air and clearance, just as if one let the air into a shuttered room. And yet I could see how the doors of my eyes divided, each in place, and folded back against the walls behind my forehead. These walls seemed cleanly white-washed, without pattern or stencilling. And a little light played about as if on an empty floor.

And I asked again: "Who is the king of glory?" as I made ready for his coming, standing in watchfulness behind my eyes.

And the Figure said: "Lo, he bears many names. But to-day he shall be named as Understanding, for to understand is to become."

So I waited for the king of glory, sitting curled up in my brain. There were convolutions and grey matter all about me, just beyond my whitewash, like tubes of rubber, rather like the pictures of Bibendum in the Michelin tyre advertisements, coils of them like the maggots in the cheese, and barrels built of lengths of brain-tubes, coiled round and round. And I sat in a barrel and rocked as if I were in a hammock, ready to rise before the coming of the king.

And suddenly, there shot into me, rather than into my empty room, a winged thing that hurt and stung. In likeness it was a crooked moth that had been singed, only its wound affected me as if I, sitting in my rubber nest, had suffered burning, not the moth.

It fluttered with one wing and one half-wing, and its eyes were sewed up, just like the maggots' eyes. It mewed faintly, like a blind kitten, through a sewed-up mouth, over which pink skin was drawn.

And I knew that my understanding was incomplete, and but a feeble thing. Then it whispered something, which I could not hear.

So I said: "I am sitting here inside to see my salt-pool. Can you show it to me?"

It answered "Yes," and I asked it how it saw without its eyes. And it said it had come without eyes on purpose, though it had many pairs of eyes in a drawer with its winter clothes, where the fur was kept in its own house. "I keep my eyes in my fur," it said. And it told me I must climb inside it and use my eyes to look through its blind eyeholes. And I was to creep inside it as it had crept inside me. And again I was conscious that the texture of the air altered, so that you could feel its threads like gossamers.

And I felt myself diminish, space by space and step by step, into the least of atomies. And I heard a lock click, and I was fixed as if under the glass of a microscope behind the eyes of the moth. I wriggled to free myself, and said: "Look here, this isn't what I want. I want to find my salt-pool and I can't see anything. It's just like being under a slide or in a tank at an aquarium."

And the moth said: "Of course it is. Don't worry. The salt-pool has got to find you, not you to find it. And it's got to look at you in its own way, for you have nothing to see with. I have got your eyes."

So I had to lie squeezed between two glasses and a thickness of atmosphere and wait till the salt-pool chose to find me. In the interval, all kinds of shadows

played upon the glass screen which stood before my eyes: fish-tails, forked and flat and purple-coloured; fish-snouts, blunt and sharp and one-horned like a unicorn; a tuft of wool from the back of a black sheep, the flutter of a wing of a bird, the beak, perhaps, of a toucan, and once the paw of a badger and then the little white tuft of a rabbit's tail, and then the black webbed foot of a swan—but there was nothing in itself that was complete, only hit-or-miss scraps of animals.

But at last, I opened the thing through which I saw, and I stood on the borders of a great lake, and all its sides were white like snow with salt, and the middle of the lake was blue, like flame from a salt ship-log or from salt scraws of turf, and the water rocked gently and yet stood still. Only when it wanted to change its waves from one figure to another, it gave a little heave, and little lines of fire ran along the edges of the waves. And little sea-horses lifted their heads and looked up with wise eyes.

I said: "I like this. The salt-pool was to come to me, and I find it's myself who has gone to the salt-pool."

And a sea-horse looked out of the pool and opened its mouth and said: "Of course. That's the way things are done. When you wait and it comes each has gone half-way to meet the other."

Then I said: "I want my salt-cake, please."

And the little sea-horse lifted up its head on its neck and began to climb up a wave-crest, just like a caterpillar on a leaf, and it nibbled the crisp top of the wave and said: "You have the leave to take it, then."

"But this is a lake, not a cake!"

"Well," it said, "if you can't change one letter

into another you ought to be ashamed of your education!"

I said that I had never heard that *l* and *c* were transmutable, that my education was imperfect, but that I was ready to improve it if I could.

"Eat your words," said the little sea-horse.

I said that I had been taught nobody ought to eat his words unless he had good cause to be ashamed of them.

The little sea-horse lashed its tail, so that it churned up salt by the ton. "Words are different here from what they mean in your place," it said; and I wondered if it meant in a dictionary or in my brain. "Here we always eat what we want to know. I want to understand salt, so I eat salt. You want your salt-cake, so——"

"Yes," I said, "but I know you can't eat your cake and have it, too."

"Yes, you can," said the little sea-horse firmly. "Here, at any rate. Here you can't have it at all unless you eat it."

So I sat by the side of the water and said "lake-cake," till certainly one word meant no more than the other to me, for it was as if, when I said "lake" aloud, a ton of earth fell on my head; earth white as gypsum or as salt, and as sparkling as a flake of mica. And when I said "cake," the little sea-horse, as large now as a hippopotamus, swung a great tidal wave of water over me with one flip of his tail. And each mouthful of cake drenched me with salt-water, and each wave of water powdered me with salt, until I saw my body sparkle. And the salt ran into all my pores, so that they ate as well as did my mouth and eyes.

And then, at last, the lake was dry and there

remained no glitter of salt about its rim. And the little sea-horse shrank and vanished, and I looked into the cavern which I knew was I, myself. And in the twisted channels and passages of the cave, I saw the cheese, quite small, but still creamy, and the dwarfed trees opening their million little stained mouths in the shadows, and bats flying about, and owls and other soft winged birds. And quite deep down, as if it lay at the bottom of an unfathomable pit, was a little shimmer of salt, like a little cake or pool. And in the middle of it shone something like a star. And I saw a little moth flutter round its edge, and a little sea-horse combing its mane upon the rim, and both looked up and said: "Are you well satisfied? Have you your salt-pool, now?"

And I answered: "Out of reach."

But one little thing said: "You won't find it out of reach when we show you how the stars are born!"

M. URQUHART.

THE MODERN CULT OF SAINT FRANCIS.

E. KISLINGBURY.

IT must be apparent to all who follow the trend of modern religious thought that an extraordinary change has taken place in the attitude of many minds towards certain saints of the Catholic Church. More especially is this the case with regard to S. Francis of Assisi, and it may be interesting to try to discover the cause of this new-born admiration, for the question is sometimes asked: Why S. Francis? why not other Saints equally great and famous? S. Dominic, S. Philip Neri, S. Charles Borromeo, S. Catherine (there are three of this name), S. Teresa, S. Clare?

Besides the writings of S. Francis himself, and of his contemporaries concerning him, fresh translations of which are constantly appearing, we have biographies and criticisms by modern writers in various languages, mostly written, I suppose, within the last fifteen years, though the *Life* by Mrs. Oliphant was probably earlier, but I have no means where I am writing of verifying the date. In short, what is now called 'Franciscan Literature' is assuming quite large proportions.

Once more it may be asked: Why S. Francis? Some may give for answer that it was M. Paul Sabatier's *Life* which awakened this new and unexampled interest. In part, perhaps; but is this not rather due to M. Sabatier's charming style than to the facts presented—facts already well known both within and without the Catholic Church? Others have tried

to account for the modern cult by the frequent appearance of S. Francis in Art, now better made known by the development of art-criticism and the facilities of travelling. Yet Assisi is not within reach of all and it is further than Lourdes or Milan, or Siena. Others again and these are the Ultra-Protestants, have a theory, totally false and misleading, by the way, that S. Francis was a sort of Radical who revolted against the authority of the Roman Church. Yet S. Francis submitted his Rule to the Pope whose approval he received, and Gregory IX. was his greatest supporter. No, none of these theories will hold water. And yet, devotion to S. Francis outside the Church is always increasing.

Now it is only fair to add that it is not only amongst Protestants but amongst Catholics also that a more than usual activity has been shown of late in spreading devotion to S. Francis of Assisi. The widespread Third Order, or as its members are called Tertiaries, of S. Francis, who are recruited from all ranks of Society, has been increasing in numbers by leaps and bounds, and at the recent Catholic Congress held at Leeds in August of last year their delegates made a brave show. The newspaper reports say that a sectional meeting of Franciscan Tertiaries was held in one of the halls of the Leeds University where papers were read and discussed by high Franciscan dignitaries as well as humble Tertiaries unknown to fame.

Now Franciscanism has always stood for social reform, not by setting class against class or the poor against the rich, but by honouring poverty and honest labour, and in many cases embracing voluntary poverty, as S. Francis expressed it, 'as a bride.' Every Fran-

ciscan, whether of the first, second or third order, is bound to set the example in his own person, to engage in some work of social service, and to carry out the *dictum*, "if a man will not work, neither shall he eat." Of course the ordinary layman's idea is that the Franciscans were a mendicant order, and lived solely on alms. But Father Cuthbert, the Superior of the Capuchins at Oxford, has pointed out in his little book, *S. Francis and Poverty*, that though a Friar might receive an alms in his necessity, by the Rule of S. Francis he might never receive more than he actually needed, since to accept more would be a species of robbery, "a defrauding of other poor." In short, the social economy of Francis was the "apotheosis not of justice, but of charity. For the one thing he detested with all his mind and heart was the commercial spirit. Anything in the nature of bargaining for one's due was repugnant to his feeling and his faith; it was a contradiction of the spirit of Divine Providence, and a practical denial of that free neighbourly charity upon which S. Francis based his whole conception of human society . . . Amongst his own disciples he strictly forbade the use of money."

It may be a fanciful solution of the question: What is the meaning of the modern cult of S. Francis? —to say that something of the saint's spirit is just what is wanted in the difficulties with which our modern society is now beset, with the greed of wealth and luxury on the one hand and the abject, ever increasing poverty at the other end of the social scale. And if we believe, as I suppose do most of the readers of this REVIEW, that behind the visible order of things material a spiritual power is striving for its betterment, may not the revival of the knowledge and love

of S. Francis of Assisi and the great social changes which he inaugurated in the thirteenth century, become at least a contribution towards the improvement of social ideals and the alleviation of social evils in the twentieth?

Thus "Brother Francis," as a modern writer has said, "is all men's brother, and though only a poor Umbrian Religious, his message is to men of all time." His joyous and poetic nature which is not the least of his attractions, is shown forth in his well-known 'Canticle of the Sun,' with which it may not be inappropriate to close these brief remarks :

"Most high, most great and good Lord, to Thee belong praises, glory and every blessing; to Thee alone do they belong, most High, and no one is worthy to name Thee.

"Blessed be Thou, my Lord, for the gift of all Thy creatures, and especially for our brother, Master Sun, by whom the day is enlightened. He is radiant and bright, of great splendour, bearing witness to Thee, O my God.

"Blessed be Thou, my Lord, for our sister the Moon and the Stars; Thou hast formed them in the heavens, fair and clear.

"Blessed be Thou, my Lord, for my brother the Wind, for the Air, for Cloud and Calm, for every kind of weather, for by them Thou dost sustain all creatures.

"Blessed be Thou, my Lord, for our sister Water, which is very useful, humble, chaste and precious.

"Blessed be Thou, my Lord, for brother Fire, gay, noble and beautiful, untamable and strong, by whom Thou dost illumine the night.

"Blessed be Thou, my Lord, for our mother, the

Earth, who sustains and nourishes us, who brings forth all kinds of fruit, herbs and bright-hued flowers.

“Blessed be Thou, my Lord, for those who pardon for love of Thee, and who patiently bear infirmity and tribulation. Happy are those who abide in peace, for by Thee, Most High, they will be crowned.

“Blessed be Thou, my Lord, for our sister Death of Body, from whom no living man can escape. Woe to him who dies in a state of mortal sin. Happy are they who at the hour of death are found in obedience to Thy holy will, for the second death cannot hurt them.

“Praise ye and bless ye my Lord; give Him thanks and serve Him with great humility.”

This Canticle has been variously translated, among other writers by Matthew Arnold. When S. Francis was dying, suffering great pain, he “did make” (to use the language of the *Speculum Perfectionis*) “these *Laudes Domini* be chanted by his companions oftentimes throughout the day; also by night for the edification and comfort of the lay-folk that were keeping watch without on his account.” Perhaps we have no cause to wonder, now that the writings, letters and legends of the Little Poor Man of Assisi have been given so abundantly to the world, at the admiration, love and reverence they have called forth for our Brother of the Friars Minor, or that men and women of all shades of thought declare that their favourite saint is S. Francis of Assisi.

E. KISLINGBURY.

IONA.

FLORENCE DRUMMOND.

SHE has her place among the magical things of the earth—that little island with the speaking name, Iona. To almost all ears those syllables bear with them a certain remote charm like the lilt of an ancient song, and the thoughts they invoke grow dim with a gentle wonder.

Iona has no beauty of her own. Round her shores, like a broken necklace, are tiny bays of snow-white sand, and here and there upon her hills she hides rich patches of purple heather and golden moss. But, for the rest, she is but a little bleak island, treeless and stony and barren, with no sheltered ways or singing streams, open to every wind of heaven and every storm of the sea. Her delight is not for those who look for loveliness—hers is that spell at once forbidding and intimate, the deep spell of the past.

It is heavy upon all the stern Islands of the Hebrides, that potent air of long-vanished things. It reaches us, as we sail through the narrow seas, with no less reality than do the grey and scented mists.

There are islands in the New World untouched by the power of the past. We may pass through seas as grey, as restless, past shores no more lonely, and rocks as bleak, resisting the white spray. But our eyes shall ache with seeking that which cannot be found, and our impulses go out only to return

shivering to us, chilled and afraid before the awful loneliness of lands whereon man has never dwelt.

There is the mystery of Nature, which is not, nor ever can be ours. Here is the mystery of Man—the tragic heritage of thought.

Of all these islands that wear the past like a garment, Iona, of the charmed name, is high-priestess.

Daily, all through the summer months, Macbrayne's steamer lies for an hour in the narrow Sound of Mull, while her passengers, with the unfamiliar Gaelic in their ears, are rowed to the rough pier that lands them upon Iona.

In organised haste they pass up the steep road to the ruined Convent, peering curiously as they pass at the outlined figure, carved in stone, of her who last reigned here, the Prioress Anna—on, to bend over the tombs of the kings (Iona bears in her heart the dust of sixty kings), and to gaze up at the slender, aureoled crosses, then to reach, within a quarter of an hour's walk, the square, solid block of the Cathedral.

Who shall measure the marvel of such strength in such loneliness, such delicacy of beauty and intricate marvel of design in regions so bleak, so desolate?

Worship is held there weekly now. With the shorn rites of later days it once more declares the glory of God. But of the mystery of those strange forms, wrought with such infinite patience, of intertwined serpents and beasts whose dual tails curve about them in branch and leaf, and of all other quaint conceits found there, who can tell?

Few among the hastening tourists who look where they are bidden to look and see what they are shown, and then hasten away, summoned by the steamer's bell.

Yet they never fail. Year after year those pilgrimages go on. Knowing perhaps no better reason than that others have come before them, they come in their numbers to this island, forlorn and bare of beauty, whose grey treasures of tomb and ruin hide their secret well.

Many things we know of St. Columba, and old tales have left us a picture of a figure of majestic proportions, strong of limb and comely of countenance. We know of the perilous voyage over Irish seas, of the coracle buried in the white sand; we know how kings became obedient to his wish, how the island, then called Hy, was granted to him by gift. We have heard of his miracles, of the many perils and trials he and his brethren braved, and we know he added the whole Pictish people to the Christians of Scotland.

But of the spirit dwelling within him, the vision his eyes saw, the great force manifesting in his life, we know no more than the passer-by knows of those long forgotten thoughts imprinted in strange patterning upon the ancient stones.

He lived his short span upon earth. He chose between the actual and the vision, and, having chosen, his courage was strong to banish every lesser joy and make of his life a shrine for the spirit's proper holding. And then he passed away, himself becoming one of those things "believed in but not seen," leaving behind him yet another voice to command the silent, striving spirit in man.

And man obeys. Asking for no other reason than that men have obeyed before him and the world expects it of him, he renounces his little joys and gives of his scant substance, he refrains from sins of swooning sweetness and holds back from the desire of his heart.

But who first obeyed and looked for obedience but the saint who saw the vision long ago and whose courage called it real?

Not he who holds the weapon but he who manifests the thought is the ruler of men. Not the possession but the hope, not the throne but the vision claims obedience from those who come after.

He obeys who writes his name in the subscription list. He obeys who stands aside to let another pass him on the path. The courtesy of the well-bred woman is tribute to the standard of the saint. The whole scheme of daily courtesy, the whole trend of daily duty proclaims that the saint has lived on earth and left his mark on man.

The vision dwells in sorrow as Iona dwells in mist—dimly seen there by those who still lack the courage that alone can change it from a life-long pain to an eternal joy. And so through doubt, disillusionment, weariness, with spirit dulled and narrowing hope, we live our lives through days and years and go our separate ways, yet follow still, like driven sheep, the footsteps of the saints.

The stream still flows from its source. The Master slain and risen is still before our eyes. Is it to be the Past alone that has had the courage to listen and to hear, and to fashion life in worshipping obedience to that call? Can there not be new faith for the hidden things that are never old—new courage to enter the Mystery that knows neither Past nor Future; but only an eternal Present?

Can we not seek afresh the secret of earth's Sacred Places and find life no more forlorn, barren, bare of beauty than is, in truth, Iona?

FLORENCE DRUMMOND,

NIRVĀNA.

I.

COULD my heart but see Creation as God sees it,—from within ;
See his grace behind its beauty, see his will behind its force ;
See the flame of life shoot upward when the April days begin ;
See the wave of life rush outward from its pure eternal source ;

II.

Could I see the summer sunrise glow with God's transcendent hope ;
See his peace upon the waters in the moonlit summer night ;
See him nearer still when, blinded, in the depths of gloom I grope,—
See the darkness flash and quiver with the gladness of his light ;

III.

Could I see the red-hot passion of his love resistless burn
Through the dumb despair of winter, through the frozen lifeless
clod ;—
Could I see what lies around me as God sees it, I should learn
That its outward life is nothing, that its inward life is God.

IV.

Vain the dream ! To spirit only is the spirit-life revealed :
God alone can see God's glory : God alone can feel God's love.
By myself the soul of Nature from myself is still concealed ;
And the earth is still around me, and the skies are still above

V.

Vain the dream ! I cannot mingle with the all-sustaining soul :
I am prisoned in my senses ; I am pinioned by my pride ;

I am severed by my selfhood from the world-life of the Whole ;
And my world is near and narrow, and God's world is waste and
wide.

VI.

Vain the dream ! Yet in the morning, when the eastern skies are
red,
When the dew is on the meadows, when the lark soars up and
sings,—
Leaps a sudden flame within me from its ashes pale and dead,
And I see God's beauty burning through the veil of outward
things.

VII.

Brighter grows the veil and clearer, till, beyond all fear and doubt,
I am ravished by God's splendour into oneness with his rest ;
And I draw the world within me, and I send my soul without ;
And God's pulse is in my bosom, and I lie upon God's breast.

VIII.

Dies the beatific vision in the moment of its birth ;—
Dies, but in its death transfigures all the sequence of my days ;—
Dies, but dying crowns with triumph all the travail of the earth,
Till its harsh discordant murmurs swell into a psalm of praise.

IX.

Then a yearning comes upon me to be drawn at last by death,
Drawn into the mystic circle in which all things live and move,
Drawn into the mystic circle of the love which is God's breath,—
Love creative, love receptive, love of loving, love of love.

X.

God ! the One, the All of Being ! let me lose my life in thine ;
Let me be what thou hast made me, be a quiver of thy flame.
Purge my self from self's pollution ; burn it into life divine ;
Burn it till it dies triumphant in the firespring whence it came.

EDMOND HOLMES.

DISCUSSION.

"I DIED A MAN AND ROSE AGAIN A GOD."

IN the January number of *THE QUEST*, p. 825, the Rev. F. W. Orde Ward, B.A., in an article entitled 'Sin a Racial Experiment,' quotes three lines from a Persian mystic's description of the ascent of the soul of man :

"A stone I died, and rose again a plant ;
A plant I died, and rose an animal ;
I died an animal, and was born a man."

To this, he states, Christianity now adds a fourth line :

"I died a man, and rose again a God."

Permit me to offer the complete passage from the *Maṣnavi* (from the translation of Prof. E. G. Brown, in *Religious Systems of the World*, p. 332) :

"I died from the mineral, and became a plant ;
I died from the plant and reappeared in an animal ;
I died from the animal and became a man ;
Wherefore then should I fear ? When did I grow less by dying ?
Next time I shall die from the man
That I may grow the wings of the angels.
From the angel, too, must I seek advance ;
'*All things shall perish save His Face.*'
Once more shall I wing my way above the angels,
I shall become that which entereth not the imagination.
Then let me become naught, naught ; for the harp-string
Crieth unto me ' Verily unto Him do we return ! ' "

Comparisons are proverbially odious, but they are particularly so when one religion is exalted to the depreciation of another upon a faulty foundation. In conclusion, may I add that I have always been instructed that Christianity is a monotheistic religion, whereas the doctrine implicit in Mr. F. W. Orde Ward's additional line seems to me distinctly polytheistic and therefore non-Christian ?

J. M. WATKINS.

There is much food for thought in the Rev. F. W. Orde Ward's article in the January number of *THE QUEST*, especially, I think, in his presentment of the principle that the human race, and indeed all sentient existence, is a unitary Whole of which the parts are interdependent each with all; also that what is termed "the Christ principle" runs through the entire cosmos and was always in man, if latent. But I venture to suggest that this teaching is not peculiar to Christianity, as the article seems to take for granted, and indeed many Christians would reject it. I will, however, mainly confine myself to criticising a passage which occurs in the middle of p. 325. We are told :

"Man in his racial history repeats the three stages of the three great ascending orders, according to the Persian mystic :

'A stone I died, and rose again a plant ;
A plant I died, and rose an animal ;
I died an animal, and was born a man.'

"To which Christianity now adds a fourth line :

'I died a man, and rose again a God.' "

I do not think that Christianity, as a whole, would accept these four lines as expressing its views; further, the way in which the fourth line is introduced appears scarcely fair to "the Persian mystic" who is quoted, for it seems to imply that he did not, or could not, know of the goal that is before man, and that the goal is known to Christianity alone.

The article does not give the source of the quotation, nor the translator's name, but the three lines appear to be taken from Part i. of the *Masnavi* of Jalālū-'d-dīn Rūmī, the greatest of the Sūfī poets, who was born A.D. 1207. This poem acquired in time the title *ma'navi*, or 'spiritual'—the *Masnavi-i-Ma'navi*—just as Dante's great work, the *Commedia*, written fifty years later, came to be called the *Divina Commedia*; indeed Sir J. Malcolm in his *History of Persia*, ii. 280, calls the poem one of the 'Scriptures of Persia.'

In Part i., Book v., Story iii., of the *Maṣnavi* (Trübner's Oriental Series), Whinfield translates a passage in which three lines occur that are similar to those quoted, but it is followed by a fourth line which carries on the process. I will quote the passage which ends with these four lines.

"The eyes of the heart which behold the heavens
See that the Almighty Alchemist is ever working here.
Mankind are ever being changed, and God's elixir
Joins the body's garment without aid of needle.

On the day that you entered upon existence,
 You were first fire, or earth, or air.
 If you had continued in that, your original state,
 How could you have arrived at this dignity of humanity?
 In lieu thereof God gave you a better existence.
 In like manner he will give you thousands of existences,
 One after another, the succeeding ones better than the former.
 You have obtained these existences after annihilations;
 Wherefore then do you shrink from annihilation?
 What harm have these annihilations done you
 That you cling to present existence . . . ?
 You have already seen hundreds of resurrections.

* * * * *

From the inorganic state to the vegetative state,
 From the vegetative state to the animal state of trial;
 Thence again to rationality and good discernment;
 Again you will rise from this world of sense and form."

The fourth line of the last stanza refers to the stage immediately ahead of man, the goal to which the changes described are leading.

In Part i., Book iv., Story ix., of the poem, is a similar passage which Whinfield translates as follows:

"First he appeared in the class of inorganic things,
 Next he passed therefrom into that of plants, . . .
 And when he passed from the vegetative to the animal state
 He had no remembrance of his state as a plant,
 Except the inclination he felt to the world of plants,
 Especially at the time of Spring and sweet flowers.
 Again, the great Creator, as you know,
 Drew man out of the animal into the human state.
 Thus man passed out of one order of nature to another,
 Till he became wise and knowing and strong as he is now.
 Of his first souls he has now no remembrance,
 And he will be again changed from his present soul. . . .
 Though man fell asleep and forgot his previous states,
 Yet God will not leave him in this forgetfulness
 But when the morn of this last day shall dawn,
 The sleeper will escape from the cloud of illusion;
 Whatever you have done during your sleep in the world
 Will be displayed to you clearly when you awake.
 God calls the world a pastime and a sport."¹

¹ Quoting from *The Korān*, 29th.

Part ii. of the *Maṣnavī* was translated for the first time into English in 1910 by Prof. C. E. Wilson. I will quote from this literal, prose translation a few distiches to show the Ṣūfī poet's view of the next stage before man.

"Return from existence to non-existence" (i.e. to Being) "if you are a seeker of the Lord, and pertain to the Lord" (vol. i., p. 62).

"The falcon-drum for me is the cry, *Return!*"

"I am not of the same kind as the King:—I deprecate such an idea as regards Him; but I have Light from Him in (His) manifestation."

"Since my kind is not of my King's kind, the ego-ism of my ego has become extinct for the sake of the Ego-ism of His Ego."

"When the ego-ism of my ego has become extinct, He remains One and Alone; I become as dust before His horse's feet."

"The self becomes dust, and the marks of His (horse's) feet upon the dust of that (self) are the (only) traces of it."

"Become the dust beneath Its feet for the sake of these marks, in order that you may become the crown of the head of the exalted."

"If I speak and enumerate until the Resurrection, I shall fall short of describing *this* Resurrection" (vol. i., pp. 103, 104).

In the view of Jalālū-'d-dīn Rūmī, the soul came from God; man's earthly evolution has been through inorganic matter and through the grades of vegetative and animal souls up to humanity, and the 'great aspiration of humanity' is connected with the 'Return' to God, and will be realised in the next stage that is before man, the God-Man stage, the stage of the divinised man; this, he taught, is brought about by the sovereign alchemy of Love transmuting the base metal of humanity into the Divine Gold.

As regards Mr. Orde Ward's footnote on p. 319 that "a strong case may be made out for pre-existence itself," pre-existence is not as yet accepted by Christendom, though it is the basis of many so-called pagan and heathen systems of faith. Canon Liddon devoted Lecture II. of his *Some Elements of Religion* to 'refute' pre-existence. In 1904 the Bishop of London forbade one of his clergy to take the chair, as he proposed to do, at a public lecture which was delivered on this and the cognate subject of reincarnation. It will be well for Western thought and Christianity when these vital questions are brought out into the light, so that the truth may prevail.

J. S. BROWN.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

LIGHT FROM THE ANCIENT EAST.

The New Testament illustrated by recently recovered Texts of the Graeco-Roman World. By Adolf Deissmann. Translated by Lionel R. M. Strachan, M.A. London (Hodder & Stoughton), 1910.

IN this interesting and in many ways instructive work, which has already in Germany run through two editions since May, 1908, Prof. Deissmann insists on the great importance of the *non-literary* written memorials of the Graeco-Roman world (from Alexander to Constantine) for a better understanding of the language and hence of the nature of the books of the New Testament. He supports his thesis by selections from the innumerable texts preserved on stone, metal and wax, on fragments of papyrus, mummy-wrappings and scraps of earthenware, which have been recently made accessible by archæological research and are now being patiently scrutinised by the most highly equipped decipherers. Potsherds, or *ostraca*, were apparently the commonest writing and recording materials of the poor, and the yield of these and of papyrus scraps from rubbish heaps has thus enabled us to realise how the poor lived, in a way previously impossible. Even wall-scribblings are not despised as a source of information, and a mass of the material is not only non-literary but also very illiterate. Though much work has still to be done on this extraordinarily heterogeneous and difficult material, Prof. Deissmann claims that it is already abundantly clear that, as a whole, the New Testament is "a monument of colloquial Greek"; the old view that its books were written practically in a Greek of their own coloured with strong Hebraisms, so that gradually this language came to be considered almost in the light of a sacral tongue, he says, is no longer tenable. It has already for years been recognised that the New Testament was largely written in the *koinē* or common Greek of the period, in a Hellenistic or Mediterranean Greek as distinguished from the Attic or Greek of the schools and of literature proper; but Prof. Deissmann seems to go far beyond this in so strongly insisting on

the very popular and 'colloquial' nature of the majority of the books. He writes:

"The most popular in tone are the synoptic gospels, especially when they are reporting the sayings of Jesus. Even St. Luke, with his occasional striving after elegance, has not deprived them of their simple beauty. The Epistle of St. James again clearly re-echoes the popular language of the gospels.

"The Johannine writings, including the Revelation, are also linguistically deep-rooted in the most popular colloquial language. The Logos, occurring in the very first line of the Gospel, has blinded most critics to the essential character of a book which, for all its share in the world's history, is a book of the people.

"St. Paul, too, can command the terse pithiness of the homely gospel speech, especially in his ethical exhortations as pastor. . . . But even where St. Paul is arguing to himself and takes more to the language of the middle class, even where he is carried away by the priestly fervour of the liturgist and by the enthusiasm of the psalmist, his Greek never becomes literary" (p. 68).

It is somewhat surprising to hear that the language of the fourth gospel and of the Pauline letters is of so colloquial a character. It is well known that there was a widespread Hellenistic theological language in the early days which was certainly removed from the tongue of the people; and this has to be taken into serious consideration as well, and also the fact that there was a Biblical Greek already existing. Is the language of the Septuagint also popular and colloquial? But Prof. Deissmann would apparently except the language even of Paul from any trace of this theological language; he would have it quite bluntly that Paul's mission was that of an 'artisan' (p. 892), and becomes very eloquent about his tent-cloth weaving. But all Jews were taught a handicraft, the learned as well as the rest, and every indication points to the fact that Paul was a man of good position and education. In this connection a distinction is drawn between a letter and an epistle; an epistle was a literary work of art and intended for public circulation, whereas a letter was a personal and private affair intended only for the eye of the recipient. It is difficult to follow Dr. Deissmann in applying this distinction to the writings of Paul; but the strong influence of his 'artisan' theory is shown when he tells us that Paul had a difficulty in writing himself because of his horny hands, and therefore employed amanuenses.

Indeed, though the Professor of New Testament exegesis in the Berlin University brings forward many points of great philological interest and shows us how woefully incomplete and misleading are our present lexicons, he protests, we think, over much that the New Testament was first and last the "book of the people." It surely must in many parts have appealed to a wider audience, often to a special audience, and though we agree that its inspiration does not trick itself out in learning, it is difficult to believe that it clothes itself so largely in 'colloquial' language. But Prof. Deissmann without any qualification writes: "Modern scholasticism has turned confessions of the inspired into chapters of the learned, and in so doing has worked the same change on the subject-matter of the New Testament as was produced in its form when its non-literary letters were treated as works of literature and its popular language as a sacral variety of Greek" (p. 889).

One of the most pleasing things, however, that we learn from these relics of the populace is that the people generally were not a mass of corruption and vice, as we have been led to believe for so long. The main reason for this false judgment is that the picture has been drawn from the literary records alone, which are a reflex of upper-class opinion only, and from the polemical exaggerations of over-zealous Church Fathers. There has always been a 'fast set'; but it is the middle and lower classes that are the people to go by. We have often pointed out that there was a widespread, earnest seeking after the religious life in many directions when Christianity arose. This view Prof. Deissmann expands when he writes: "Were it possible to collect before us, in all their shades of variety, the original documents attesting the piety of the Gentile world in the age of the New Testament, and could we then with one rapid glance survey them all, we should feel as St. Paul did at Athens. After passing through the streets of that one city he was fain to acknowledge that the men he had seen were 'extremely religious'" (p. 284). Setting aside the question whether this rendering is the exact meaning of the Greek or no, our author's view is clearly that many of the people were 'extremely religious'—a far truer estimate than the ingrained prejudice that looks upon even the virtues of the heathen as brilliant vices.

There are one or two points of special interest that may be dwelt on. The word *Parusia* or *Advent* is taken over from Imperial custom and receives a new meaning. "The *parusia* [in the sense

of arrival or visit] of the sovereign must have been something well known even to the people, as shown by the facts that special payments in kind and taxes to defray the cost of the parusia were exacted, that in Greece a new era was reckoned from the parusia of the Emperor Hadrian, that all over the world advent coins were struck after the parusia of the emperor, and that we are even able to quote examples of advent sacrifices" (p. 372). Even two examples are forthcoming to show that the Greek word used for 'glad tidings' or 'gospel' was employed in sacral use in the Imperial cult. The significance of the word 'slave,' so frequently used by Paul, and mistranslated 'servant,' and the meaning of the special phrase 'slave of God' are brought into clearer definition.¹ "For among the various ways in which the manumission of a slave could take place by ancient law we find the solemn rite of fictitious purchase of the slave by some divinity. The owner comes with the slave to the temple, sells him there to the god, and receives the purchase money from the temple treasury, the slave having previously paid it in there out of his savings. The slave is now the property of the god; not, however, the slave of the temple, but a protégé of the god" (p. 326). It is also of interest to note that the 'assemblies' or churches of the Christians were "doubtless looked upon as guilds of Christ" (p. 398), on a par with the rest of the *thiasi* and religious associations.

It only remains to be said that the book is admirably printed and illustrated and that the English version is quite excellent and practically a new and revised edition under the immediate supervision of the author.

PORPHYRY THE PHILOSOPHER TO HIS WIFE MARCELLA.

Translated by Alice Zimmern. London (The Priory Press, Hampstead), 1910.

WE are glad to see this new and revised edition of Miss Zimmern's translation of Porphyry's Letter to his Wife, for it is the only translation into English, and has been out of print for a number of years. Miss Zimmern provides us with a useful and sympathetic Introduction and an improved version. The Letter itself is one of the most pleasing and intimate documents that have come down to us from philosophical antiquity. The following

¹ The wide-spread theological significance of the term has been brilliantly demonstrated by R. Reitzenstein, in his recent work *Die hellenistischen Mysterienreligionen* (Leipzig, 1910).

quotation may give the reader who has not yet made its acquaintance, some idea of its lofty spirit: "We do not worship God only by doing or thinking this or that, neither can tears and supplications turn Him from His purpose, nor yet is He honoured by sacrifices nor glorified by plentiful offerings; but it is the god-like mind that remains stably fixed in its place that is united to God. For like must needs approach like. The sacrifices of fools are mere food for fire. . . . But do thou, as I bade, let thy temple be the mind that is within thee. This must thou attend and adorn, that it may be a fitting dwelling for God." And for Porphyry the 'mind' transcended the ratiocinative intellect; it was the true 'heart' of the man. Very similar is this to Christian teaching, and yet Porphyry was perhaps the most thorough-going of the critics of the new religion.

MAETERLINCK'S SYMBOLISM.

The Blue Bird, and other Essays. By Henry Rose. London (Fifield), 1910.

WITH the late revival of the ever-popular *Blue Bird* at the Haymarket, has come an able and suggestive essay expounding in detail the symbolism of Maeterlinck's fascinating allegory. In it the author carries us far beyond the rough and ready explanations of the play-bill. The Blue Bird represents Happiness only in the sense in which Happiness may be said to follow the pursuit of Truth. Celestial Truth is the Bird which is captured only to escape. The pursuit of this ever-evasive object carries its seekers into many strange regions. We follow them first into the Land of Memory, where the grandparents stand for old traditional representations of Truth which live only when they are thought of by those who came after; then into the Palace of Night with its three-fold steps suggesting the animal, intellectual and spiritual stages in human evolution, its active and passive evils, and beliefs in which there is no real vitality; then into the Forest, symbolic of the religious systems of the past; and into the Graveyard where lie interred all man's past experiences—buried indeed, but not lost, for as Tytyl observes: "There are no dead."

We follow them, too, into the Kingdom of the Future, which stands for the infinity of coming ages, and the eternity of progress; and finally to the old home, where the finale—so difficult to interpret—takes place, and the Blue Bird is yielded up—and lost in the yielding.

On Mr. Rose's interpretation the Play should not end thus, for Truth, if it can be gained at all, is gained only in the giving. The same criticism, of course, applies to the view of the *Blue Bird* as Happiness. By the very laws of its nature, little Tytyl was entitled to the Bird on his fulfilling for the first time the only condition under which it could be found. But the great merit of an allegory lies in its lack of the obvious, therefore we leave Maeterlinck's ending to justify itself, and commend this little volume to all lovers of the *Blue Bird*.

C. E. W.

A HISTORY OF NEW TESTAMENT CRITICISM.

By F. C. Conybeare, M.A., F.B.A., etc. London (Watts), 1910.

THIS instructive little volume is of special interest to English readers, for it makes a great point of bringing into prominence the work of English writers in this absorbing field of research. Mr. Conybeare is so well-known as a fearless and independent writer on the Origins of Christianity and as a scholar of such uncommon distinction, that it is hardly necessary to recommend its perusal to those of our readers who can share his hope, that "the day is not far off when Christian records will be frankly treated like any other ancient text, and the gospel narratives taken into general history to be sifted and criticised according to the same methods and in the same impartial temper which we bring to the study of all other documents" (p. 140). For those who are not prepared to go so far as Mr. Conybeare, the book is also of service, for they will have no little to learn from it on a number of points of great importance with which all should be acquainted who are anxious to take an intelligent interest in the development of the scientific study of religion in this country.

CHRISTIAN SYMBOLISM.

By Mrs. Henry Jenner. With Forty-one Illustrations. London (Methuen), 1910.

IN this useful little volume Mrs. Jenner has had the advantage of Dr. Jenner's notes and assistance, and this is a guarantee of sound archæology and scholarship. Mrs. Jenner herself writes from the standpoint of the Latin Church and transparently so; she also keeps rigorously within the limits of the Christian tradition, and seldom permits herself to deal with parallels and prototypes,

although she finally admits that "one of the many admirable aspects of the Christian Church is its power of assimilating the various good points of earlier religions," and continues: "The 'Basket of God' was found able to contain the remnants from many a feast, broken to serve for food. Many of our most hallowed customs and practices thus acquire an added value, for they represent the aspirations and practices of the pure of heart of all times, who have sought God behind the veil. Before simple people became frightened of the bug-bears of science and archæology, they quite sweetly and naturally incorporated old myths and gave them new meanings" (p. 172). There was, however, more in the old myths than the 'simple people' ever suspected, and science and archæology we are glad to see are at last busily engaged in restoring to some of them a measure of their long-forgotten meaning, and in this way are throwing brilliant light on the long-misunderstood nomenclature of Early Christianity.

A HOLIDAY WITH A HEGELIAN.

By Francis Sedlák. London (Fifield), 1911.

MR. SEDLÁK is an enthusiastic Hegelian. He has spent many years in a close study of the works of the master of philosophy whom he regards as the greatest thinker of all time, and has completed an as yet unpublished translation into English of Hegel's masterpiece—*The Science of Logic*. Mr. Sedlák believes that it is possible for the human mind to attain to absolute knowledge, and that Hegel was in possession of it. It all depends of course on the values given to words. Thought, in the Hegelian system, is identified not only with Being but also with God, and Logic is regarded as spontaneous self-activity. Pure Being, moreover, we are expected to admit from the start, is equivalent to Nothing, because apparently we can predicate nothing of pure Being. This is then somehow or other erected into the principle of taking nothing (or Nothing, for Mr. Sedlák is indifferent in the matter of capitals) for granted—which seems to the uninitiated to be little better than a play on words. If, however, we are adepts in 'pure thought,' we are assured, there is no difficulty at all, and we straightway enter the sure paths of the universal system of Hegelian dialectic, the modes of the inevitable Logic which leads us to absolute Knowledge. The major part of Mr. Sedlák's book consists of a digest of the *Science of Logic*. He has condensed the paragraphs of the original into a series of short summary state-

ments, in which we have Hegel as it were in tabloids. It must be admitted that such an accomplishment is in itself a *tour de force* and a testimony to Mr. Sedlák's acumen and industry; but if Hegel is difficult enough to follow in his expanded form, it is by no means a holiday-task for the reader who is unacquainted with the original, to assimilate the extract of its substance. In the rest of the book, however, several subjects of great interest are treated from the Hegelian standpoint; of these we may mention those of the development of psychic faculty and of re-incarnation. Mr. Sedlák has been for long experimenting with Hinton's cubes, a kind of visual gymnastics which are supposed to give the visualiser an insight into the nature of 'four-dimensional' space, on which he remarks that "Mr. Hinton's experience simply brings home the notional meaning of Representation, as the recollected or inwardised Intuition, when the Intelligence itself is, as Attention, its Time and its Space." Mr. Sedlák then continues: "[Hegel's] characterisation of Representation fits in with all that may be said on the subject of Clairvoyance. All that is necessary to identify Remembrance with consciously practised Clairvoyance is to give prominence to the factor of universality in the doing of Intelligence at this stage. Similarly, the psychometrical faculty is the full manifestation of the ordinary Association of Ideas." What, then, is Hegel's view of Representation? Mr. Sedlák says that Intelligence "in advancing to the Representation of the external objectivity, demonstrates itself as a night-like mine or pit in which is stored a world of infinitely many images and representations without being in consciousness"—our old friend the 'subconscious' in short. In this he bases himself on Hegel, who writes: "Such a grasp of the intelligence is from the one point of view the universal postulate, which bids us treat the notion as concrete, in the way we treat, *e.g.* the germ as affirmatively containing, in virtual possibility, all the qualities that come into existence in the subsequent development of the tree. . . . From the other point of view intelligence is to be conceived as the sub-conscious mine, *i.e.* as the existent universal in which the different has not yet been realised in its separations. And it is indeed this potentiality which is the first form of universality offered in mental Representation" (p. 189). We cannot help thinking that whatever truth there may be in all this, could be set forth more plainly in a less involved phraseology. Though Mr. Sedlák does not claim Hegel as an actual believer in reincarnation, he contends that his system virtually supports the theory, and in

this connection we have to thank him for the quotation of a fine passage from the end of the *Phenomonology*, with which this notice may be brought to a conclusion :

"The process of spiritual self-realisation exhibits a lingering movement and succession of minds, a gallery of images, each of which, equipped with the complete wealth of mind, only seems to linger because the Self has to penetrate and digest this wealth of its Substance. As its perfection lies in coming to know what its substance is, this knowledge is its self-involution in which it deserts its outward existence and surrenders its shape to recollection. Thus self-involved, it is sunk in the night of its self-consciousness: but in that night its vanished Being is preserved, and that Being, thus in Idea preserved—old, but now new-born of the Spirit—is the new sphere of Being, a new World, a new phase of Spirit. In this new phase it has again to begin afresh, and from the beginning, and again nurture itself to maturity from its own resources, as if for it all that preceded were lost, and it had learned nothing from the experience of the earlier minds. Yet is that recollection a preservation of experience: it is the quintessence and in fact a higher form of the substance. If, therefore, this new mind appears to count on its own resources, and to start quite fresh and blank, it is at the same time on a higher grade than it starts."

WISDOM OF THE ANCIENTS LIBRARY.

i. The Greek Pilgrim's Progress, generally known as the Picture by Kebes, a Disciple of Sokrates.

ii. Three Selections from Plutarch's Genius of Socrates: Who the Genii are; The Dream of Timarchus; The Care of the Genii.

iv. Hymns to the Universal Divinity, by Kleanthes, Derzhavin, etc.

Ornamental Presentation Booklets, presenting in Attractive Form the choicest Spiritual Treasures of Antiquity still comparatively inaccessible. Translated or Arranged by Kenneth Sylvan Guthrie, A.M. Harvard, M.D., Ph.D. London (Luzac), 1910.

WE cordially recommend this interesting series by Dr. Guthrie; it contains just the kind of selections that should interest readers of THE QUEST, as may further be seen from the titles of some of the volumes which are to follow, namely: *The Hymns of Zoroaster*;

Diogenes as the Ideal Man of Greece ; Life after Death as revealed by Homer, Hesiod and Virgil ; The Choicest Bits of Plato's Mystic Lore ; Porphyry's Consolation to his Wife ; The Legendary Life of Apollonius of Tyana ; The Wisdom of Confucius, Mencius and Lao-tze ; etc. But not only are these books written by Dr. Guthrie, he has further set them in bold black-letter type and ornamented them with many figures and illustrations. They are the work of the Mont Salvat Press, Philadelphia, U.S.A., for which Messrs. Luzac & Co. are agents in this country.

BLAKE'S VISION OF THE BOOK OF JOB.

A Study by Joseph H. Wicksteed, M.A. London (Dent), 1911.

BLAKE'S critics may be divided into two classes—the æsthetic or evocative and the studious or explanatory. To the former class belong Swinburne and Arthur Symonds, to the latter, and perhaps more considerable, band undoubtedly belongs Mr. Wicksteed, while midway come Messrs. Ellis & Yeats with their careful and occasionally lyrical volumes. It was Swinburne's famous essay that first awakened intelligent readers of the sixties to Blake's amazing genius, but Swinburne, not being a specialist in mystical matters, refrained from dwelling upon that aspect of his subject and indeed rather made light of it. Not until twenty-five years had elapsed, that is to say on the publication of Messrs. Ellis & Yeats' patient researches, were students of Blake able to study a serious handbook on the great English mystic, or indeed to study the Prophetical Books themselves save in the precious copies engraved and coloured by Blake's own hand. Of recent years the output of works on Blake has been positively bewildering, and now that, since the publication of the two most important books, *Jerusalem* and *Milton*, readers can go with ease to the fountain source, there are but few who regard Blake merely as an engaging lunatic.

The interpretation of pictures has ever been a vexed question. It is a commonplace that critics will often read into a design many meanings not intended by the artist. It may be that a symbol, inasmuch as it is a part of the Divine Essence and a thing infinite and perfect, may hold in its composition depth within depth, meaning within meaning. But it must be remembered that genius, even with the most systematic of mystics, is half instinctive, and fortunately Blake, especially in his paintings—'frescoes' as he loved to call them—wrought in frequent opposition to his

theories. Moreover, as most imaginative creators are aware, their work, as it begins to take shape, would seem to be possessed of a life of its own as though blown upon by some wind arisen of a sudden, and henceforth the work will progress, moved by something outside the will of its creator.

We are inclined to think that Mr. Wicksteed, in his zeal for esoteric meanings, occasionally oversteps the boundary. For instance in Illustration III. he points out that Satan's foot, "in defiance of anatomical possibility, is drawn in advance of his left, to make him in spiritual correspondence with the earthly man, whom we see attempting to rise with left foot foremost." And in a note to Illustration XIII. he remarks that "there is no line where the garments end on his arms or neck; he is still 'naked of natural things' till Illustration XVIII."; all the same we are certain we can detect in Illustration XV. the ethereal bathing-suit which Blake drew with little regard for its substance and made use of in innumerable designs. On the other hand the commentator has, curiously enough, in Illustration I. made no mention of the Gothic church which was with Blake a favourite symbol for true belief.

Mr. Wicksteed's commentary, being of the close and searching order, does not admit of any great æsthetic enthusiasm. He takes the unsurpassed 'Morning Stars' design very calmly, and he is so greatly concerned with minute entanglements of meaning that he has no word for the overwhelming spiritual rapture expressed in the figure of the youthful Elihu and for the general beauty of pattern in Illustration XII. Indeed we are slightly depressed by this attitude of cold scrutiny, and would have readily welcomed a few flashes of natural insight such as that of Burne-Jones when referring in conversation to the design 'With dreams upon my bed': "Did you ever notice too that along with the awfulness of the picture it gives you a feeling of sea-sickness? I suppose it is the terrible floating figure. But the most dreadful of all is the messengers coming to Job. Calamity! Calamity! Calamity! in every line of them." But such flashes of quicker understanding may have been beyond the purpose of the present work.

In spite of certain doubts which may be entertained as to the entire wisdom of Mr. Wicksteed's method, his book is well and truly done, and it should be of use to those who wish to begin the study of Blake with a more than superficial acquaintance with this, the greatest and most sustained series of his designs, and, in the opinion of some, the most important series of designs made since those by Michelangelo in the Sistine Chapel. The illustra-

tions, within their limits, are extremely good, though they necessarily cannot compete with the more expensive set of photogravures issued by the same firm some years back.

C. F.

THE GRACES OF INTERIOR PRAYER.

By R. P. Poulain, S.J. London (Kegan Paul), 1910.

"MYSTIC," according to Father Poulain, is a word which should be restricted to "those supernatural acts or states which our own industry is powerless to produce, even in a low degree, even momentarily." And he illustrates his definition by comparing ordinary prayer to the atmosphere in which birds can move at will, and the mystic state to the ether beyond to which no energy of any bird, whether sparrow or eagle, can enable it to rise. "This upper region, where the wing no longer has any power, is a figure of the mystic state. It resembles it also by its peace, its silence. Far from the turmoil of earth we enter into a space empty of all created things. God dwells there alone." Starting from this precise definition Father Poulain describes in over five hundred pages and under twelve heads various "characters" of the mystic union, such as the consciousness of God's presence, the five spiritual senses, the obscurity and incomprehensibility of mystic union, the love and impulses to the virtues that accompany it, and so forth. He then discusses the three stages of the mystic union, marked by the "prayer of quiet," by full enjoyment without distractions, and by ecstasy. After this comes a discussion of revelations and visions, followed by a description of the trials that are sent to contemplatives. The remaining one hundred and fifty pages of the work are occupied with such subsidiary questions as the qualities necessary for a Director, the nature of Quietism, and the judgment to be passed on the alleged naturalness of levitation, ecstasies and stigmata.

Father Poulain's work bears the *imprimatur* of his Church, and we may conclude, therefore, that it is not in opposition to its teaching in any essential point. The lover of truth and hater of faction will, therefore, be the more ready to bear his witness to the author's common-sense and reasonableness. He sticks to his method, which is that of "descriptive science," is not disposed to believe everything he finds in the lives of the Saints, and is always frank enough to say "*non liquet*" when the facts warrant nothing else.

There is a certain air of pragmatism which any mystically-inclined reader must find disagreeable when he sets out to read such a volume as this. The disagreeableness, however, may be minimised if Father Poulain's own caution is borne in mind throughout, *viz.* that a work setting out the theory of an operation is necessarily cumbrous and tedious as compared with the operation itself. "We find many learned words that really express perfectly single operations which we are performing every day of our lives without giving any attention to them. But we do them better when we have an explicit knowledge of their meaning and have isolated them by analysis." Analytical work is in a volume. Synthesis is a matter of a moment.

For the rest while we agree that the word *mystic*, like all good words, is grossly abused by journalists and other popular writers, and while we agree too that the description of the mystic experiences of Catholic saints could hardly be bettered, there is still room for a mysticism of another flavour, such as that of Plato and Plotinus, the Sufis, the Friends, Walt Whitman and Fiona Macleod. Father Poulain's excellent work still demands to be supplemented by *Leaves of Grass*, *Tintern Abbey*, *The Phædo*, and the *Story of My Heart*.

W. F. C.

OTHER-WORLD.

By Harold B. Shepherd, M.A. London (Fifield), 1910.

MUCH wisdom both of this world and the other is enclosed within the limits of these fifty-nine pages. Mr. Shepherd has the rare gift of stating scientific and metaphysical truths in simple, poetic English. His style alone is a delight. Much more so the deep spiritual insight which seeks to understand common things—"the tree, the spider, death, virtue, the night sky"—by reference to their hidden, "other-worldly" side. The title of this charming little brochure is apt to arouse suspicions of a 'spiritualistic' content. Nothing, however, could be further from the author's intention. *Other-World* is reasoned poesy, scientific idealism, the vision of a mind that recognises the mystic as the necessary co-partner of the scientist. The point of view is of course familiar to all students of the hidden, but few of our modern writers on these lines have the lucidity and grace of diction which render Mr. Shepherd's little volume deserving of a large circulation.

C. E. W.

ABOVE LIFE'S TURMOIL.

By James Allen. New York and London (Putnam), 1910.

A SERIES of pleasantly written papers on 'New Thought' lines, whose aim is to "point the reader towards those heights of self-knowledge and self-conquest which, rising above the turbulence of the world, lift their peaks where the Heavenly Silence reigns." Mr. Allen has a very large output to his credit, and we have no doubt that the excellent maxims enunciated in the present book will be appreciated by a considerable number of readers. For ourselves we rise always from the perusal of such masses of valuable injunction with the Apostle's plaint on our lips: "To will is present with me, but how to perform I find not."

C. E. W.

SURVIVAL AND REPRODUCTION.

By Hermann Reinheimer. London (Watkins), 1910.

A PERUSAL of this work leads one to realise more than ever the truth of what Weismann says about the 'science' of biology: "As if any living being could have the temerity even so much as to guess at the *actual* ultimate phenomena in evolution and heredity! . . . In biology we stumble much earlier upon the unknown than in physics." Mr. Reinheimer runs a tilt against some of the most cherished theories which have dominated our biological *savants* since Darwin coined the blessed phrase 'natural selection'—now entirely repudiated by many leading biologists—and in doing so he incidentally shows us how little is really known of the factors which are operative not merely in the evolution of species, but also in that continual adjustment between generative and anabolic processes on the one hand, and destructive and katabolic agencies on the other, whereby nature maintains an apparently automatic equilibrium. The author's main thesis is, that all these processes and agencies must be teleologically conceived, whereas our modern biologists have for the most part failed to recognise that there is anything more than a haphazard struggle of adjustment between organism and environment. In particular he would recognise a metabolic ratio as existing between the plant and animal kingdoms; a ratio which serves a wider cosmic purpose, remaining unrecognised so long as we confine our attention to one kingdom alone. This metabolic ratio may be transgressed by individuals or species, and in particular the cardinal sin is parasitism. Nature

provides an inevitable retribution for all such transgressions, and this is especially traceable in reproductive processes. The 'struggle' which is so generally recognised, is not so much a struggle with environment as with the 'dysteleological' conditions brought about by unnatural or abnormal metabolic ratios.

We would welcome this work as one which has for its aim a new and wider biological outlook, free from the materialistic obscurity which has so largely prevailed on account of the dogma of 'survival of the fittest,' without any adequate answer to the question 'who are the fittest.'

W. K.

MYSTICISM: ITS TRUE NATURE AND VALUE.

With a translation of the 'Mystical Theology' of Dionysius, and of the Letters to Caius and Dorotheus. By A. B. Sharpe, M.A. London (Sands), 1910.

THIS book bears the 'Imprimatur' and we therefore know from the outset what must be the nature of its conclusions. Nevertheless, and although Mr. Sharpe frankly states that he writes from the standpoint of a sympathetic outsider only and not of experience, there is much in it of interest for those who are following this quest on more liberal lines. Mr. Sharpe defines the theory of mysticism that obtains in the Roman Catholic Church as follows:

"The only direct, immediate or experimental knowledge of God that man can attain to must be supernaturally bestowed upon him. Naturally, man is enclosed within the iron walls of sense and sensible things, through which no sound or ray of light can penetrate; their solid metal vibrates, so to speak, and the warmth from within is felt in the air they enclose. But all is silence and darkness unless the solid barrier is removed by some power greater than man's. To supernatural mysticism it seems that such a power is from time to time exerted for man's benefit; the walls of his prison are parted, for a moment at least, and he sees something of what lies outside. And if any true vision of God has ever been obtained by those who have sought it through the exertion of their natural powers—whether negatively, as the Neoplatonist ascetics, or positively, as the nature mystics and symbolists—it has come directly, not from the exertion of those powers, but from His spontaneous bounty alone" (pp. 14, 15).

The method of quest of the former class of those whom Mr. Sharpe calls 'natural' mystics, is the stripping of themselves naked

in order to behold the "naked reality that exists behind the many coloured vestures of sense" (p. 8), while that of the latter is "to look for mystical knowledge not beyond, but in the material, intellectual and emotional life in which our lot is cast" (p. 9). To the latter method Dr. Inge's definition of mysticism may be applied, namely: "The attempt to realise the presence of the living God in the soul and in nature, or, more generally, the attempt to realise in thought and feeling the immanence of the temporal in the eternal, and of the eternal in the temporal." The former class has been characterised by Maeterlinck as the "tremendous journey towards the mysterious Isles of Fire, the Iceland of abstraction and of love," which is said to have been undertaken by Philo, Plotinus and Proclus (p. 10), though we doubt whether Maeterlinck's beautiful phrase conveys the correct impression made by a study of their writings. Abstraction or no abstraction, however, the object was the same—to realise the fulfilling presence of Deity. Philo, Plotinus and Proclus would not have dissented that the consummation was 'supernatural' as transcending human nature and human will, nor need we dispute the statement in this sense, but when Mr. Sharpe lays it down that "at most, natural mysticism is a true vision of creation; what supernatural mysticism claims to be is a vision of the Creator" (p. 26), we may be permitted to doubt whether the absolute distinction thus drawn between natural and supernatural is compatible with the idea of a true fulfilment; it doubtless agrees with the formulæ of dogmatic theology, but to speak of the Vision of God as a supreme reality when it is made to exclude and not contain nature or creation seems to fall short of the true consummation for which the greater love for all that lives and breathes longs. To many a mystic the taint of an eternal dualism (Mr. Sharpe calls it "the subordinate dualism of Christianity" on p. 128) would seem to inhere in such a view. The possibility of uniting contraries for the birth of that which includes and transcends them, seems to be ruled out by Mr. Sharpe as when he writes: "If the soul were to act as a mere passive receptacle, and yet be conscious of what it received, it would be an unmeaning contradiction of itself, such as could not possibly exist or be conceived" (p. 81). The word 'mere' would not be used by the mystic in this connection, we should imagine; he is not an 'either—or' thinker, but rather a 'both—and' being; nor would he find insuperable difficulty in the analogy that Mr. Sharpe brings forward to clinch his point, when he writes it would be "like saying that one sees a sound or

hears an odour," for such experience belongs to a class of phenomena well known to students of psychical states.

As to the general attitude of the Roman Catholic Church to mysticism, we are told: "Mystical knowledge has always been fully recognised by her as possible, and as existing—whether in the Hebrew prophets, the Apostles of Christ, or the contemplatives of successive ages since their day. Even for mystics, as such, without her pale she has had no condemnation; she has condemned their misbelief, but has kept silence on their mysticism" (p. 42). This of course is a quibble. But let it pass; what is transparent is that a purely dogmatic test is applied. The already fully determined Christian "*depositum* of revelation" is taken as the absolute standard of truth; this deposit was mediated by mystical experience, otherwise it would not be revelation, and yet we are told that it can in no way be amplified or modified by mystical experience. "Mysticism, in the Catholic view, cannot but be discredited whenever it enters into competition with the *magisterium* of the Church" (p. 162). There is thus no possibility of growth, no possibility whatever of entering into free fellowship with the mystics of other traditions. A just estimate of general mystic experience, we hold, cannot be reached in this way; the solidarity of the human race pleads for a less prejudiced tribunal. Nevertheless, there is much in these pages to interest those who take a wider view. Among other things may be mentioned the able summary of the view of the Beatific Vision set forth by Thomas Aquinas: "The Vision of God by the blessed in Heaven is not mere vision, but union; they see God as He is in Himself, not from a distance as sensible objects are seen, nor by a discursive intellectual process as intelligible ideas are perceived, but, so to speak, from within. They are not, it is needless to say, pantheistically merged in God, but united to Him by His supernatural action, so that the consciousness in the soul of the divine presence is akin to, and in some sense bound up with, its consciousness of itself. Therefore as our self-consciousness is intellectual and yet immediate, so also the beatific Vision of God is immediate and intellectual" (p. 98).

There is much else of interest within the limits Mr. Sharpe has imposed upon himself, but once more we have to regret that a book on Mysticism should have entirely ignored the existence of the great mystics of the East.

THE FOLLOWING OF CHRIST.

By John Tauler. Done into English by J. B. Morell. London (Fisher Unwin), 1910.

OF the first impression of this book in 1886 Matthew Arnold wrote in the *Nineteenth Century* : " Mr. Morell's translation is on the whole a sound and good one, with the signal merit of reproducing the plain and earnest tone characteristic of the original." All lovers of the Mystics will be grateful to Mr. Fisher Unwin for so neat and serviceable a reproduction of this well-known translation. Works in Middle High German are not accessible to the general reader, and Mr. Morell's version of the celebrated *Following* is too valuable to be allowed to go out of print.

On the book itself there is no call for the reviewer to descant ; it is one of the treasures of that mystical revival in Germany, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, which issued from the Dominican Order, and paved the way for many celebrated systems of German philosophy five centuries later. As a treatise on the true inwardness of the doctrine of Holy Poverty, its merits are universally admitted. Should there, however, be any readers of *THE QUEST* to whom it is unfamiliar, they are advised to possess themselves without delay of Mr. Unwin's cheap and beautiful edition.

C. E. W.

THE RELIGION OF THE CHINESE.

By J. J. M. Degroot, Ph.D. New York (Macmillan), 1910.

THE contents of this instructive volume were delivered in the form of lectures by Prof. Degroot of Leyden, at Hartford Theological Seminary, U.S.A., to students preparing for " the foreign missionary field " ; they may, however, be studied with profit by all who desire to get some better understanding of the soul of China and so to widen their sympathy with and knowledge of human nature, quite apart from any ulterior object of interference with the religious convictions of their fellow-men. The ingrained conservatism of the Chinese character has preserved the native element of its hoary ancestral faith with remarkable fidelity. " Buddhism eradicated nothing ; the religion of the Crescent is only at the beginning of its work ; that of the Cross has hardly passed the threshold of China." But have *we* nothing to learn from China ? Is not that part of our ' work ' ?

The religious memory of China seems to go back in an unbroken line to a very primitive animistic dualism, impersonal yet polydæmonistic, symbolised or conceived as Heaven and Earth, ensouled in every part. May not the root-conception of Old-Iranian religion as well be traced to the same source? We need not seek to derive 'China' from 'Iran,' or *vice versa*, but both may have originally shared in a common primitive cultus. However this may be, Prof. Degroot tells us that in China:

"The oldest and holiest books of the empire teach that the universe consists of two souls or breaths, called *Yang* and *Yin*, the *Yang* representing light, warmth, productivity, and life, also the heavens from which all these good things emanate; and the *Yin* being associated with darkness, cold, death and the earth. The *Yang* is sub-divided into an indefinite number of good souls or spirits called *shen*, and the *Yin* into particles or evil spirits, called *kwei*, spectres; it is these *shen* and *kwei* which animate every being and every thing. It is they also that constitute the soul of man. His *shen*, also called *hwn*, immaterial, ethereal, like heaven itself from which it emanates, constitutes his intellect and the finer parts of his character, his virtues, while his *kwei*, or *poh*, is thought to represent his less refined qualities, his passions, vices, they being borrowed from material earth. Birth consists in an infusion of these souls; death in their departure, the *shen* returning to the *Yang* or heaven, the *kwei* to the *Yin* or earth" (pp. 3, 4).

The Chinese religion that has kept in closest contact with this ancient order of things is that of the *Tao*, an almost untranslatable term, which Prof. Degroot renders as "the universal order." There is a profoundly mystical side to philosophical Taoism; its central concept is what the Hindus would call *Ātman* and some Western schools Spirit. Prof. Degroot, however, has a very objective mind, and can see little in it all apparently but a subtle form of materialism, for he tells us in contradiction to his above-quoted exposition:

"The atmosphere indeed is nothing else than the great Atmosphere of the universe, its very *Shen*. Inhalations, deep and long; exhalations, slow and short, periodically and in proper cadence, according to prescribed rules of the sages, could not but highly promote assimilation with the *Tao*, and produce deathlessness. This discipline was connected with movement of the limbs, it having been correctly discovered that such motion exercises an influence upon respiration. Hence there was developed a system of indoor

gymnastics, preached and practised to this day as highly beneficial in promoting health and longevity. Slow dances, or rather marches, and combinations of paces forming figures, completed the system. 'The perfect man,' wrote Chwang-tszë, 'is he who respires even to his heels,' so that his body to its farthest extremities is imbued with the vital ether of the universe" (pp. 147, 148).

What is here described, we venture to think, basing ourselves on other traditions and practices of a similar nature, is an ancillary physical practice only, so that a *corpus sanum* may be prepared as a perfected vehicle for the *mens sana*. In this case, we would think, the lookers-on do not see most of the game. With these two quotations we must conclude this brief notice without touching on the equally instructive lectures on Ancestral Worship, Confucianism and Buddhism. Missionaries, however, will find that they will have to learn a great deal more before they can grapple with the soul of China.

THE ALCHEMY OF HAPPINESS.

By Al Ghazzali. Translated from the Hindustani by Claud Field.
London (Murray), 1910.

YET another volume in that useful series 'The Wisdom of the East.' Al Ghazzali, whom Renan called "the most original mind among Arabian philosophers," belongs to the twelfth century and falls between Avicenna and Averroes. He was a mystic, but his mysticism is kept in balance by his strong grip on the requirements of practical life. His chief work is the *Ihya ul-ulum* (*Revival of the Religious Sciences*), written in Arabic; of this the philosopher himself wrote an abridgment in Persian for popular use under the title *Kimiy'e Saadat* (*The Alchemy of Happiness*). Translated from the Persian into Hindustani, it is now rendered into excellent English by Mr. Field. Its eight chapters bear the headings: The Knowledge of Self; The Knowledge of God; The Knowledge of this World; The Knowledge of the Next World; Concerning Music and Dancing as Aids to the Religious Life; Concerning Self-examination and the Recollection of God; Marriage as a Help or Hindrance to the Religious Life; and The Love of God. It will thus be seen that it is a book for the present as well as the past.

Among points of special interest to Western readers may be mentioned two apocryphal sayings ascribed to Jesus: "Jesus (upon whom be peace!) saw the world revealed in the form of an ugly old hag. He asked her how many husbands she had possessed ;

she replied that they were countless. He asked whether they had died or been divorced; she said she had slain them all. 'I marvel,' he said, 'at the fools who see what you have done to others, and still desire you.' " "Jesus (on whom be peace!) said, 'The lover of the world is like a man drinking sea-water; the more he drinks, the more thirsty he gets, till at last he perishes with thirst unquenched.' "

If there are apocryphal sayings ascribed to Jesus equally are there apocryphal verses given to David, as for instance when we read: "In the Psalms it is written: 'Who is a greater transgressor than he who worships Me from fear of hell or hope of heaven? If I had created neither, should I not then have deserved to be worshipped?'"

Regarding the erotic poetry recited at Sufi gatherings, to which so much objection is taken by their critics, Al Ghazzali writes: "We must remember that when in such poetry mention is made of separation from or union with the beloved, the Sufi, who is an adept in the love of God, applies such expressions to separation from or union with Him. Similarly, 'dark locks' are taken to signify the darkness of unbelief; 'the brightness of the face,' the light of faith, and drunkenness the Sufi's ecstasy."

Speaking of the Vision of God our Sufi philosopher believes that: "This Vision will not be shared alike by all who know, but their discernment of it will vary exactly as their knowledge. God is one, but He will be seen in many different ways, just as one object is reflected in different ways by different mirrors, some showing it straight, and some distorted, some clearly and some dimly." Finally, we may note that Al Ghazzali quotes with approval the striking saying of Bayazid: "Were God to offer thee the intimacy with Himself of Abraham, the power in prayer of Moses, the spirituality of Jesus, yet keep thy face directed to Him only, for He has treasures surpassing even these."

There is much in this little book that deserves the serious consideration of those lovers of the Way of Union who are not the slaves of dogmatic prejudice, but ready to learn from all who have walked in its paths with a single heart.

A MESSAGE FROM THE GODS.

A Mystery Play. By Melchior Macbride. London (Hunter & Longhurst), 1910.

THE scene of the drama is laid "in the seaport capital of the land of Aztlan in the year 50,000 B.C." As in Mr. 'Melchior Mac-

bride's' previous play, *The Story of Glastonbury and the Grail*, so here we find some fine passages in blank-verse form and in occasional hymns. The play depicts how the primitive mystery-rite of the sacrifice of the Sun-God, represented by an annually elected human victim, was brought to an end by the revelation of a higher order of spiritual knowledge. It is impossible to control the archæology of 50,000 B.C., but it would have been better, we think, to have been less precise as to date. One naturally expects surroundings of a very primitive cast at such a remote period, and also looks for less developed turns of expression and thought than we find in Mr. 'Macbride's' clothing of his mystical conceptions.

THE PICTORIAL KEY TO THE TAROT.

Being Fragments of a Secret Tradition under the Veil of Divination. By Arthur Edward Waite. With seventy-eight plates, illustrating the Greater and Lesser Arcana, from Designs by Pamela Coleman Smith. London (Rider), 1911.

THERE is no limit to Mr. Waite's literary activity or, one may add, to his enthusiasm for slumming in the queer streets of the so-called 'occult' arts. Himself a mystic and wide-read scholar of the curious, his values are very different from those of the, for the most part, charlatanesque crowd whose lucubrations he has to wade through. What he thinks of the Tarot, its history and its purpose, and its degeneration into a pack of fortune-telling cards, may be learned by the curious reader from the present volume; he will at the same time learn no little of a mystical symbolism which Mr. Waite has reconstructed out of his long experience in such matters. Not only so, but we are furnished with an entirely new set of Tarot designs which form by no means the least interesting feature of the book, for Miss Pamela Coleman Smith's drawings are distinctly good and bear the signs of a natural genius for this kind of illustration.

THE PATH OF THE ETERNAL WISDOM.

A Mystical Commentary on the Way of the Cross. By John Cordelier. London (Watkins), 1911.

WRITTEN by a mystic evidently, and by one well versed in the best traditions of later Christian mysticism, and well written too with not infrequently passages and phrases of great beauty. The

little volume is also excellently printed and we welcome it. The mysticism of 'John Cordelier' is not of the negative kind. "The mystic life we seek is a life of active love and not of static knowledge: 'Love cannot be lazy,' the mystics say. To be, to live, to move eagerly deathwards, to plod up the stony, slippery, and exhausting slopes of that austere mountain whose aspect has filled us with dreamy delight — this is to share the God-driven life of the Universe, and this is the choice of all who seek the Eternal Christ" (pp. 40, 41). Therefore he quotes with approval the words of the Eternal Wisdom to Suso: "My humanity is the path which all must tread who would fain find that which thou seekest: My sufferings are the door by which all must come in. Cast away, then, all cowardice out of thine heart, and with knightly valour ride with Me in the lists: for it becomes not the squire to hesitate, where his lord goes forward with gallantry and courage. I would arm thee in mine armour, since it is meet that thou shouldst suffer all that I have suffered in so far as thy nature is able to endure" (p. 17).

SPIRIT AND MATTER BEFORE THE BAR OF MODERN SCIENCE.

By Isaac W. Heysinger, M.A., M.D. London (Werner Laurie), 1910.

THE purpose of this book is to combat the materialism of the present day in religion as well as in science. No doubt many will find it of value if only for the very numerous and ample quotations on the subject from well-known authors which it contains; at the same time it must be admitted that the treatment is disjointed, the style often colloquial and the English bad. The last 150 pages are devoted to 'Spiritualistic' phenomena; in fact it is clear all through that this is the author's standpoint, and as usual it leads to a very material view of things spiritual. No doubt, although, as Dr. Heysinger points out, "Spiritualism and Religion are not identical," a great part of the 'miracles' in all religions would now be classed under Spiritualism (with which he groups genius, inspiration, mediumship and clairvoyance). But it is, however, not so clear that the Christ can be thus explained; while that the question of the Immaculate Conception is in any way furthered by a page and a half on 'Monstrosities' (with measurements!) is still less clear. I doubt, too, whether everyone will agree that "somnambulism is the fundamental form of all mysticism" and that it

is the explanation of Paul being "out of the body" as well as of all revelations in both Old and New Testament. I have tried to make use of the index three times and each time it has failed me.

L. W.

MATTER AND MEMORY.

By Henri Bergson, Member of the Institute, Professor at the Collège de France. Authorised Translation by Nancy Margaret Paul and W. Scott Palmer. London (Swan Sonnenschein), 1911.

THIS excellent translation of Bergson's *Matière et Mémoire* (from the 5th ed., 1908) has been made under the immediate supervision of the author, who has prefaced it with an instructive Introduction. With the help of this preliminary summary of intention and of the very careful summary of the whole argument which brings the essay to a conclusion, the reader is enabled to follow the philosopher with greater ease than is usual in works of this nature. Bergson is an empiricist who seeks to steer a middle course between the extremes of idealism and realism. Thus he tells us: "Matter, in our view, is an aggregate of 'images.' And by 'image' we mean a certain existence which is more than that which the idealist calls a *representation*, but less than that which the realist calls a *thing*,—an existence placed half-way between the 'thing' and the 'representation.' This conception of matter is simply that of common sense." In this essay Bergson affirms the reality of spirit and the reality of matter; herein he is frankly dualistic, though his chief aim is to lessen the theoretical difficulties which beset dualism. In Bergson's view Memory is a principle entirely independent of matter; it is neither a manifestation nor an emanation of matter; nor is it destroyed by brain lesions. Memory is in itself spirit. There are various 'planes' of memory and two general forms of it. True representative memory records every moment of duration, each unique, and not to be repeated; for the normal consciousness calls up only those images which can usefully combine with the present situation. The category 'useful' is a great favourite with Bergson, but, as far as we are aware, he nowhere defines it exactly.

It is late in the day to add to the chorus of praise of this distinguished and suggestive thinker's equipment and acumen; that chorus has been for long singing at *fortissimo* and with few

discords. All that need be said, in bringing this convenient translation to the notice of our readers, is that though it can hardly be claimed that Bergson has completely solved the extraordinarily complex and difficult problem of memory, and least of all the mystery of matter, it may be admitted ungrudgingly that he has clarified the obscurities of the former problem to a considerable extent, and has above all rendered great service by the masterly way in which he points out the insuperable difficulties of the materialistic position.

THE CHRIST-MYTH.

By Andrew Drews, Ph.D., Professor of Philosophy in the Techn. Hochschule, Karlsruhe. Translated from the Third Edition (revised and enlarged) by C. Delisle Burns, M.A. London (Unwin), 1910.

THERE has been great trouble about this book in Germany, as the interesting communication of Dr. Robert Eisler which heads the 'Notes' in the present number, will inform the reader if he is not already aware of the fact. It is somewhat difficult to understand why there has been all this outcry, unless it be that the general public in Germany is better informed as to the negative results of historical criticism into the Gospel-narratives than it is in this country, and therefore the tempting opportunity afforded by the popular publication of such an extravagant and intransigent view as that Jesus never existed, has been eagerly grasped, by 'Liberalists' and 'Positivists' alike, to give some measure of reassurance to that prosaic and direct individual the 'man in the street'? We are, however, informed on very good authority that this diagnosis of the case is erroneous. The general reading public in Germany is said to be entirely uninformed on the subject of Gospel-criticism, which is strictly confined to the shut-off circles of the world of scholarship. Drews' book, which has been selling like wild-fire throughout the country, is for 99 out of 100 readers practically their first introduction to the subject! There has been no tempering of the icy blast for the shorn lambs! This seems almost incredible; yet it is notorious that the prophets are without honour in their own country.

Drews has of course come forward with nothing new; but one would have thought that by this time a professor of philosophy at any rate would have been on his guard against a fundamental fallacy in method.

The 'universal negative' is notoriously unprovable; to establish even the respectable probability of the non-occurrence of what have hitherto been regarded as important historical events, requires the exercise of a very great gift of the critical faculty and an exceedingly intimate acquaintance with documents and evidence of a highly complex nature. When, however, the *datum* is of such transcendent importance and vital interest as the one called into question by Dr. Drews and his predecessors, we demand evidence of knowledge and acumen, and above all of tact, a thousandfold greater than we expect in lesser things, before we consent to accord the revolutionary proposition the status of even respectable probability. The task of the defenders of the traditional view, in its modern modified forms, as against Dr. Drews' anarchism, has not been a difficult one; for his equipment is slight, by no means as good as his predecessor in this country, Mr. J. M. Robertson, and far inferior to the American scholar W. B. Smith in his *Der vorchristliche Jesus* (1906). Indeed Drews has made a number of very glaring 'howlers,' as the profane school-boy calls them, and these have of course been instantly pounced upon. But even when we exercise the greatest tolerance and refuse to be prejudiced by a mass of error of this nature, we look in vain for signs of sound method and a just historical sense. For ourselves, convinced as we are of the hopelessness of trying to pronounce a really just historical verdict on the extant evidence, we console ourselves with the reflection that Divine Providence can never have purposed that we should do so; and that therefore the historical element can never have been intended to be and never can really be the element of most truly vital interest. As far as we can see, even should it, for the sake of argument, be in truth and reality a fact that Jesus never existed, it is quite beyond the power of any resources at present known to science to prove that this was the fact. And if it should ever be that human science should even compass the means of demonstrably recovering the earth-memory of bygone events, and should thus be able to reconstruct the actual past, we should not be dismayed at the outcome whatever it might be; for we are assured that *pari passu* with such a well-nigh at present incredible development, sure and definite contact would at the same time be established with that spiritual soul of history which would throw such brilliant light on the origins of Christianity, as on those of other great religions, and of their development, that we should speedily alter all our existing historical values and be only too glad to raise our eyes from the confused

spectacle of the outer drama to the contemplation of the inner reality.

It only remains to be said with regard to the book under notice that Mr. Delisle Burns has done his work well, except that he has left some of the proper names in their German form instead of giving them in their classical original or in their English dress.

ESSAYS ON NATIONAL IDEALISM.

By Ananda Coomaraswamy, D.Sc. London (Probsthain), 1910.

THE "national idealism" treated of in these essays is Indian. Dr. Coomaraswamy is known as a writer on Hindu art, and as such we are very willing to listen to much he has to say in explanation of the nature and ideals of the art of his race and of the standpoint of Hindu æsthetics; but in this collection of essays there is, we fear, not a little that can be used more for the spread of seditious views than for the fostering of the national art and culture of Hindostan. The most favourable light in which to view Dr. Coomaraswamy's standpoint may be obtained from the following paragraph: "These are the days of nation building. Yet how many 'nationalists' are in truth 'denationalists' in their lives and aspirations! They want to be 'free,' to compete with Europe on her own lines, to be 'progressive,' 'advanced,' to gain political power and material success. It is not with these that the future of India lies. It lies in the lives of those who are truly Indian at heart, whose love for India is the love of a lover for his mistress, who believe that India still is (and not only may be, when duly 'educated') the light of the World, who to-day judge all things by Indian standards, and in whom is manifest the work of the shapers of India from the beginning until now. Without these, there can be no Indian future worth the name. How may they be known? Like answers unto like; but, if an empirical test be asked for, I believe that the love of Indian music and the comprehension of Indian art are tests unfailing" (p. 196).

We deprecate the inculcation of such unhistorical beliefs as that India ever has been "the light of the World." We gladly acknowledge India's greatness in the past, but India is no more the light of the World than is Jesus the light of the East. This kind of talk can do no real good. By all means let us improve our art and culture in every way possible, and make it rival our science or even surpass it, but let there be no going back.

NOTES.

RECENT LITERATURE ON THE SO-CALLED 'CHRIST-MYTH.'

IN last year's April number (i. 592f.), THE QUEST had already noticed a report in *The Sunday Times* (February 6) describing the sensation that had then just been produced throughout Germany by the book and still more by the public lectures of Dr. Arthur Drews, Professor of Philosophy in the Technical Academy at Karlsruhe. Meanwhile the passionate fight between the 'Liberal' theologians of the German Protestant Church and a few energetic outsiders who are in combat against what they call the hero-worship and idolatry of a falsely presumed historical Rabbi, Jeshua of Nazareth, has called forth a long series of books, pamphlets and lectures, criticisms, replies, and 'metacriticisms.' A short account of the whole movement, with the necessary bibliographical indications for those who desire to judge for themselves concerning this recent controversy, may therefore be of interest to the English reader.

Between January and May, 1910, no less than four editions of Drews' book, *The Christ-Myth*, were issued at Jena by E. Diederichs, the generous and enterprising publisher who has for years with great energy and disinterestedness been endeavouring to arouse a deeper interest in vital religious questions among his fellow country-men. (His important series of the almost forgotten writings of mediæval German mystics will, we hope, form the subject of a subsequent special note.) Prof. Drews has, moreover, been careful to strengthen his position by procuring German translations of Mr. J. M. Robertson's two works, *Christianity and Mythology*, and *Pagan Christs* (also at Diederichs'). The same firm is also preparing, as I understand, a German edition of a new work, *Ecce Deus*, by the American mathematician, W. B. Smith, whose study, *The Pre-Christian Jesus*, has already been made accessible to the German student. To the latter Prof. P. W. Schmiedel, of Zürich, well known to English readers through his valuable article on the Gospels in Cheyne's *Encyclopædia Biblica*, has written an interesting preface, advocating a careful consideration of Smith's radical criticisms, although he himself does not believe in the American author's negative results.

As a complement to all these denials of a historical founder of Christianity, Samuel Lublinski,¹ of Weimar—author of several books on modern literature and society-problems, of philosophical essays and of three historical tragedies—gives us two volumes, *The Origins of Christianity* and *The Growing Dogma of the Life of Jesus* (also at Diederichs', 1910), in which he endeavours to show how the Christian religion could have evolved without the aid of a particular Rabbi Jeshu, from a late Jewish or rather Sectarian mysticism through the influence of Hellenistic and Oriental speculations, thus taking up deliberately, and on the basis of our greatly increased modern historical insight, the well-known theory of the once famous Bruno Bauer.

Finally, a Polish author, Andrzej Niemojewski, has created a great stir by the publication of his recent book *The God Jesus* (*Bog Jesus*; German edition published by Messrs. A. & R. Huber, Munich, 1910). Niemojewski is a law-student, belletrist, traveller and free-thinking editor of aristocratic descent, who had previously translated Ernest Renan's *Life of Jesus* and the *Jewish War* of Jōsephus into his native language. He now seems likely to run the risk of the martyrdom of exile to Siberia at the hands of the Russian government for 'blasphemy,' his trial having been fanatically urged by the orthodox clergy, who have appealed to the governor of Warsaw in the following style: "General, defend our sacred religion against this monster, annihilate this criminal and confiscate his works," etc., etc. This 'terrible' book follows other lines than those of the above-mentioned works; it endeavours to revive the 'astromythical' ideas of Dupuis and Volney, who at the end of the eighteenth century essayed to reduce the whole mythology of mankind to a kaleidoscopic mirage of the constellated heavens—antiquated yet fascinating ideas, which, for long completely forgotten, have now received a new lease of life owing to certain recent discoveries in Babylonian mythology and star-lore, or rather through a still disputed astrological system of exegesis for Old Oriental traditions, that has been chiefly propagated by the works of Prof. Hugo Winckler of Berlin (also in his contributions to Cheyne's *Encyclopædia*), and which is at present being submitted to a very sceptical and searching criticism by the famous connoisseur of Babylonian astronomy, the German Jesuit Father F. X. Kugler. Let us hope, however, that a scholar of Winckler's rank and authority will not be held responsible for Niemojewski's theories, for no one has more energetically than

¹ Quite recently deceased.

Hugo Winckler himself preached the undeniable yet often forgotten truism, that the mythological character of an Oriental story does not prevent it from containing a sound historical kernel.

Again, from another side, the historical value of the Gospel-narratives as a whole has been attacked by the Marburg Professor of Semitic Languages, Peter Jensen, the deservedly famous investigator of Babylonian cosmology and editor of the Old Babylonian epic-literature. Jensen has now condensed the main results of his great work of 1,000 pages on the different derivations of the Babylonian Gilgameš-epic in the world-literature (Strassburg, 1906), in a small popular pamphlet, *Moses, Jesus, Paulus : Three Variants of the Babylonian Man-God Gilgameš* (Neuer Frankfurter Verlag, 1910), which endeavours to show that a whole series of Old and New Testament 'motives' are simply transformations of 'correspondent' or 'similar' features in an Old Babylonian myth of the hero who journeyed round the sky or world to win immortality, and who returned deluded by the divine irony—as indeed, I am afraid, Jensen himself will return after some time from his unfortunate mythological pilgrimage through or rather round Homer as well as the Bible. This does not preclude the possibility that some of his minor results may prove sound. Such at least is the view of the best German authority on the history of Babylonian religion, Prof. Heinrich Zimmern, of Leipzig, whose personal friendship for the author of this theory is more likely to keep his eyes open to Jensen's congenial sincerity and good intentions, than to make him blind to the latter's lack of method and sobriety. The same Frankfurt firm which published Jensen's pamphlet, has also brought out an additional brochure by Drews, which extends the mythological theory to the Life or according to the author the *Legend of Peter*.

Even before these theses had been printed, the Society of German 'Monists' had organised a mass-meeting of nearly 10,000 listeners in the hall of the Berlin Zoological Gardens, to follow a lively public discussion between Drews and his 'Liberal' opponents—the latter headed by Prof. v. Soden of Berlin. This extraordinary '*Religionsgespräch*,' published by order of the 'Monists' Society, was so eagerly commented on by the German press of all parties, that the 'Positive' believers thought it necessary to assemble a still more imposing protest-meeting of some 20,000 people in the Berliner Dom and the Circus Busch, which was attended by the Minister for Public Instruction, von Trott zu Solz, and by two other dignitaries of the Board of Education,

Besides this the two renowned theologians Geheimrat Joh. Weiss and Prof. Hermann Gunkel organised a series of lectures against the Drews-theory during the University vacations; these were also subsequently published in book form. Among the numerous other pamphlets against Drews which have been brought out by Bethe, Bornemann, Delbrück, Jülicher, v. Soden, Weinelt, etc., most of which would be found rather commonplace by English readers, special attention has been paid to an unhappily somewhat haughty article by Prof. Adolph Harnack in the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna. Harnack's arguments, consisting chiefly of six questions which he thinks absolutely unanswerable on the hypothesis that Jesus had never lived, are for the most part dependent on an article by Prof. P. W. Schmiedel, on what the latter calls "the nine pillars of a truly scientific Life of Jesus" (*Protest. Monatshefte*, 1906, pp. 257ff.), the main contents of which the English reader will find in the same author's article 'Gospels' in Cheyne's *Encyclopædia Biblica*, cc. 1881ff. The refutation of these nine arguments has been undertaken—I think not without success—by Friedr. Steudel, *Im Kampf um die Christusmythe* (Diederichs, 1910), pp. 88ff.

The present writer will certainly not be expected to pronounce a scientific judgment on the extensive literature in the limited space of a note. It may, however, be of some slight interest to the above-mentioned authors as well as to the readers of *THE QUEST*, to state that he is too much of a sceptic to ignore the obvious philosophical truism that the 'reality' or 'historicity' of a given *datum* can *never* be conclusively *proved* by any means whatever,—not even by Prof. P. W. Schmiedel's nine proofs for the historicity of the Life of Jesus. On the other hand, he has no intention of refraining for ever in agnostic resignation from all patient and sober historical research. He therefore feels constrained openly to admit that the psychological attitude of '*believing*' in what our sources—or even, in some cases, what our senses—say about the object in question, is just as indispensable for the historian of any past or present human movement, as the corresponding caution against possible illusions, be they our own or other people's. He is far from believing everything that people say—least of all when he has to do with evangelists or other 'inspired' witnesses. Nevertheless he strives to understand many 'incredible' things, which may still happen to be true. And above all he is a fervent believer in one class of mysteries—namely, those that are met with in the inscrutable depths of a few great individualities, the

touch of whose really immortal souls is felt with never-failing certainty by such men as are still able to assume an attitude of true reverence towards the most incomprehensibly genial impersonations of the human order. Indeed your correspondent does not see the slightest shadow of impiety or idolatry in Ludwig Feuerbach's enthusiastic *credo*: '*Homo homini deus*' ('Man is God for man'). On the other hand, he must openly admit that Christianity as a religion can be more safely based—with the Catholic Church, with the conservative Protestants and their recent unexpected and unwelcome allies of the Drews-party—on what may be called the 'myth' or if you prefer the 'dogma of the Christ,' than on any historic knowledge concerning the life of Rabbi Jeshu ha-Notzri. It is not a mere chance that, side by side with Harnack, Weiss and Jülicher and a born Jew like Chwolsohn, a Danish Rabbi, Dr. Klein, protested against the assertions of the Drews-party. Indeed where is the essential dogmatic difference between an enlightened Jew—as let us say Mr. C. G. Montefiore¹—who with all his admiration for Jesus does *not* believe that the greatest prophet of the late Palestinian Israel was the 'anointed of Jahvé' whom the Jews expected and still in part expect—and between the left wing of 'Liberal' Protestants, let us say, Herr Maurenbrecher of Nürnberg? I have heard a famous Catholic professor publicly call the 'Liberal theologians' of Harnack's school a 'Judaizing sect.' I wonder if this characteristic will ever cease to be a charge against 'Liberal' Protestants in this country, where racial antagonisms so hatefully prevent the rise and growth of any unitarian movement between Jewish and Christian theists.

München.

R. E.

AN IMPORTANT (?) EARLY JEWISH SECTARIAN DOCUMENT.

QUITE recently Professor Salomon Schechter, President of the Jewish Theological Seminary in New York, the well-known authority on ancient Rabbinic literature, published the text and translation, with introduction and notes, of an interesting fragment in the Taylor-Schechter collection of MSS. from the Cairo Genizah.² At the end of his learned introduction Dr. Schechter tentatively puts forward the following conclusion:

"We may, then, formulate our hypothesis that our text is

¹ See THE QUEST, i. 777ff.

² *Documents of Jewish Sectaries: Fragments of a Zadokite Work*. Cambridge, 1910.

constituted of fragments forming extracts from a Zadokite book known to us chiefly through Kirkisani [an Arabian writer of the seventh century]. The Sect which it represented did not however pass for any length of time under the name of Zadokites, but was soon in some way amalgamated with and perhaps also absorbed by the Dosithean Sect, and made more proselytes among the Samaritans than among the Jews, with which former sect it had many points of similarity" (pp. xxv.f.).

The Samaritan Dositheus (Dosthai) is generally supposed to have flourished in the early part of the first century A.D. and to have been the predecessor of Simon Magus; other less probable accounts place him far earlier and he is even said to have been the founder of the Sadducæan (Zadokite) sect. In any case the Dositheans continued to flourish till the tenth century and are said to have divided the allegiance of the Samaritan communities. The Zadokite sect of which the fragment treats had their centre at Damascus. From a close inspection of the contents of the fragment there does not seem to be anything of very great importance in it from an historical standpoint, except for the patient reconstructors of the romance of long-forgotten religious strivings, off the beaten track of the high roads of traditional monotony; and so we turn from the obscurity of its semi-prophetical and turgid narrative, confusedly reminiscent of once lively hopes and fears of long ago, with renewed astonishment to a re-reading of Rev. G. Margoliouth's extraordinary article which heads *The Athenæum* of Nov. 26, with the title 'The Sadducean Christians of Damascus.' Herein the document is claimed as one of the most important historical discoveries of recent times. Its date is attributed to the second half of the first century A.D. The two Messianic figures referred to are identified with John the Baptist and Jesus respectively, and the third personage, characterised as "a man of scoffing" and as "Belial," is claimed as a reference to Paul. Mr. Margoliouth sums up his remarkable hypothesis as follows:

"The natural and inevitable conclusion of the whole matter, therefore, is that we have here to deal with a primitive Judæo-Christian body of people which consisted of priests and Levites belonging to the Boethusian [Boëthos (Gk.)=Saviour] section of the Sadducean party, fortified—as the document shows—by a considerable Israelitish lay element, besides a real or contemplated admixture of proselytes. They acknowledged, as we have seen, John the Baptist as a Messiah of the family of Aaron, and they

also believed in Jesus as a kind of second (or, perhaps, as pre-eminent) Messiah whose special function it was to be a 'Teacher of Righteousness.' Paul they abhorred; and they strove with all their might to combine the full observance of the Mosaic Law, as they understood it, with the principles of the 'new covenant,' again as they understood it. On the destruction of the Temple by Titus, finding that it would not serve any good purpose to linger in Judæa, they determined to migrate to Damascus, intending to establish their central organisation in that city, and to found communities of the sect in different parts of the neighbouring country. It was at this juncture that the manifesto, bearing as it does unmistakable marks of personal touch, was composed by a leader of the movement."

It goes without saying that if Mr. Margoliouth could succeed in his contention, this Zadokite document would instantly be transferred to the very foremost place of importance among the external evidences of the Origins of Christianity, and would thus be a 'find' of practically priceless value. It is therefore strange that this bold speculation has aroused comparatively so little interest. This of course would not weigh very heavily with us if we could be convinced that the case was a good one, but, unfortunately, with the whole document before us, we are unable to be persuaded by Mr. Margoliouth's exegesis; the key will not turn in the lock without irreparable damage to its internal economy. The only other attempt to throw precise historical light on the document with which we are acquainted, is that of Mr. E. N. Adler, in *The Athenæum* of Feb. 4, who puts forward a view more in conformity with that of Professor Schechter. He suggests that the document in far greater probability refers to John Hyrcanus, the first Maccabæan king (135-105 B.C.), and Alexander Jannæus (104-78 B.C.), both of whom were Sadducee 'Messiahs.' In *The Jewish World* of Feb. 8, however, Mr. Herbert Loewe goes to the other extreme, and on the score of language would place the date of the document at several centuries after the compilation of the Mishna (? second century A.D.) He entirely dissents from Prof. Schechter's estimate of the purity of the Hebrew; when the author is not quoting scripture or adapting quotations, Mr. Loewe says, "the linguistic level instantly falls, and falls to a low depth." On the linguistic problem we can offer no opinion; but as to the literary and historical interest, Mr. Loewe's thorough-going criticism of Mr. Margoliouth's ill-considered hypothesis must be held by all competent judges to have disposed of it.

It should, however, be added that Mr. Margoliouth still manfully sticks to his guns, as may be seen from his letter in *The Athenæum* of March 4.

AN INSTRUCTIVE PHASE OF INDIAN THEOLOGY.

THERE is an instructive note in the October number of the *Journal* of the Royal Asiatic Society, by Svāmi Govindāchārya, on the differences between the Northern (N.) and Southern (S.) schools of Viśiṣṭādvaita Vaiṣṇavism. Apart from its general interest to students of comparative religion and mysticism, it should be of special interest to theologians, as may be seen from the following selections from the eighteen points of difference.

Grace of God (Prasāda).

- N. "Grace is to be earned or bought; *i.e.* 'co-operative.'
- S. "Grace comes freely. God's grace is sovereignly free and, therefore, has no price; *i.e.* 'irresistible.'"

Grades of Bliss in God-attainment (Mokṣha).

- N. "There are no grades.
- S. "Some variation exists, but it is neither quantitative nor qualitative. The variation or difference arises in virtue of different duties assigned to different Muktas (*i.e.* freed, liberated, or salvated souls)."

Works (Karma) and Gnosis (Jñāna).

- N. "These do not constitute direct means to attain God; but are ancillary to Bhakti (Love of God). Bhakti, therefore, constitutes the direct means to Mokṣha (God-attainment).
- S. "Any of these so-called distinct means may lead to Mokṣha; for in each case the mental attitude of the person is the chief determinant. It is the conversion of the heart that is chiefly aimed at."

Resignation to God (Prapatti).

- N. "Resignation is also a soul-initiated act, like Love to God (Bhakti), leading to Mokṣha. Resignation thus is one among the several ways leading to God.
- S. "Resignation is not one among the ways, but *the* Way or *the* Means the adoption of which specifically characterises those high souls who have sought that way, to the exclusion of others. This attitude of entire capitulation or surrender to God *differentiates* such

souls from others, so that they are not to be classed with others, i.e. others whose hearts are still attached to the other ways, and have, therefore, not arrived at the ripe condition of implicit attachment to the way of Resignation. This Way is God Himself, whereas the other ways are Ways of God."

Who should resort to Resignation?

- N. "Only those who are incapable of walking in the other paths resort to this path of Resignation. It is sheer helplessness that drives the soul to seek shelter in Resignation.
- S. "The way of Resignation is for all, be they capable or incapable. Resignation is the *sine qua non* of every penitent soul. Without this chief feature other qualifications are futile. With it other qualifications, because they qualify, derogate from the greatness of Resignation. Resignation *per se* is all powerful. Qualifying it is to weaken it and detract from its dignity."

It should be noted that Svāmi Govindāchārya himself is a follower of the Southern school. The problems are the same, we see, in East and West. While the West has hotly disputed the burning question whether 'grace' is an *opus* or *donum*, whether it is the reward of striving or a miraculous gift, the bestowal of which can never be assisted by even the most strenuous striving, the East, in India, has equally been divided into two camps—manned by the followers of what are popularly known as the 'monkey' and the 'cat' theories. The young of the monkey itself clings to the mother and is so carried out of danger, the young of the cat is caught up by the scruff of the neck, but itself does nothing. Equally so we see that the unending strife over 'faith' or 'works' is merrily in progress in India as well. We do not doubt that the Northern school of 'qualified non-dual' Vaiṣṇavism could have made a better fight of it, if it had been asked to contribute. In spite of such sharp internal differences, however, this phase of Viṣṇu theology in the East, like Christianity in the West, is agreed upon certain fundamental beliefs with regard to the nature of God and the human soul. What then is to be noted further, is that, as its distinctive title (Vishishtādvaita—'qualified non-dual') shows, its fundamental agreed beliefs constitute a mode, but not the only mode even within Vaiṣṇavism of regarding these high matters.

THE QUEST.

QUAERITUR:

CAN ANY GREAT RELIGION ADMIT THE SPIRITUAL EQUALITY WITH ITSELF OF THE OTHER GREAT RELIGIONS?

THIS question formed the subject of enquiry at a general meeting of the Quest Society, held at Kensington Town Hall, at 8.30 p.m., on March 28, in the small hall, before an audience of some 260 members and guests of the Society. The speakers were :

Chairman : Mr. C. C. Macrae, M.A.

The President, Mr. G. R. S. Mead, B.A. (Independent).

Mr. Krishna Govinda Gupta, C.S.I., Member of Council of India (Hinduism).

Prof. S. Uchigasaki, Japan, in place of Prof. Yoshio Noda, Ph.D., of the Normal College, Nara, who was unfortunately prevented from being present (Buddhism).

Mr. Claude G. Montefiore, M.A. (Judaism).

Rev. W. F. Cobb, D.D. (Christianity).

The Rt. Hon. Syed Ameer Ali, M.A., LL.D., C.I.E., P.C. (Mohammedanism).

The proceedings were as follows :

THE CHAIRMAN : Ladies and gentlemen, we have a great deal before us this evening, so with your permission I shall open the proceedings at once.

Now I do not propose to say a word to open up the discussion of the evening, because you will have the advantage of hearing

the most distinguished men representing the different religions which will find voice and exposition, and I will not waste one minute of the precious time that is allotted to them, by interposing myself between them and you.

The subject of discussion is as you see by the announcement before you : " Can any Great Religion admit the Spiritual Equality with itself of the other Great Religions ? " I do not propose, as I have said, to comment or say a word upon the thesis itself. That should be for the speakers ; so without further delay I shall introduce them to you.

I consider, if I may say so, and speaking on your behalf, that the greatest honour has been done to this Society by those who have been good enough to appear to-night to speak for the several religions that they represent. They are all distinguished men—some as distinguished exponents of the views that you will hear during the short space of time at their disposal as it would be possible to find, and it is a most remarkable thing that we should be able to get together to speak for these various great creeds of the world such men as those whose names you see on the prospectus before you this evening. We owe them a very great debt of gratitude for coming here and honouring us by their presence.

Now as regards the order of their speaking, you will please understand that there is absolutely no choice, or selection, in the order in which we shall invite them to speak. There is no question in our minds of putting one religion before the other ; but some one must speak first and some one must speak last, and, therefore, we have endeavoured to keep the thing perfectly fair and on a level in this way. We shall start with the great Eastern religions, beginning with Hinduism, following with Buddhism, and ending with Judaism. We have put Islamism not among the purely Eastern religions because as you know it derives largely from Judaism and Christianity in certain points ; and, therefore, we have put it in its chronological order subsequent to the great religion of the West ; and a very distinguished representative of it, the Right Honourable Ameer Ali, will close the discussion for the speakers to-night.

With these few words I now call upon our President, Mr. Mead, to open the discussion ; and perhaps the speakers will take

it from me as Chairman that in order to get through this programme to-night we must have a time limit, and I would therefore ask each to be good enough not to extend his remarks beyond a quarter of an hour.

MR. MEAD: Ladies and gentlemen, let me begin the few words that I have to say upon this extraordinarily interesting question, by stating that as far as I am concerned myself, who am en-listed upon the notice of this meeting as an 'Independent,' that personally I have no hesitation whatever in declaring that I recognise, without any qualification, the spiritual equality of the righteous followers of all the great religions. Not only so, but I recognise in many, many cases—in innumerable instances—their spiritual superiority to myself.

In the first place you will notice the way the proposition is worded: "*Can* any Great Religion admit the Spiritual Equality with itself of the other Great Religions?" The proposition does not read: "*Does* any Great Religion." For though it is very difficult to say how we are to regard the 'individuality'—the 'person'—of a great religion—at any rate as far as the majority of the followers of any of the great religions are concerned, we know only too well that as a matter of fact they do not admit for their religion the spiritual equality with itself of the other great religions. I do not mean to say that the picked spirits—least of all that the spirit of the founders—of the great religions do not admit this; but that as a practical fact, in general when speaking as men to men, we do not find that this spiritual equality is accepted.

But the enquiry before us is: *Can* this spiritual equality be accepted? In the first place, then, what do we mean by 'spiritual equality'? The term 'spiritual' I dare not define, because there is no general agreement on the precise value of this great epithet; 'spirit' has never been defined in such a way that all men can agree as to its meaning. I would venture to suggest, however, that 'spiritual,' in the religious sense, conveys to us the idea of life, of light, of good, as unity, as wholeness; wholeness is a word which seems to me to convey one at any rate of the chiefest virtues of the term 'spirit.' The doctrine of salvation is intimately connected with this idea of wholeness—soundness—the German '*Heil*.'

Now one would think that Religion, at the back of which

there is the great impulsion and inspiration of the Spirit—that Religion having, therefore, that spirit of wholeness in it, its great power should be that of unifying, that it should be above all things a unifier; that it should rightly speaking be something that binds men together, and unites men with God. But as a matter of fact there is a totally different side to 'religion,' and we know only too well that in many ways 'religion'—not as interpreted in the right sense, but as men most frequently interpret it—very often becomes one of the most potent, one of the greatest separators that exists. It disunites frequently the bonds of family, of friendship and of affection. There is an absolute 'something' in it that takes hold of a man and separates him out in order that he may follow his one love whole-heartedly. Religion thus often becomes the greatest of all separators.

Now why is this so? I venture to think that the reason of it is, as I have suggested, that religion, when it takes hold of a man, is something that engages the whole of him; it operates upon his will, upon the whole man. Religion concerns the entire man, and not some one or another element in him, it brings into operation not some special faculty in him, but his wholeness; and, therefore, when religion is truly operative in a man—when it becomes alive in him, he gives himself perforce wholly to it. Now we know only too well that, in the majority of cases—even though it be a *great* form of religion to which a man gives himself, still as a rule it is a *form* of religion and not pure religion, to which he gives himself. Nevertheless it involves his whole will; and if it were not so I doubt very much whether there would be that driving force which is so necessary, and which we see in all the great forms of religion in the world. And so we find that as a rule a man is inclined to think of his religion as absolute—as unique.

The question that arises here, then, is this: Is there any absolute necessity why we should restrict ourselves to any one form of religion? I need hardly remind you that in the past there have been innumerable instances of men who have striven to transcend the particular form of religion that was theirs from their birth. I need hardly remind you that to-day there are many men—not only in one religion, but in all the great religions, who feel profoundly

that there is one great spiritual unity at the back of all ; that humanity is one ; that religion in its essence is a power of union ; that all religions in their purity come from one and the same source ; and that therefore there need not necessarily be any of those hard and fast barriers that are erected by man-made creeds. There is a living faith, I believe, among the most liberal-minded and whole-hearted, that God is no respecter of such creeds ; and that the righteous of the earth, no matter how they may differ intellectually from one another, are all members of the one true religion : that if men are righteous and good-doing they all belong to what has been called in several traditions—not only of the West but also of the East—"the race of God" ; they are all sons, all children of the Divine. And I believe myself that in future there will be more and more of men and of women of this faith. As a help in this direction we already find in progress movements for the unification of the churches ; and they are most salutary, for it is a fact of high psychological significance that it is precisely within a single great form of religion that intenser differences and sharper disharmonies exist between its fellow-members than between them and the members of a different root-form of religion. Now if we aspire to be true cosmo-politans—genuine citizens of the universe—if we can dare to venture to believe that the human soul is of such a nature that it has kinship and consanguinity, not only with all men here on earth, but with the men of whatsoever other humanities there may be in all the systems in the great universe—then with such an idea, and such a belief, it must be that a wider and more embracing view of religion will arise that shall come into ever clearer and clearer definition and operation as evolution and culture proceed. But at the same time if every man were to think precisely the same thoughts with regard to religion, were to aspire in exactly the same way, there would be a deadly monotony about it that would deprive the worship of men of that manifold and inexhaustible beauty of expression which worship should have in its perpetual praise-giving to the Creator. Therefore I do not believe that the future will do away with these differences of view and cult. There will be still the natural differences of understanding and operation peculiar to the genera and species of human souls in their spiritual lives. But hateful antagonisms will be diminished, while the spirit of unity and the feeling of fraternity among men

in respect to religion, will be increased. I hope and believe that many of the evils we deplore to-day will grow less and less, so that we shall be able, each one of us, no matter what may be the religion, or rather form of religion, to which we belong, to grasp the hand of those who are adherents of the other great religions or forms of religion in the whole world—and that, too, not with some mental reservation or other, thinking: "Well, so and so is a very good fellow, a very admirable person; but what a pity it is that he does not believe so and so," but cordially and genuinely acknowledging that all these righteous of the earth—all these holy men, and holy women, are spiritually equal with us, nay, that often they may be superior to us in the heroism of their spiritual life. In this way I am assured that a new life will stir in the world, a potent spirit that will bring about a deep regeneration and vital reform that will be as marvellous as the reformation that has been wrought by the many triumphs of the human intellect in physical research and invention. There will be a similar series of successes of the human spirit—and that, too, not only as great as the triumphs of the human intellect but immeasurably farther-reaching, transcending them in every way. To that future I look forward with all confidence; and so I now give place to the more distinguished speakers who are to follow me.

THE CHAIRMAN: I now ask Mr. Krishna Govinda Gupta to speak on behalf of Hinduism.

MR. KRISHNA GOVINDA GUPTA: Mr. Chairman, I have to begin what I have to say by making a confession of faith. I have been asked to speak to you here on the great subject of Hinduism. Of course, Hinduism is a very vague term, and I have to tell you frankly I cannot be said to belong to what is now popularly and commonly regarded as Hinduism. I was born a Hindu, and I have, of course, come to study Hinduism to a great extent. But the mere fact that I cannot be said to be a follower of what is popularly known as Hinduism does not in any way affect the knowledge that it is one of the great religions of the world, and that it contains also the great truths which are to be found in almost all the other religions.

In connection with the subject of our discussion to-night, the first question that arises is: What is a great religion, or in other words: What constitutes the greatness of a religion? The answer

will probably be, that a religion is great by reason of its exalted spirituality or of the large number of its adherents, or of both. In the popular view, a religion is great which has a large following, and in this sense the four great extant religions of the world are Hinduism, Buddhism, Christianity and Islam, arranged in the order of their seniority. There have been other notable religions, Confucianism, Zoroastrianism, and Judaism, but whatever position they may have occupied in the domain of spirituality, there can be little doubt that at the present time the number of followers of each of them is comparatively small.

It is worthy of note that all the above religions had their origin in Asia, and of the four great religions no less than two—and these the two earliest—were first promulgated in India. Asia may therefore justly claim to be the Spiritual Centre of the world, and in these days of rampant materialism it is well to remember her priceless spiritual contributions, far more precious, far more durable, than what the most advanced sciences have to offer.

Having thus formed some notion of what the great religions are, the next point for determination is the import of the phrase, 'spiritual equality.' I conceive it to mean equal efficacy in arriving at a comprehension of the Infinite Being and in securing the salvation or emancipation of the human soul. The question before us, put in a concrete form, would, therefore, stand as follows: Can any of the great religions—Hinduism, Buddhism, Christianity and Islam—admit or recognise that any or all of the other three religions would equally suffice to meet the spiritual needs of man?

The answer to this question will depend largely on whether the particular religion claims to possess a monopoly of revelation or not; if it does, and if it claims further that the only prophet of its special revelation stands in intimate personal relationship with the Infinite God, which is denied to all other human beings, then that religion cannot admit spiritual equality with another, because by so doing it would destroy its own distinctive character of being the sole and absolute repository of God's truth. If it were once to admit spiritual equality with the other religions, its importance as being essential to salvation would disappear, because the others would serve the end in view equally well. But, short of absolute

and complete equality, it is open to any religion to recognise that the others also possess in common with itself many divine truths which have been and are of the greatest service to mankind, and that they too have helped, and are still helping, to bear the lamp of righteousness aloft. After all, all religions have the same object in view—*viz.* to unfold the relationship between the human soul and the Infinite Spirit, and to lay down the right rule of conduct in accordance with what is believed to be Divine Law, so that our earthly existence may prove to be a fitting preparation for the eternal life to come. In this latter respect it is very interesting to observe that the moral code as embodied in the Ten Commandments of the Bible is found in one form or another in all the other great religions. Apart from special dogmas and tenets, which are not always of the essence of a religion, it is very gratifying that in the conception and realisation of the Supreme Being, and more particularly in practical morality, there is a vast amount of agreement between the various religions. With the spread of education and enlightenment, the catholic spirit which is anxious to glean truth from all sources, is daily growing, and one hears less and less of the hostility between rival religions which has been the source of so much bloodshed and unhappiness in the past.

As regards toleration, and the possession of a truly broad and liberal spirit, Hinduism is not behind any of the other great religions. The peculiar conditions of its growth and evolution, the absence of a special prophet and a special revelation, have all tended to make Hinduism particularly indulgent and adaptable. It is true that in some quarters the Vedas, the most venerated of Hindu scriptures, are regarded as having been composed under Divine inspiration, but it is hardly possible to contend that the Vedas were revealed in the sense that the Bible, according to Christians, or the Koran according to Mohammedans, was, or that the sages who composed the Vedic hymns were in any way specially ordained to be the mouthpiece of the Divine Command. The sacred writings of the Hindus are not limited to a single book, but are numerous and voluminous; they possess varying degrees of spirituality, from the grossest forms of idolatry, as represented in the Tantras, to the sublime heights of monotheism as inculcated in the best Upanishads. In the whole field of Hindu sacred

literature, no single author can be pointed out as being immeasurably higher than his fellows, either in piety or in direct touch with the Divine Spirit.

The character of Hinduism is mainly the result of the mode of its growth. It would take up too much time to trace the history of Hinduism—how, from a worship of mere elements, it got weighted with an elaborate ritual; how attempts were made, and made successfully, to evolve a system of pure monotheism—as in some of the Upanishads; how, for several centuries, it got crowded out by Buddhism, and how, in its turn, Buddhism was vanquished, and Hinduism once more became the dominant religion in India, though by that time it had lost most of its ancient purity and simplicity, and had become permeated and debased with idolatry and image-worship. The high spiritual ideals have, however, never been completely forgotten, and, amidst much that is corrupt and indefensible, there are always men, few perhaps in number, who help to maintain the brighter and loftier side of Hinduism. In Hinduism, there is thus ample room for all kinds and conditions of men, and its adaptability and comprehensiveness have enabled it gradually to absorb the many faiths and cults that have from time to time appeared on the Indian soil. It is not, therefore, a matter for wonder that Hinduism has always shown great toleration to other religions. It is well said, in the *Mahābhārata*: "Like a bee that gathers honey from all kinds of flowers, a wise man culls truths from all scriptures, great and small." Hinduism shows the same spirit of toleration to the followers of other faiths. In fact, Hinduism believes in the motto: "Live and let live," and, while its apparently exclusive caste-system stands in the way of fusion, it has never embarked on a mission of active propagandism, or attempted to procure conversion by the use of force or violence. The Syrian Christians have for many centuries found a happy home in the orthodox Hindu state of Travancore, and the Parsees, when driven out of Persia, found a hospitable asylum on the shores of Guzerat. For many centuries, Buddhism and Hinduism stood side by side in India, and there was no question of oppression and ill-treatment of the adherents of one at the hands of the followers of the other. It is no uncommon sight in various parts of India to witness the orthodox Hindu showing reverence to, and

making votive offerings at the shrines of departed Mohammedan saints.

The world has suffered much and long from religious arrogance and from bigotry, fanaticism and intolerance. But a new era has dawned, and on all sides there is indication of the growth of a spirit of friendliness, charitableness and mutual appreciation. This wonderful and wholesome change is synchronous with the growth and development of modern science within the last two centuries. The achievements of science have been great and far-reaching: they have added largely to the comforts and amenities of life; they have annihilated distance; they have brought communities nearer, and with it a better knowledge of one another. But the most beneficent result of all is that they have taught nations to regard God's truth as the common heritage of mankind. There are many paths all converging to the Great Centre, and let it be clearly recognised that it is not possible or convenient for all to follow the same track. There is a good deal in common in the life and faith of the truly pious in the different religions. Their eyes are all turned towards the same lofty vision. There will be differences in matters of faith, but let us hope that the sublime doctrine of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man will be the guiding principle of all.

THE CHAIRMAN: I now ask Professor Uchigasaki to be good enough to speak for Buddhism.

PROF. UCHIGASAKI: Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, before beginning my speech I must excuse myself for many reasons. First, because I am not a distinguished man as are the other speakers. Then I am not a Buddhist. Perhaps some of you are disappointed to find that I am not, but as my friend Professor Noda, who was to have spoken, is travelling abroad,¹ he cannot come, and I have been asked to take his place. Until the night before last I did not know anything about the subject for discussion this evening. So I was rather inclined not to accept the invitation. I thought that I, a liberal Christian, should do some injustice to Buddhism, if I tried to say anything about it. But I thought it would be well for me to represent Buddhism, even only as a mouthpiece of the great religion in Japan, because an opportunity of representing Buddhism to such a select audience as

¹ Professor Noda was lecturing at the Sorbonne.—ED.

the Quest Society might not present itself again. Therefore, I have taken the bold step of accepting the proposal to act as the mouthpiece of Buddhism this evening. But I am cautious not to express my own opinions about Buddhism—for I am not a Buddhist. I will therefore content myself with reading some passages from two distinguished Japanese Buddhist scholars. First I will read a few passages from a book called *Sermons of a Buddhist Abbot*, by the Right Reverend Soyen Shaku, who is a famous Buddhist, Lord Abbot of Engaku-ji and Kencho-ji, Kamakura. Next I will read some passages from an Essay in *The Hibbert Journal* of October 1905, entitled 'How Christianity appeals to a Japanese Buddhist,' by Mr. M. Anesaki, Professor of Comparative Religions of Tokio University.

As you know, Buddhism in Japan chiefly belongs to the Mahāyāna School, that is to Theistic Buddhism. The Mahāyāna School, as you are aware, is distinguished from the Hinayāna School, that is primitive Buddhism; and in my opinion these two distinguished Japanese scholars whose views I am going to introduce to you, represent two great sects of that Theistic Buddhism. The former occupies a prominent position in the Zen Shū, which lays stress on introspection and meditation; the latter has been brought up in the religious atmosphere of Jōdo Shin Shū (the True Sect of the Pure Land), whose gospel is Salvation by Faith. I will now ask you to listen to the Rev. Soyen Shaku's noble declaration of Buddhist faith in the sermon entitled: 'What is Buddhism?' He says:

"(1) We Buddhists believe that as far as phenomenality goes, things that exist are all separate and discrete, they are subject to the law of individuation and therefore to that of limitation also. All particular things exist in time and space and move according to the law of cause and effect, not only physically but morally. Buddhism does not, though sometimes understood by Western people to do so, advocate the doctrine of emptiness or annihilation. It most assuredly recognises the multitudinousness and reality of phenomena. This world as it is, is real, not void. This life as we live it, is true and not a dream.

"(2) We Buddhists believe that all these particular things surrounding us come from one Ultimate Source which is all-powerful, all-knowing, and all-loving. The world is the expression

or manifestation of this Reason or Spirit or Life, whatever you may designate it. However diverse, therefore, things are, they all partake of the nature of the Ultimate Being. Not only sentient beings, but non-sentient beings, reflect the glory of the Original Reason. Not only man but even the lower animals and inorganic substances manifest the divinity of their Source. To use the Christian term, God—It is visible and audible not only in one of Its highest manifestations, whom Christians call Jesus Christ, but also in the meanest and most insignificant piece of stone lying in a deserted field. God's splendour is seen not only in the Biblical lilies, but also in the mud and mire from which they grow. The melody of Divine Reason is heard not only in the singing of a bird or in the composition of an inspired musician, but also in the 'slums of life' as Emerson phrases it.

"(8) This recognition of the oneness of things naturally leads to our third belief, that the one is the many and the many is the one. God does not dwell in the heavens. It does not direct Its affairs in a closed office situated somewhere outside this world. It did not create heaven and earth out of nothingness. According to Buddhism, it is a serious error to seek God outside this life, outside this universe. It is living right among ourselves and directing the course of things according to its innate destiny. Though Buddhists refuse to have God walk out [*sic*] of us, they do not identify It with the totality of existence, they are not willing to cast in their lot with pantheists so called. God is immanent, surely enough, but It is greater than the totality of things. For the world may pass away, the universe may be shaken out of its foundation, but God will remain and will create a new system out of the former ruins. The ashes of existence will never be scattered to the winds, but they will gather themselves in the ever designing hand of God and build themselves up to a new order of things, in which It is ever shining with Its serene radiance. To sum up the first part of this discourse, what may be called the metaphysical phase of Buddhism is to recognise (1) the reality of the phenomenal world, (2) the existence of one Ultimate Reason, and (3) the immanence of this Reason in the universe."¹

¹ *Sermons of a Buddhist Abbot: Addresses on Religious Subjects.* By the Rt. Rev. Soyen Shaku, Lord Abbot of Engaku-ji and Kencho-ji, Kamakura, Japan. Translated from the Japanese MS. by Daisetz Teitaro Suzuki. London (Kegan Paul, etc.), 1906, pp. 82-85.

I will now read some passages from the Essay by Prof. Anesaki.

"I am not in a position to convince those who think that Buddhism is a mere diabolic imitation of God's religion of the truth of my statement. To the present writer, a student of religions bred in a Buddhist atmosphere, this striking similarity of the two creeds, at least in their formal aspects, is a grave problem to be considered. Is the harmony of these two absolute religions not as much a question of the future as is the harmony of various forms of Christianity? Speaking more concretely, should Buddhism wholly yield its claim and mission to Christianity? Can a Buddhist nation contribute nothing to the civilisation of the world and to the progress of humanity without being converted to Christianity? Might she not remain Buddhist and be Christianised in spirit, and, in this way, enter into the world-concert of the future civilisation? On the other side, is it impossible that the Christian nations and the Christian civilisation, adhering to Christianity, should keep harmony with the Buddhist nations and the Buddhist civilisation?

* * * *

"A time may come when all the world will accept the Christian religion, but this will never abolish the difference of tastes or modes of expression. Eastern peoples will hardly lose thoroughly their inheritance of serene meditative faith. Their Christianity will never be the Christianity of a Jew, fervent and sometimes very exclusive. The Greeks demand wisdom and the Jews a sign; the gifts are diverse, but the spirit the same. There are many paths and roads in forests and valleys, but those who have climbed up to the hill-top by any of these routes, equally enjoy the same moonlight on the open summit. This is an old Buddhist proverb. Buddhists will never lose this spirit of toleration. There may grow in Japan a form of Christianity without Pope and without Holy Synod, but Buddhism will nevertheless hold its footing therein for ever.

"In short, we Buddhists are ready to accept Christianity; nay, more, our faith in Buddha is faith in Christ. *We see Christ because we see Buddha.* The one has come to us in order to release us from the fetters of passion and avarice, and to convince us of an ideal higher than any worldly good. His gospel was that

of resignation, attainable by meditation, yet never leaving one to the dreamy quietism of pantheistic or nihilistic philosophy, but purifying human activity by calm enlightenment, and pushing one to the love of all beings by faith in an incarnate Dharma. The other appeared in flesh as Son of Man, to redeem us from sin, to recover us to the love of our Father, from a covetous attachment to our own egotism. His gospel was that of love and hope, but never of fury and vanity. He preached no wisdom, but the wisdom of his believers is holy and leading to the Father, purified by faith and strengthened by hope.

"The question of the future depends upon how fully the followers of the two Lords understand each other, and how the two streams of the civilisations nourished respectively by them in the West and the East can harmonise with each other and contribute conjointly to the future progress of humanity. The solution of this problem is no matter of merely abstract speculation, but of sympathy and faith. Just as at the fountain-heads of these two streams there appeared the Truth in flesh, the Faith in person, the realisation of this harmony in love and faith needs an incarnate person, representative of humanity. The person may be a powerful individual or a nation. If the appearance of Christ or Buddha has not been in vain, if the two streams of civilisation have been more than ephemeral, then we shall hope not in vain for the *second advent* of Christ or the appearance of the *future Buddha Metteya*."

So then, from my point of view, Buddhism in Japan will never be extinct but will be stimulated and influenced by the truths of Christianity. At the same time Christianity in Japan must not be the same Christianity of which you have heard in Europe. I am a liberal Christian; but my Christianity may be very different from that of some of the professors of Christianity. So I think the two great religions will flourish in Japan for some time in the future. And now I hope I have done some duty for Buddhism.

THE CHAIRMAN: Mr. Claude Montefiore will now be kind enough to speak a few words from the point of view of Judaism.

Mr. CLAUDE G. MONTEFIORE: Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, when the President of this Society, Mr. Mead, invited me to come here this evening I thought I was going to meet a small company of some twenty persons round a table in a very informal

manner. What was my surprise—I am bound to add my horror—when I saw the serried ranks of all those who have come to hear the various speakers to night.

I have now to speak a few words on behalf of, or as representing, Judaism. But, perhaps, as the representative of Hinduism had to make a little apology, and explain that he was not exactly an orthodox Hindu, and as the representative of Buddhism had to explain that he was not a Buddhist, so I ought to explain that while I am an ardent Jew, and even a passionate adherent of Judaism, nevertheless, in the eyes of a very large number of Jews, I am a heretic of an extremely advanced type. So that I ought to say that I speak for myself and for my own conception of Judaism rather than for the great body of Jews. Still I think I shall be able to put forward one or two things which would be sympathetic to, and approved by, all the various sections of Jewish believers. Like some of the previous speakers, I was not perfectly sure what the meaning of the words 'spiritual equality' might be or in what sense the word 'spiritual' was used. So I thought I would speak of two or three different sorts of equality, assuming that they may be regarded, in a very broad sense, as branches of *spiritual* equality.

The first point I want to say a word upon is this :

As regards the question as to whether Judaism could allow that other religions have equality in what we might call spiritual *truth*, or religious *truth*, I imagine that we cannot get to such an advanced position of Judaism—we cannot imagine Judaism would develop to such a point, and I do not know that it ought to develop to such a point,—that its adherents would say that another religion had as *much* truth and as *little* error as Judaism itself. But what I do think is that the Jews—or many of them—have passed beyond the mere admission that several other religions have in them a large amount of truth, that truth being the same as, or a portion of, Jewish truth. For they have advanced beyond the position of saying : "Whatever good you have comes from my religion, and what I have not got, and you have got, is not true, and not good." But I think many of them have come, and more will come, to the position, that the other great religions sometimes emphasise aspects of truth which Judaism may not emphasise so clearly, or contain or present so fully or so well. That is, it seems

to me, a very important point upon which there might be more of the spirit of sympathy of one religion with another. I might take one or two examples. For instance, Judaism lays enormous stress upon what we conceive to be the truth of the transcendence of God, and sometimes the Jewish religion is even attacked because it speaks of, and holds to, what its critics call an 'outside' God. I think many of us Jews who lay great stress on, and find great preciousness in, the doctrine of the transcendence of God, can yet realise and understand that the complementary doctrine of the immanence of God may be a more living truth and a more precious reality to some other religions than it is at the present time in Judaism. So again when we come to soteriology; the Jews for many generations have laid great stress upon what we may call justification by works—that is to say, putting it as a child would put it, that you go to 'Heaven' not by what you *believe*, but by what you *do*: "A good life is the passport to heaven." Nevertheless some of us can perceive that justification by faith, upon which Christianity lays such stress, is more fully expressed by Christianity, or is more realised by many Christians, than it is by many Jews. And we can also perceive that justification by faith, no less than justification by works, is an element of religious truth. And so that would be another example of how Judaism might allow, as it seems to me, that other religions may have spiritual truths to express, to cherish, and to live by, which are at the present time, or which may be for several generations, less completely expressed by Judaism. There are other examples I might give, but I must pass on, otherwise my time will be up.

I would like to say now that Judaism allows, and has allowed since the Middle Ages, a providential position and mission for other religions. The great philosopher Maimonides, and the poet Jehudah Ha-Levi, said that Christianity and Mohammedanism (which were the only two great religions they knew about) were 'providential' religions,—that is to say, they formed a part of the divine purpose,—that their mission was to convert the heathen and thus gradually to bring the heathen over to the purer monotheism of Judaism. Christianity and Mohammedanism were to be, as it were, pathways by which men were to climb up to the higher conceptions, the purer monotheism, of Judaism.

Now just one word as to spiritual equality from the point of

view of capacity to produce the moral life. From that point of view all modern Jews possess a remarkable liberality; indeed I am not quite certain that their liberality does not sometimes go rather too far. I mean if you push them, you might show they are a little illogical. The teaching of modern Judaism is very strong to the effect that all men are children of God, and that it does not matter so much what you *believe* as what you *do*. A distinguished Jewish preacher under whom I used to sit, week in and week out, for a very great number of years, was always pressing that point upon our attention. As children we used to smile at each other when the preacher told us (as he frequently did) that the Hottentot was just as loved by God, and would just as assuredly go to 'Heaven,' if he acted according to the dictates of his conscience and of his religion, as "the best Jew in that synagogue." It was an extremely simple doctrine; but it was wholesome doctrine, and although I think there may be a touch of onesidedness about it, if you press it too far, still it was an important doctrine as bearing upon the fact that Judaism can, in some sense, admit the spiritual equality of other religions with itself.

Then, lastly, can Judaism admit the spiritual equality of other great religions, if we use spirituality to mean the capacity of satisfying the spiritual needs of man—religious fervour and pure religious enjoyment? Judaism, in that respect, is fairly catholic and liberal. It takes the line (and I do not think it is inconsistent in doing so) that different nations and different peoples, at different stages of civilisation, reach and enjoy and possess the Divine in different ways. For there are many pathways to God—many ways of approaching Him—many ways of possessing Him and of enjoying Him. That is not only a doctrine which is believed in by liberal Judaism, but which, I think, you may hear expressed by many Jewish teachers of many schools. Thus, in different stages of thought, and in different degrees of civilisation, and in different atmospheres and environments, there must almost of necessity be different religions. That is a reason, as some Jews explain (and they boast of the fact, while others somewhat deplore it), that Judaism is not a proselytising or missionary religion; inasmuch as the religion which is suited to one people is not necessarily suited to all, but that other nations and

other conditions of civilisation need other pathways and approaches to God.

Many of us are helped to hold this belief which, as it seems to me, is a comforting and enlightening one—by the fact that we are, as the representative of Hinduism said, a very small minority among the religions of the world, and that the Jews who live, *e.g.* in England, or in Germany, or in America, are a very small minority living among a very large majority. And those of us who have the good fortune not to live entirely among ourselves, but who have not only Jewish friends, but Christian friends of various kinds—Roman Catholics and Protestants of all sorts and degrees—have the happiness to know that there are holy men and holy women to be found among many different religions. We have the practical realisation and knowledge that the various religions do somehow or other, though theoretically we may not be able fully to understand it, lead practically to the highest and purest life and the most exquisite saintship. And as we have the practical realisation of this happy fact among our friends, so we have, I am glad to say, embodied it—I think all of us, orthodox or unorthodox Jews alike—in our theoretical conceptions of Judaism and of religion.

THE CHAIRMAN: I now ask Dr. Cobb to be good enough to speak from the Christian standpoint.

DR. COBB: Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, I, too, must begin by saying I am not a distinguished man, to which I must add, with the last speaker, that I do not claim any authority whatever to speak on behalf of so large and complex a thing as Christianity. I am merely going to give my own particular interpretation of what Christianity is; and you can hardly expect, I think, more than that.

I may be allowed perhaps to explain my position a little more clearly by telling a very simple story which came to me not very long ago from a young naval friend. He said that on one occasion, in the flagship to which he was attached, they had a new chaplain. On the first Sunday the officers proceeded to play cards as usual; but they said to the chaplain first: "Have you any objection?" He said: "Oh dear no." The next Sunday they proceeded to invite him to take a hand, and they said: "Will you join us?" "Oh dear no." "Oh," said they, "but last Sunday you said you

had no objection." "No," he said; "but God might have." In other words, he would not lay down a law for the other officers; he would lay down a law for himself. That is precisely my position. But when I come to explain that position, I am bound, I think, to ask a little more clearly what that oracular sentence of the question means—it may be read in different ways. Each of the speakers who has spoken to you this evening has laid his finger upon one or other point in it, and I think that I myself, and probably the speaker who will succeed me, will also give each his own interpretation from his own point of view.

In the first place, then, what does the question mean by "the great religions of the world"? What constitutes a great religion? Is it determined, as one of the speakers has said before, by the richness, the fulness, of its spiritual power, or is it to be measured by the number of adherents which it has succeeded in gathering under its banners? The four religions that have been mentioned certainly are great from the quantitative point of view. But in this hall most of us would agree that any religion which deserves the name of great must be so qualitatively rather than quantitatively. It must be great because of the fulness of the spiritual life it represents. I am not denying for a moment that there may be a very extraordinarily rich and full life of the spirit in all the religions that have been represented so ably here this evening. I am only asking you to bear in mind a simple elementary truth, and that is, that the very word 'religion' can hardly mean very much less than union of life between the worshipper and the worshipped; and in that relation between the two, the action of the Person worshipped is more important surely than the action of the worshipper. In other words, a note should be struck which has not been struck this evening at present; and that is that religion is something more than the more or less successful attempts of man to find the great secret of life. It is rather the pouring into the human vessel of all that light and all that truth which lies, until it is given, latent in the bosom of Divinity. In other words, if we are going to compare the great religions, we have to ask ourselves how far the great Being who lies behind all religions has spoken in this, that, or the other form. If you prefer to go a step further and to say that you cannot get that revelation—that pouring of life without some form into which it is to be poured,

and that your philosophy, or your religion, or your creed, or cult, or your institutions and organisations, are as much an essential part of your religion as life itself, I am quite willing to admit that the form in all its fulness again may be for some purpose regarded as a part of that religion. But if our reason is to play at all upon the great facts of religion, it is the spiritual life which is poured through the form which is the determining factor—which is the constant factor—which is the one thing by which religion lives. All these forms may change. Probably all the forms of Hinduism have changed through the centuries. Most certainly the forms of Christianity have changed and are changing; and in a world where everything phenomenal is subject to the law of change, it is impossible that you can find the essentially constant factors of religion in any one set of forms which enshrines the life. When then we ask what a religion is, we must look to the life that is poured through the forms of that religion.

Now on this question, "How far any of the great world-religions can admit equality," I would ask, with the last speaker—what do you mean by equality between one great world-religion and another? Do you mean an equality of reality? Do you mean that as much of reality comes through any one of these religions as through any other? If so, what is your canon of measurement? How can you tell that the quality of the real life that pours through the Hindu channel is to be equated with the spiritual life which pours through the Jewish or the Christian? I think you are embarking upon a sea that is boundless and fathomless, and I should be very curious indeed to know how it is possible for anyone to say that the life in one religion—unless you take a very large and accurate view indeed of the consequences of that religion—and that again is a most difficult thing for anybody to embark upon—is necessarily equal to, lesser, or greater than that of another. It is beyond human power altogether. You want superhuman powers of knowledge and information as well as superhuman power to measure the spiritual life that flows through, before that question can be answered.

I have a further difficulty—and these difficulties are not altogether mine. The word 'can' was referred to by your President, and therefore authoritatively. Now I do not know, but at the same time I do not think that any great religion—and by that

Christians must mean the adherents or the representatives of any great religion—can admit the spiritual equality of any two great world-religions. And I will tell you why. Because the only religion anybody knows is his own, and it is a very great deal if he gets to know that even very far off. And in proportion as he knows his religion—as he lives by his religion—that is to say, in proportion as his life is lived in intimacy with the Great Being that is the object of all his religion, two things happen. He is less and less inclined to compare his religion with others, and he is more and more inclined to believe that his religion for him is the best in the whole wide world. And he would resent, I think—if I interpret him aright—any attempt to put him in a corner and to make him give a profession of faith as to by how many degrees Christianity, for example, is a better or worse religion than Mohammedanism, or Hinduism, or Judaism, or any of the other great world-religions. I would say: It is no business of mine; it may be the business of God. It is for Him to draw the comparison. It is for Him to set these four religions in relation one to the other, in order that by their points of contact the life that belongs to each and to all the loyal members of each religion, may be stirred up. In other words, I hold fast to what I have got. I ask nobody to accept it. It is enough for me. It has come to me as the representative of one born and bred within the sacred limits of what is called the Christian religion.

But I go further than that. I claim with those who have spoken this evening—that all those who live loyally, in close living contact with the Spirit that has given them their religion—are Christians. Now that is not my own particular private heresy at all. There is a well-known saying of St. Augustine, whose orthodoxy is unquestioned, that there has been only one Church throughout all the ages from the beginning. "It began to be known," he said, "by the name of Christianity in these later days; but it was there from the first." If it was there all the time, it had representatives in the religion of India, in the religion of Egypt, in the religion of every country where people had received the spiritual life and qualified themselves by loyal obedience for greater and greater draughts of that life. Therefore I say that the opposition between these great world-religions is not an actual opposition at all, at bottom. It is an agreement. In other words,

let us distinguish two different kinds of churches. There is the Catholic Church. That has my reverence for its past, its mighty achievements, its breadth and its authority. But there is another Church which is ten thousand times more entrancingly interesting, and that is the hidden Church of Christ. It is the soul within the body. It is the number of those, not known to man, but all those who somehow by the mercy of the All-Compassionate have had their eyes opened—have come into living touch with the Eternal Spirit, who have been given a new life, a higher life—what has been called to-night a more complete life—raised above the human level, started on a new stage; and wherever these men meet, whether they call themselves Jews or Hindus or Buddhists or whatever it may be, they know one another when they come across one another.

I am in the habit of telling a story which would not appeal perhaps to anybody else but myself in all its fulness. One Good Friday I met when walking home across Hyde Park a fervid revivalist preaching to a small knot of people. He was talking a language which would be abhorrent to most people. Our eyes met. In some extraordinary way, there went from one to the other a sort of mental spark, felt by both. We smiled. I passed on my way; he went on with his speech. We both felt that we were brethren in arms, citizens of the same country! Now may I venture to suggest that from that point of view there is not and there can be no sort of opposition between the great world-religions when you are dealing with the real things of life? Those who have that life recognise one another, and they do not deny in that sense the equality that exists between all the four great world-religions.

THE CHAIRMAN: I now call upon the Right Honourable Syed Ameer Ali to speak upon Mohammedanism.

THE RT. HON. SYED AMEER ALI: Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, I must first express to you my appreciation of the honour done to me this evening by the invitation which your Chairman, my old friend and comrade, extended to me to address such an influential and important gathering of enquirers into a deep mystery. I also must make a confession; but my confession is of a different character from those that have already been made. I firmly believe in the faith which I profess. And although I do not wear the green turban, I may say that I am a descendant of

the great Prophet whose religion I am going to explain to you in a few words, and the conception it entertains regarding the spiritual equality of other great world-religions.

I have not the same difficulty as a previous speaker has had regarding the meaning of the thesis before this meeting. I think I can understand its meaning. It refers, to a certain extent, to the appreciation which one religion entertains regarding the spiritual teaching and the spiritual uplifting of the human mind by other religions. But before I proceed to explain the attitude of Islam as to the other world-religions, I must first say that truth cannot be new. Truth is eternal. Truth is as eternal as Nature itself. It is the vibration which a new creed, trying to supplant or take the place of the older creed, imparts to the pulse of humanity that furnishes an indication of its moral force. It is the vitalising force it imparts to humanity that furnishes the index to its beneficent results on mankind at large. If you understand that view of the matter, you will be able to comprehend the position Islam holds in relation to other creeds.

I am sorry I did not imitate the caution of my esteemed friend Mr. Gupta and put my ideas down on paper. All the ideas that I have been able to think of are contained in this "half sheet of notepaper"—that memorable phrase which I venture to plagiarize. But I want to mention this. The present gathering reminds me of a society which existed about ten centuries ago in Islam. In the eleventh century of the Christian era, just before the Crusades burst over Western Asia, a Brotherhood was formed at Bussorah—the place which now in Turkey gives the name to the Persian Gulf—for the purpose of diving into the mysteries of the human mind and making researches into all branches of human knowledge. It was called by the name of Ikhwan-us-Safa, the Brethren of Purity. They examined into all the secrets of knowledge in the most eclectic spirit. And had not the barbarian hordes of Europe hurled themselves on Western Asia, the life the Pure Brethren were beginning to impart to the Western world would have been of the utmost beneficence to the whole of humanity. It was due to the Crusades that that beginning of intellectual and spiritual life—the movement which was being imparted by that Society—was stifled. But putting that aside, the root-idea—the fundamental principle upon which they proceeded was the continuity

of spiritual progress. Although they believed, although they laid down the principle that the chapter of direct revelation closed in the seventh century at Medina, yet they also believed that individual inspiration—the voice of God speaking to the human mind, the Universal Soul speaking to the individual soul—has never ceased; and that when the Universal Soul speaks to the individual soul, it understands the Divine meaning according to its limitations, the limitations of its own knowledge; it understands the truths of God according to the light it (the individual soul) has received already from the teachings that have gone before. That was the teaching of those masters, embodied in twenty-four tracts, which have been translated in part into German but not into English.

That is the fundamental conception of Islam. It proceeds upon this basis—that the human soul is essentially connected with the Universal Soul. What then is the conception the other religions entertain? That is the thesis. Now you must understand this, that Islam is not a mere creed. It is not a mere faith. It is a life to be lived. The worship of God in Islam is the service of humanity. To serve man is to serve God. That is the teaching of the great Prophet who preached in Mecca and Medina. And what does he say with reference to the other creeds? I do not wish to take up your time; the matter has been discussed in other places and on other occasions. I therefore want to be as short as possible, keeping within the limit which our Chairman has laid down. What does the Prophet say? And we must not look to the 'does' or 'can' with reference to this thesis. 'Can' must mean 'does'; because if a religion in its very inception starts with a recognition of the spiritual equality of other creeds, that fact must remain a part of the religion itself, however its professors may try to distort it in later days. You must look back to the origin of the religion to understand its relation to the other creeds. And that is what you have to do to understand the attitude of Islam towards other world-religions. Putting aside the theory of the sword and all that sort of thing—all the colourings that have been imparted from the time of the Crusades, the echoes of which are still to be heard all over England and all over the West—putting aside all that, study the principles of Islam! Study what the great Teacher himself said

with reference to the other creeds ! Did he take up an exclusive attitude ? Did he try to confine salvation to the followers of his own faith ? You must understand that before you are able to answer the question from the point of view of Islam.

I should like to give you a few words which he himself uttered. He said first—you will find this in the Koran itself : " They say " —he speaks of the followers of the other religions who were at that time contending with him—" They say : Verily, none shall enter Paradise except those who are Jews or Christians. Say : Produce your proof if ye speak the truth. Nay, but he who directeth towards God and doth that which is right, he shall have his reward with his Lord." Again : " There are of those who have received the Scriptures "—speaking of those who had received the previous revelations—" There are of those who have received the Scriptures who are upright people. They meditate on the signs of God and offer Him worship. They believe in Him and the Last Day." The Last Day in Islam means the doctrine of accountability—that in the future life man will have to render an account to his Creator for all that he has done in this world ; that when he dies he appears before his Lord to give an account of the manner in which he has observed the Commandments. And I may tell you by the way that that is one of the reasons why suicide is absolutely unknown in Islam—because they believe that the moment a human being dies he appears before his Lord to answer for the work which he has done ; and no human being would venture to appear before the Lord after taking his own life. That is, as I say, the reason why suicide is absolutely unknown in Islam. Now, " There are of those who have received the Scriptures who are upright people. They meditate on the signs of God and offer Him worship. They believe in Him and the Last Day, and command that which is just and forbid that which is unjust, and zealously strive to excel in good works. These are of the righteous."

He is speaking of the followers of other faiths. He is speaking of those men who command what is just ; who forbid what is unjust—who strive to excel in good works—they are the righteous. There is no exclusiveness in that enunciation. There is no confinement of salvation to the followers of his own faith. And remember this. These words have been acted upon for centuries.

Maimonides, who was spoken of only a short time ago, became possible in Spain because Mahomedanism ruled in Spain. Just consider what the Moslems did in Spain. They made toleration the rule of their government. No difference was made between Christian, Jew and Moslem. The rectors of the universities were often Jews or Christians; they occupied the highest places in the ranks of the Government, as in colleges and other institutions. Toleration was not a mere word with them. Islam of course accepted all who adopted the Faith, but there was no compulsion. It was not laid down: "Compel them to come in." On the contrary the Koran says: "Can you make people believe by force?" Again it says: "Mankind were but one people and God sent them prophets of warning and glad-tidings and the Book of Truth to settle all disputes. Yet none disputed like those to whom the Book had been sent." That is speaking again of the Jews and Christians; and anybody who has read the history of religion will know how they wrangled in the fourth and fifth centuries of the Christian Era,—how they converted Northern Africa into a vast desert by the quarrels between the Arians and the Pelagians.

"Verily those who believe"—he is speaking of the Moslems—"and those who are Jews, Christians or Sabians, whoever hath faith in God and the Last Day"—future existence—"and worketh that which is right and good; for them shall be the reward with their Lord. There shall come no fear on them, neither shall they be grieved." Just consider this being said in the seventh century of the Christian Era, and here we are in the twentieth century with the full light of knowledge, and are only beginning to talk of Christians, Jews and Mahomedans being one and the same! But in the seventh century of the Christian Era, the great Prophet of Arabia pronounced in those words that there was no difference in complete equality between his followers and the followers of other creeds. He mentions, certainly, that there were people who had gone astray, who had fallen away from the right path, who had left the channel of spiritual progress—that it was necessary for them to return to Truth. But he did not confine salvation to his own followers, and if there were wars and if there was fighting, it was not due to his religion. Ambition has actuated other races and other creeds, but it is not the creed itself that is to blame.

Before I conclude I desire to point out that equality, not only with respect to the subject matter of the thesis, but equality in civil rights, equality in spiritual rights, equality in every direction is the principle of Islam. At a time when creeds and sects and castes were claiming monopolies of salvation, the democratic faith of Islam proclaimed the equality of man. Its immense success in vivifying humanity, in vitalising vast communities, in making them feel what they were, in carrying the message which the Prophet had brought from one end of the earth to the other, was due to the proclamation that men and women, whatever their position in life, were equal in the sight of the Lord—and in the House of God a slave or a peasant was of as much consequence as a prince. Jew, Christian, Sabian, anybody who did good work and believed in the Almighty Creator and in the accountability of his actions, were the same before the Lord.

Therefore dealing with the thesis which has been placed before you, I am prepared to say that the one creed which answers that question in the affirmative is the creed of Islam ; that it does admit, not only by its preachers nowadays, but by the mouth of its own Founder, the spiritual equality of other creeds, and that so long as the followers of those creeds do what is right, and serve man in the hope of serving God, they belong to the people who are called ' righteous.'

THE CHAIRMAN: Ladies and gentlemen, we have now come to the conclusion of the speeches that were proposed to be delivered this evening; and I think that though probably most of you came here expecting a great intellectual treat, you could hardly have been prepared for so rich a one as has been vouchsafed to you, or, if I may humbly say so, one so spiritual and so invigorating to the high principles within each of us. Words have been said to-night that cannot fail to sink deep into any thinking heart, and the more they are reflected on, the more will they give food for thought, and I hope may cause some of us to re-consider any opinion that we may have had which has been at variance with the high spiritual views that have been expressed by each and all of the exponents of the great religions who have addressed us this evening. On the thesis that was propounded you will see that there has been a remarkable agreement, but an agreement with a reservation that has been pointed out by more than one of the

speakers. They have all agreed that the great founders and the really great souls that profess the name of this or that particular religion, all own and would all admit the equality of other religions, all having the same common desire—to bring man into closer communion with God, as Mr. Ameer Ali has expressed it, “to do the will of God by the service of man,” as Dr. Cobb has said, “to be a child of light”; and whether he calls himself Hindu, Buddhist, Jew, Mahommedan or Christian, he will recognise his brother as the child of light if that man has truly lived and become worthy of the name. In that they have all agreed; and they have also agreed that as regards the particular badge or creed by which a man may be distinguished, the more he possesses of the real spiritual efficacy of that creed, the more he has by that been lifted to the object that I have just referred to, namely, bringing him to a nearer knowledge of God, the less he will wish to discuss or even to think of comparing his creed with any other; because to him it is the sole creed. It is to him, and has been to him, the one means by which he has been brought to know God; by which he has been brought to realise that within him is something higher, and that is intended to be higher, than the mere thing of clay that walks on earth and keeps its eyes downward. And, therefore, as they have each pointed out, from Mr. Gupta downwards, the man that is a whole-hearted convert to his own creed (if I may use the expression) is the one who would reply in the negative to this question that the President has propounded this evening.

Here we are members of, may I say, a philosophical society. We are accustomed to take a very broad view of things. We are most of us people that have read a great deal, have thought and studied; we are accustomed to hear views expressed on all sorts of subjects worthy of attention by people of very different shades of thought and very different forms of opinion; and we have therefore come to be, if I may say so, very broad-minded, and we are quite ready to accept what has been said with such fervour by my friend Mr. Ameer Ali, as also what has been said by Dr. Cobb, by Mr. Gupta, by Mr. Montefiore, and what, through the mouth of Prof. Uchigasaki, has been said for Buddhism.

Mr. Gupta, in the course of the most delightful speech with which he opened this enquiry—the carefully thought-out and the carefully reasoned address which he made to us—used an expres-

sion which at once struck me, as it probably did most of you, "Many paths all converging to the Great Centre." That, he said, was a saying of the Vedic scriptures—I forget which—but, at any rate, one of the great fountains of authority for Hinduism. Do you remember that that expression which conveys so much by a figure—and we can only realise spiritual things by analogy and figure—was used by more than one of the speakers. Again, Prof. Uchigasaki quoted from an article by Prof. M. Anesaki in the *Hibbert Journal* the same expression: "There are many paths and roads in forests and valleys, but those who have climbed up to the hill-top by any of these routes, equally enjoy the same moonlight on the open summit"—the same metaphor, you see. Mr. Montefiore again used precisely the same words—I took them down as he said them—"many pathways to God; many ways of possessing Him and enjoying Him." Again the same metaphor—many paths all leading up to the same Centre; and Mr. Ameer Ali has been good enough to put into my hands a quotation that he intended to read to you from the Koran: "And if God had pleased He would have made you all one people; but He hath done otherwise that He might try you in that which He hath severally given unto you. Wherefore bear forward in good works; unto God shall ye return and He will tell you that concerning that on which ye disagree." That reminds me of another expression used by Dr. Cobb. Do you remember the beautiful words he used? When he was talking to you about the two Churches and about the man that said: "Mine is the only religion for me; what have I to do with other religions?"—he used exactly the same expression that the Prophet used in the Koran in the passage that Mr. Ameer Ali has just put into my hands. His thought was: "The more a man believes in his own religion, the less he can compare it with others; it is not for him to say whether his form of religion has the truth better or higher than another religion; it is for God to determine." That was what Dr. Cobb said, and that is almost the exact sense of the words that you find at the end of this quotation from the Koran.

Ladies and gentlemen, I think that we have had a remarkable evening—an evening that will be a marked day in our lives. It is not the sort of opportunity that is often given to us. Before then I sit down I shall, on your behalf, repeat, with a much fuller sense

of gratitude, our obligations to the eminent speakers that have addressed us this evening. They have with rare modesty disclaimed the eminence that I claim for them; but I think their names (and they are well-known names) and positions speak for themselves, and they have come here at no small cost or trouble to themselves. Prof. Uchigasaki has taken the trouble to come here from Oxford. Mr. Krishna Govinda Gupta holds one of the very highest positions that has ever been held by a native of India in the Council of State of our Indian Empire. Our illustrious friend, the Right Honourable Syed Ameer Ali, is the first representative of his great creed that has ever been promoted to the distinguished position that he holds as a member of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. Mr. Montefiore is well known by the whole world interested in such subjects, as the great exponent of what may be called Modernism in Judaism; and could we have wished for a more enlightened and more helpful and more wholesome exposition of the faith as held by him, and those that think with him, than we have listened to to-night?

Ladies and gentlemen, on your behalf I tender to each and all our most respectful and our most cordial thanks.

TRACES OF OPHITE-GNOSTIC INFLUENCES IN THE POEMS OF SHELLEY.

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THERE are two outstanding factors which mark with characteristic impress the nature and the work of Shelley: in the first place the demand for the unconditional sovereignty of free reason, which is based upon an unassailable belief in the redeeming power of complete knowledge; in the second, his uncompromising struggle with the cramping limitations of law and government. The convictions expressed in these two items of his programme—bold and revolutionary though they may have seemed to his contemporaries—are yet no novelty in the history of the human mind.

They had indeed found utterance almost 2,000 years ago among those Oriental sectaries who are generally grouped together under the name of Gnostics. To the system of these Gnostics belongs, not only the dogma that Gnosis, *i.e.* perfect Knowledge, brings redemption, but also the view which regards the Law as a positive hindrance, opposed to the progress of the work of Redemption.

I was at first inclined to regard this undoubtedly striking agreement between Shelley and the teaching of the Gnostics as the accidental coincidence of two

different trains of thought, both arising from the same opposition to what was felt to be the one-sided nature of the Jewish-Christian doctrine. One day, however, I was led by accident to observe that Shelley's strange symbolism—for instance the serpent, originally the morning-star, as the genius of the good, and the eagle as that of the evil principle—is also to be found in a certain Gnostic sect, the Ophites, and thus the question naturally arose, whether Shelley had been directly influenced by the doctrines of these Ophite-Gnostics.

The result of careful investigations has led me to believe that this question must be answered in the affirmative.

In the fifteenth chapter of his profound and significant work, *Leonardo da Vinci*, D. S. Mereschkowski has given us an account of the doctrinal system of the Ophites. He writes (p. 526) :

Above all heavens lies nameless, stirless Darkness eternal, fairer than any light, the unknown Source (πατήρ ἄγνωστος) —Abyss profound and Silence absolute. It was God's all-embracing Wisdom, Sophia, His only daughter, who had separated herself from her Father, that learnt to know matter; and so her light grew dim and she began to grieve. The son of Sophia's grief was Ialdabaoth, the Builder-God. Ialdabaoth desired to be alone; he separated himself from his Mother, sinking still deeper than she into matter, and fashioned the Kingdom of the Flesh, a distorted copy of the heavenly original, and had Man made who was to mirror and to bear witness to the demiurgic power of himself. So the archons of Ialdabaoth, the elementary spirits, fashioned out of earth a Man, vast in length and breadth, who crawled, helpless as a worm, in the primordial slime. Then they brought Man to Ialdabaoth, their prince, that he might breathe into him the breath of life. But God's all-embracing Wisdom, Sophia the Mother, took pity on Man; and at the same time avenged herself on Ialdabaoth, the son of her freedom and of her grief, for his defection from her. Through Ialdabaoth's mouth, together with the breath of life, she

infused into Man a spark of Divine Wisdom, which she had received from the unknown Father. This wretched being, dust of dust, and earth of earth, through whom the Demiurge wished to display his own omnipotence, thus became infinitely exalted above his begetter; he was now the image, not of Ialdabaoth, but of the true God, the unknown Father. And Man raised his face from the dust. The Demiurge, at the sight of his creature, was filled with anger and with fear. He turned his eyes, blazing with the fire of devouring jealousy, towards the depths of matter, upon the black primordial slime. There his angry countenance was mirrored, and this reflection became the Angel of Darkness, the *serpent-shaped* Ophiomorphos, the crawling and *cunning Demon*—the accursed Wisdom. With his help Ialdabaoth fashioned the three kingdoms of Nature, and cast Man into the depths of them as into a shameful prison, and gave him a law: "This do, and this do not, and if thou break this law, thou shalt die." For he still hoped to enslave his creature by the yoke of the law to the fear of evil and of death. But God's all-embracing Wisdom, the Liberatrix, did not leave Man forlorn; having once loved him, she loved him to the end, and sent him a Comforter, the Spirit of Gnosis, the *serpent-shaped*, winged *Angel of Light*, like unto Lucifer the Star of the Morning, of whom it is written, "Be ye wise as serpents." From heaven the Wise One descended and said unto Man: "Eat thereof and your eyes shall be opened and ye shall be as God." Everyday people, the children of this world, are the slaves of Ialdabaoth and of the cunning Serpent of infernal Darkness. They live in fear of death and are bowed under the yoke of the Law. But the Children of Light, the Wise, the Gnostics, the Chosen of Sophia, the initiated into the secrets of all-embracing Wisdom, scorn all such laws, transcend all limits, no more to be confined than spirits, free as gods, endowed with wings; they are not puffed up in good, and in evil remain pure, like gold lying in the mire. The Angel of Light, like the Star of the Morning a gleam in the dawn, leads them through life and death, through good and evil, through all the sorceries of the world of Ialdabaoth, to Sophia the Mother, the all-embracing Wisdom, in the bosom of the nameless Darkness supernal, who reigns supreme over all heavens and heights and over all abysses and depths, into the stirless eternal bosom of the unknown Father, more glorious far than all in the whole universe.

This description is not exhaustive, nor can we recognise in it the doctrinal system of any special Ophite community; it contains, however, no thought which cannot be attested from the various accounts of the teaching of the Ophites, who were broken up into numerous sects. It is impossible in this paper to embark on an exhaustive treatise on the Ophite systems; that would be the undertaking of a book, not of a magazine-article. Hönig¹ has proved, in a convincing manner, that the system of the Ophites developed itself on the groundwork of the Jewish religion. The strict monotheism of this faith had to recognise the eternal God as a spirit of love and goodness, while the world in its belief stood for the sum of perfection. These convictions were also the foundation-piers of Shelley's thought-world. The Eternal Spirit, which circles through all things, revealed itself to the youthful mind of the poet as the most perfect love and goodness. Yet the imperfection of this world is evident; it shows itself everywhere and in all forms of human life. The recognition of this led the Ophites out of the Jewish circle of ideas to Gnosticism. It awoke doubt also in the breast of the youthful Shelley, so that he brooded puzzled over the discord between the harmony of nature and the thousand-fold miseries of mankind. *Unde malum?* In his answer to the question of the origin of evil, Shelley shows complete agreement with the Ophites. According to the Ophite system, all the woes of the first human beings began with the command of the God of the Jews: "Ye shall not eat of the Tree of Knowledge; for on the day that ye eat thereof, ye shall surely die." The Law and its

¹ Hönig (A.), *Die Ophiten. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte des jüdischen Gnostizismus*, Berlin, 1889.

scourges—punishment and the fear of death—are the root of all sin and the obstacle to redemption. In Shelley's eyes, also, the origin of all misery lay in the cramping limitations of law and custom, within which religion and government had confined the originally pure instincts of human nature.

This agreement in their interpretation of evil naturally brings about also an essentially similar attitude towards the question: How can evil be overcome? According to the Ophites, man obtains redemption through Gnosis, perfect Knowledge, which reveals to him the insufficiency of the Law and delivers him from the horror of punishment and death. Shelley preaches relentless war against the hampering fetters of religion and human government, in order to allow untrammelled development to man's naturally right instincts. Both views agree in the thought that evil is not an essential, unconditional component part of creation, and can therefore be eliminated as an accidental thing.

But it is not only in the main conceptions of his philosophy that Shelley reminds us of the Ophites. In many details, and above all in his symbolism, the resemblance is so striking that the idea of mere coincidence seems quite untenable. This is true especially of two of his works: *Laon and Cythna* and *The Assassins*.

A. *Laon and Cythna*.

It is the prologue of this poem which chiefly demands consideration. Its action is as follows: The poet arises from visions of despair and climbs, in the golden dawn-light, to the aerial summit of a headland. Utter darkness settles over the scene; the tempest

bursts, whirl-wind and waves wrestle together. The storm ceases as suddenly as it arose. Now patches of blue sky are seen, in which the moon is floating. The poet then has a vision of an Eagle and a Serpent wreathed in awesome fight above the sea, which continues with changing fortunes till the fall of night, when the Serpent sinks exhausted in the sea, while the Eagle speeds off across the mainland. The evening is clear, the storm has died away, the sea is as still as a child cradled in dreamless sleep. The poet perceives a Woman fair as morning sitting on the sand by the sea. She had looked on at the fight in distress. Now, as the Serpent sinks, she steps forward and addresses it in tones of love and sympathy which it can understand. The Snake swims winding to the shore and lays itself at the snowy feet of the wondrous Lady, who gathers it to her bosom. With gently smiling eyes the glorious Shape approaches the poet; she chides his despair and challenges him to dare to sail with her and the Serpent over the deep. He embarks with the Lady in a marvellous vessel, a "boat of rare device." At midnight on the high and boundless sea, the poet learns from his unknown companion the meaning of the mysterious event.

Two deathless Powers, both manifold yet all-pervading, in the beginning ruled the world, twin Genii and equal Gods, both sprung from out the womb of inessential Naught, at the beginning of all life and thought. These two were Good and Evil. The principle of Good takes the form of the Dawn-star, the principle of Evil is embodied as a blood-red Comet. Scarcely had the first man sprung from chaos, than the twain mingled their beams in combat for his possession. The fair Star fell; man turned and shed his brother's

blood. Thus the Spirit of Evil triumphed and reigned over a world of woe. He transformed himself into an Eagle. But the Spirit of Good, his eternal foe, changed from a fair Star to a dire Snake. And men cursed and blasphemed the great Good Spirit in its vile veil, for they were not able to distinguish between Good and Evil, and darkness profound reigned over the earth. Temples were built to the Evil One, and he, who in reality stands for Death, for Want and for Disease, for Fear and Faith, Hatred and Tyranny, was worshipped as King and Lord and God. But the Spirit of Good renewed the war with his mortal foe. Thrones tottered; the down-trampled masses lifted up their eyes. Then Greece arose. And ever again does the Snake renew his conflict with the Eagle. Then mankind revolts against its oppressors; then do truth and justice take arms against out-worn custom; then priests and kings dissemble their disquietude, while in pure hearts awakens hope, and earth quakes in its foundations.

The noble Lady also enlightens the poet about her own life, and suddenly takes the concrete form of Mary Wollstonecraft, the pioneer of the rights of women.

While she relates the story of her life, the august Woman steers him in the clear moonlight across remotest ocean to a Fane, which appears in all the magic splendour of enchantment and is the abode of the mighty dead. As her foot touches the threshold, she slowly vanishes from his sight; Darkness fills the place; out of the darkness gleam the Serpent's eyes, and commingle into one bright sphere; the Snake has now again changed back into a Star. The Star floats above a throne, and on the throne there sits the Genius of the Good in majesty divine and god-like beauty. The poet's brain reels, but he still feels the supporting

hand of his now invisible guide and hears her voice, which tells him that this day two mighty Spirits have returned like birds of calm back from the world's tumultuous sea. He catches sight of the Spirits, a youth with deep dark eyes and a clear brow, like unto a seer, and a still more beautiful female form, half hidden by her wealth of hair and caught-up garment. Gazing into the eyes of his love, Laon brings to mind his earthly life and relates it to the poet.

What strikes us as the most remarkable feature of this prologue, strange as it is in many ways, is that the serpent appears as the incarnation of the Good, while we see the Evil principle embodied in the eagle. From the outset indeed it seems more than surprising that Shelley should, in this distinctive trait, betray so close an agreement with the Ophite teaching.

First of all, among the Ophites also, the serpent was nothing else but the Devil, who is cast down to earth out of Paradise, fights with his own father and becomes the author of law-breaking and discord. Among the Ophites of Irenæus, we see it is the sinister reflected image itself of Ialdabaoth, the god of the Jews, that assumes the form of a serpent. Ophiomorphos is the passion of Ialdabaoth, evil impulse personified; all oblivion, malice, jealousy, envy and hate proceed from him. At an early stage, however, there appeared another form of the doctrine, which attributed to the serpent an essentially different significance. Compare Irenæus (*Hæc.* i. 30. 15): "Some say that Sophia herself became a serpent, and had therefore opposed the maker of Adam and given the Gnosis to Man, and for that reason the serpent was called the wisest of all creatures." We are thus enabled to understand why the Ophites felt

impelled to adore in this serpent which brought Gnosis, a spiritual being, a heavenly king. As bringer of Gnosis, this serpent also incited men to rebellion against the Law; it is the benefactor of the human race. It delivers them from the dominion of the world-building powers and of their slaves, and leads the redeemed to the supernal Kingdom of Light. In the first place the serpent appears in the under-world as a demonic principle; subsequently, in the middle kingdom, the circle of Sophia takes the form of a serpent.

We have therefore to distinguish between a good and evil spirit, a good and evil Ophis. The former is regarded as the Light-bringer (Lucifer) and is thus identified with Sophia.¹ It is this latter meaning which is attached to the serpent in Shelley's poem. That, in fact, it stands for nothing else but Sophia, the dispenser of perfect, fearless wisdom, is made clear also by the circumstance that the wondrous Lady, who takes the serpent to her bosom, reveals herself as Mary Wollstonecraft, the author of *The Vindication of the Rights of Woman*.²

¹ The question whether the serpent has a similar significance in the mythological or religious ideas of other nations, must, as far as our knowledge goes, receive a negative answer. For the meaning of the serpent in myth and culture, I refer the reader to the following: Ersch und Gruber, *Ensyklopädie*, 71, pp. 223ff. (pp. 279ff. in particular deal with the serpent); Maehly, *Die Schlange in Mythos und Kultus* (Basel, 1867); Plutarch, *De Vit. Pud.*, c. 8; Gruppe, *Griechische Mythologie und Religionsgeschichte*, pp. 807ff., also pp. 1087ff.

² I cannot agree with Helene Richter who in her splendid book on Shelley, assumes that the woman of the prologue appears in a marvellous dual form, now as a personification of the ideal in nature, and again with the concrete features of Mary Wollstonecraft. In depicting the noble lady, Shelley had no one in his mind but the pioneer of the rights of woman, who, indeed, had lived from her youth up in her lonely wanderings in the closest union with nature, and had, as it were, received the primeval wisdom of her revelations from Mother Earth herself. She too had tasted:

"The oracular vapour . . .
Which lonely men drink wandering in their youth,
And call truth, virtue, love, genius or joy,

Mary had fearlessly begun the struggle against the tyranny of prejudices and statutes which oppressed her sex; she had looked shame and death in the face for the sake of truth and freedom. She claimed for woman all those rights which are the inalienable heritage of reasonable human beings. Reason is the rallying-cry of her campaign; reason alone must be the guide of our lives. In words which appeal to us with Shakesperean power and originality, Mary shows us the folly, nay more, the evil of all seeking for protection from fear, of all unconditional obedience to law and custom. We must become *guilty* even. Only in that way shall we win understanding, forgiveness, love and true inward freedom.¹ There dwells in evil a spirit of good, which leads us to Gnosis; it was this Knowledge that saved Shelley in his broodings from the anguish of despair. He looks up with gratitude to Mary, who has shown him the path to charity. Guided by her, he reaches the temple of departed spirits. The temple is the symbol of the free, deliberate standpoint to which, under Mary's guidance, Shelley had attained, and which had given him a correct grasp of the impulse of world-history. There he learns to understand and to interpret the life and the striving of enlightened manhood.²

It has, with justice, been remarked that in *Laon and Cythna*, which in this respect differs from the

That maddening wine of life, whose dregs they drain
To deep intoxication; and uplift,
Like Mænads who cry aloud, Evøe! Evøe!
The voice which is contagion to the world."

(*Prometheus Unbound*, II. iii. 5ff.)

¹ Cp. *Vindication of the Rights of Woman*, chap. v., sec. v.

² In the dedicatory lines of *Laon and Cythna*, Shelley also offered a tribute of gratitude to William Godwin, Mary's husband, the author of *Political Justice*. The Gnostic strain in Godwin's thought will be dealt with in the concluding paragraph of this article.

other works of the youthful Shelley, evil does not appear as the mere negation of good. At the dawn of creation good and evil sprang like twin gods out of the Non-existent. Whence this dualism, which seems so irreconcilable with Shelley's pantheistic views? The system of the Ophites gives us the answer. The two hostile powers are Sophia, the incarnation of light, and Ialdabaoth, the god of the law of tyranny, both arising through repeated emanation from the unknown Father. The dualism is, however, only apparent. From the beginning there is but one God, one primordial power; Ialdabaoth even is his creation. Evil proceeds from the bosom of the Good as a secondary thing, though without the knowledge or volition of the Good, and in consequence it can also be overcome.

Evil appears in Shelley in the form of an eagle. In this also I recognise his dependence on the symbolism of the Ophites. In the Ophite diagram the eagle appears among the seven creatures that symbolise the demonic world-powers, those evil spirits who rejoice in the misfortunes of men and entice them to all sins and misdeeds.

The influence of Ophite views, which, as we have seen, is everywhere visible in the prologue to *Laon and Cythna*, is also shown incidentally in the poem itself. In her speech to the mariners Cythna sets up as an ideal (canto viii. 12):

To live, as if to love and live were one.

These words, which moreover stand in the setting of a speech that throbs with the most passionate hatred of the demiurgic powers—dominion, government, laws—take on heightened meaning by reference to

the Ophite diagram. In the top division of the scheme which represented the Deity, was to be seen a large circle, and in contact with it above and below were two small ones. The upper small circle bore the inscription 'Love,' and on the lower one stood written 'Life.' In the great circle which was left blank, we have to recognise Light, uncreated and immutable, the so-called Bythos (Depth), which endowed the divine persons with their existence. The two small circles indicate the two great perfections of divine enlightenment, Life and Love.

The distinction also between the community of patriots, the free spirits, and the docile slaves of tyranny, which is sharply accentuated in the course of the poem, shows dependence on the Ophite view. To the fundamental opposition between Light and Evil, between the higher God, the unknown Father, and his enemy, Satan, corresponds (according, at all events, to the teaching of Saturninus) a dualism in the human race which goes back to the beginning of creation. The Demonic powers are on the side of the wicked; the Saviour, the Sôtêr, in an illusory body, comes to the help of the good. The end will be the complete triumph of the Good; the spiritual spark will be awakened to perfect freedom.¹

B. *The Assassins.*

This curious fragment of a romance takes its title from a community which, in many of its views, recalls the later Gnostics. It relates how this sect, after the destruction of Jerusalem, took refuge in the remote

¹ In spite of the gaps in our information regarding Saturninus, the dualistic character of his teaching, as Hilgenfeld points out, is quite indisputable. Some have found in it traces of Persian influence.

mountain-valley of Bethzatanai, in the Lebanon, there to live undisturbed in its faith, in close union with the beauties of nature and far from the destructive influence of a corrupt civilisation. We are told in detail how the spirit of this religion manifested its ennobling influence in the life and principles of its adherents. The action proper begins with Chapter III.

Albedir, a member of the brotherhood, finds in a wood a man impaled on the broken branch of a tree, streaming with blood. Round his body a monstrous Snake is twined, while over his head a hungry Vulture circles. The eyes of the victim shine with unearthly lustre; from them shines forth the serenity of an immortal power. Albedir rescues the stranger from his desperate plight; but the latter, once set free, burst forth into strange exclamations and imprecations as though concluding some strange mysterious soliloquy. Both go to Albedir's hut, where the stranger finds hospitable shelter. Next morning he is greeted by Khaled, Albedir's wife, who invites him to go with them to watch their children, Abdallah and Maimuna, who are playing by the water-side. They direct their steps towards the neighbouring lake, where they witness the following scene:

The children were sitting on a stone, on which a small snake lay coiled; they were making a little boat out of bark. When they had finished their boat, they got up and called to the snake with melodious tones, which it seemed to understand. It uncoiled itself and glided to the boat, in which it sailed away. Then the children ran after the boat round the little creek, uttering wild, melodious sounds which the serpent seemed to answer by restless glances of his neck. But when a breath of wind threatened to drive the little

boat out of the bay, the snake leapt into the water and came and lay down at the children's feet. Maimuna sang something to it and it leaped into her bosom, covered by the girl's fair hands crossed over it. When the boy answered with a song, it glided to him. Then Maimuna caught sight of her father and mother, and ran to them up the steep path; and Abdallah left the snake and followed joyfully.

The problem of the meaning and origin of the details of this romantic fragment is not independent of the answer that must be given to the question of the general plan which the poet followed in his narrative.

That when Shelley began to write the work he had actually in mind the history of the Shiah sect from which it derived its title, appears to me beyond doubt.¹ This is proved even by external evidence in that the two names Abdallah and Maimuna are evidently formed from the name of the organiser of the sect, Abdallah-ibn-Maimun.² This is further confirmed by the fact that Shelley, in accordance with historic tradition, describes the Assassins as a community which in many of its dogmas strikingly recalled the Gnostics. In the rejection of all fixed rules of morality and religion the Assassins, as a matter of fact, stood on the ground of what is called the Demiurgism of the Ophites, who regarded all restraints upon our actions as the work of the Demiurgos (Ialdabaoth), and consequently held them in contempt and fought against

¹ For the Assassins cp. Hammer, *Geschichte der Assassinen* (1818), and Guyard, *Fragments relatifs à la Doctrine des Ismaélis* (1874).

² For Shelley's nomenclature cp. A. Kroder, *Shelleyana*, in the *Festschrift zum XII. Allgem. Deutschen Neuphilologentage*, pp. 148ff. The names Ione and Panthea are explained in the following way: Ione > Ἰωνή, Panthea > Πανθεία.

them. It is true that Shelley's Assassins are worlds removed from that warlike tribe, the bane of the Crusaders, which bore upon its banner the device of organised murder. Their life flows on remote from the world in calm seclusion; purity of heart, brotherly love, and intimate communion with nature adorn the beauty of their perfect existence. But we can hardly assume that this *peaceful* community was intended to form the permanent background of the narrative. The poet seems rather in his description to have brought out the original, ideal condition from which he imagines the historical Assassins to have sprung. If this is so, Shelley must have felt that he had to follow out the various stages of development through which the ideal community must have passed, before we meet with it in the guise of the evil-famed Saracens. From the reflections in Chapter II., I conclude that this was actually Shelley's intention. He there deals at length with what the probable consequences would be if his Assassins were taken out of their seclusion, and brought into contact with the civilised world, and arrives at the following conclusion :

No Assassin would submissively temporise with vice, and in cold charity become a pander to falsehood and desolation. His path through the wilderness of civilised society would be marked with the blood of the oppressor and the ruiner. The wretch, whom nations tremblingly adore, would expiate in his throttling grasp a thousand licensed and venerable crimes.

How many holy liars and parasites, in solemn guise, would his saviour arm drag from their luxurious couches, and plunge in the cold charnel, that the green and many-legged monsters of the slimy grave might eat off at their leisure the lineaments of rooted malignity and detested cunning. The respectable man—the smooth, smiling, polished villain, whom all the city honours; whose very trade is lies and murder; who buys his daily bread

with the blood and tears of men, would feed the ravens with his limbs. The Assassin would cater nobly for the eyeless worms of the earth, and the carrion fowls of heaven.

These last words describe with striking exactitude the physiognomy of the Assassins at the time of the Crusades.

The accounts of the historical Assassins did not offer Shelley any close points of resemblance to the idyllic description of the Lebanon community; on the other hand, the descriptions of the teaching and life of the Ophites may have very well awakened in the poet the thought of just such an ideal picture. Many of the Ophite doctrines coincided so perfectly with his own innermost convictions, corresponded so exactly to his belief in the original goodness, nobility and purity of human nature, that he could not help regarding the first disciples of this teaching as truly perfect men, to whom love and lofty thinking were the bread of life. That, in his description of the inhabitants of the happy valley of the Lebanon, Shelley had actually an Ophite community in his mind, is shown by the charming picture which brings the fragment to an end. As a matter of fact, the serpent, which forms the chief incident in it, regarded as the genius of Good, and the incarnation of Wisdom, played a leading rôle in the daily life and especially in the communion of the Ophite sects. Epiphanius,¹ Augustine,² Theodoretus,³ Damascenus,⁴ and Prædestinatus,⁵ are unanimous in stating that each community kept a live serpent in a box or cavity. When the communion was to be celebrated, a table was pushed in front of the serpent's receptacle and it was invited to come forth. The

¹ *Hæres.* 37, §5. ² *De Hæres.* §7. ³ *Hæret. Fab.* i. 14.

⁴ *De Hæres.* §37. ⁵ *Ch.* 17.

serpent heard the summons, glided on to the table, coiled itself round the bread which lay on it, and licked the bread with its tongue. The priest then came forward, broke the bread and divided it among those present. And everyone not only ate the portion he had received, but went up to the serpent and kissed it. At the end of the ceremony the congregation sang a hymn of praise to the supreme God whom the serpent had proclaimed to man in Paradise. This the Ophites called the 'perfect sacrifice' (*τελείαν θυσίαν*).

But not only the good Ophis, the evil Ophis also appears in this romantic fragment of our poet. We are bound to recognise it in the serpent twined round the stranger, whom Albedir met in the wood.

From the mysterious words poured forth by the stranger on his deliverance, we see at once how the two creatures that caused his torture—the Serpent and the Vulture—are to be interpreted :

The great tyrant is baffled, even in success. Joy! joy! to his tortured foe! Triumph to the worm whom he tramples under his feet! Ha! His suicidal hand might dare as well abolish the mighty frame of things! Delight and exultation sit before the closed gates of death!—I fear not to dwell beneath their black and ghastly shadow. Here thy power may not avail! Thou createst —'tis mine to ruin and destroy—I was thy slave—I am thy equal, and thy foe.—Thousands tremble before thy throne, who, at my voice, shall dare to pluck the golden crown from thine unholy head!

These words become perfectly comprehensible, in every detail, if we think of them as addressed to Demiurgos, the imperfect author of this world, who subjected man to his laws and keeps him in his bonds by means of punishment and by the fear of death.

The Serpent that entwines the stranger symbolises the tyranny of the law, the vulture is the fear of

punishment and death which prevents man from shaking off the yoke of the law. The Vulture, for that matter, is not unknown in the symbolism of the Ophites. It figures among the rulers which fill the Outer Darkness (*Caligo Externa*), the dwelling-place of the unredeemed.

In the stranger himself we see a child of this world, who struggles in vain to free himself from the fetters of religion and the moral law. He is only delivered by the help of Albedir, the perfectly free man, and by his deliverance he enters the community of the free.

C. *Prometheus Unbound.*

The ideas with which Shelley had become familiar through the study of the Ophite system, are still to be seen now and then working in *Prometheus Unbound*. I refer in the first instance to the song which ends the poem. Demogorgon, who sees prophetically the future blissful condition of the world, speaks as follows :

This is the day, which down the void abyss
 At the Earth-born's spell yawns for Heaven's despotism,
 And Conquest is dragg'd captive through the deep :
 Love, from its awful home of patient power
 In the wise heart, from the last giddy hour
 Of dread endurance, from the slippery, steep,
 And narrow verge of crag-like agony, springs
 And folds over the world its healing wings.
 Gentleness, Virtue, Wisdom, and Endurance,
 These are the seals of that most firm assurance
 Which bars the pit over Destruction's strength ;
 And if, with infirm hand, eternity,
 Mother of many acts and hours, should free
 The serpent that would clasp her with his length ;
 These are the spells by which to re-assume
 An empire o'er the disentangled doom.

But the Ophite-Gnostic influences are visible not in details only; in the general artistic form, that is to say in the conception and presentation of the Prometheus myth, they also had a certain importance. The Greek myth appears in a form adapted in more than one respect to the system of ideas of these Eastern sectaries.

Zeus is the exact representation of Ialdabaoth, the personification of the evil principle which is operative in this material world. As Helene Richter aptly remarks:

The Father of the Gods is evil pure and simple, evil in every shape and form in which it dominates men, political and religious tyranny, the power of bad habit, the hypocritical moral law and the inner sinfulness and lack of freedom which he begets.

There is no place in classical literature for such a conception as this. Shelley also lent peculiar features to the figure of Prometheus, in which the Gnostic principle appears to attain to fuller expression. The poet saw in Prometheus the regenerator who, unable to bring mankind back to its original innocence, by clearing a way with the weapon of knowledge, leads it to the condition in which it becomes virtuous through wisdom (Mrs. Shelley). The idea that full and perfect knowledge purifies and redeems man is indeed clearly expressed in *Prometheus Unbound*.

Again Shelley's work emphasises the truth that evil is not by nature equal in power to good, but is actually only the negation of good, that it is not from the beginning and for ever generally proper to creation, but that it can be overcome by humanity. Here again we stand on the ground of the Gnostics who advocate similar views. According to the Naassenes, as the Ophites are called by Hippolytus, good and evil were

not irresolvable opposites, but only different stages and moments in one and the same process of Nature.

It is certainly a peculiar phenomenon that the poet who wrote the march-music for future humanity, should be found in agreement with religious communities which existed nearly two thousand years ago. On closer inspection, however, this phenomenon loses much of its surprising character.

In the first place we find the noteworthy fact that Shelley does not stand alone among his contemporaries in the Gnostic tendency of his thought. The authors whom he specially singled out as his teachers, William Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft, raised the fabric of their social writings on the same fundamental views. Inspired by the same belief in the redeeming power of perfect Knowledge, they also demand the unconditional sovereignty of the free understanding and advocate hostility to the cramping limitations of government and of all laws, regardless of consequences.

Godwin's *Political Justice* proceeds from the axiom that man in his essential being is a reasonable creature. As such he must naturally try to find the criterion of his actions within himself. All guidance as well as all authority is of the nature of evil. Rule in the state-community is as absurd as rule in the family. The existing forms of government are all equally reprehensible. The voluntary guidance of reason is substituted for the compulsion of the law. It lies in the very essence of the understanding to tell the individual what duties he must fulfil for the common weal. It is absurd to try to bind a human being by laws and compacts, when reason always marks out for him a right line of conduct.

The uncontested sovereignty of the understanding naturally presupposes a condition of spiritual freedom. Though this cannot be realised immediately, man draws nearer and nearer to it as his knowledge grows. Therefore make man wise, and you make him good and happy.

So much for Godwin's *Political Justice*. What now are the leading conceptions in Mary Wollstonecraft's *Vindication of the Rights of Woman*? The fundamental tenet of her book is that woman also is a being endowed with reason. And from the fact that woman has a share in that gift which raises human beings above all others, Mary straightway infers the natural necessity of her liberation from civic, social and matrimonial slavery. As soon as the rights of reason are granted to women, they will at once of themselves become better and happier. Their much-deplored follies and frailties are the privileges of ignorance. Mary inveighs with words of fire against the system of protection and arbitrary control which is meant to sustain the supposed weakness of woman. What woman needs is freedom, freedom to use her reasoning powers and bring them to full development. In an independent struggle with life and its passions, she will accumulate that mass of experience which is the only warrant for true knowledge and true virtue.

Thus we see that Shelley's views on the rights of freedom and the redeeming power of the understanding, as well as on the reprehensible character of all legal restraints, had already been expressed with equal boldness by Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft. And this becomes intelligible, when we remember that both Mary and her future husband, the author of *Political Justice*, were children of the French Revolution,

which had deposed from his throne the God of 'most Christian' France to set up in his place the Goddess of Reason.

In a time of transition and agitation which destroys the old, stable forms of thought and overturns time-honoured altars, it is not astonishing if humanity, drifting rudderless over the wild waves, looks round for a pole-star and chooses as its only trustworthy guide, the light which manifests itself in thought.

In the great minds of the Reformation and of the Renaissance which preceded it, Gnostic tendencies are also traceable. That bold thought in which Shakespeare and Giordano Bruno meet: "Nothing is good or bad, but thinking makes it so," contains in germ the full programme of the Gnostics. For the sect of the Assassins this thought was in fact their highest axiom. "There is no darkness but ignorance," says Shakespeare, and Leonardo da Vinci, the great thinker of the Italian Renaissance, uttered the profound saying: "Great Love is the daughter of great Knowledge." Less lofty minds have also expressed similar thoughts. The motto of Shelley's *Revolt of Islam* comes from Chapman:

There is no danger to a man that knows
What life and death is: there's not any law
Exceeds his knowledge; neither is it lawful
That he should stoop to any other law.¹

The period of the first Gnostics was, in an even higher degree than the French Revolution and the Reformation, an epoch of change and fermentation. Not only had the Pagan gods of the classical peoples lost their old power, but the religious systems of the

¹ These lines occur towards the end of Act iii. of *Byron's Conspiracy*, 1608.—Ed.

Jews and of other Oriental nations were affected by the universal process of disintegration. Moreover, there existed on the ground which we must define as the peculiar home of the Gnostics, Eastern and Hellenic, Jewish and Christian modes of thought, to some extent side by side in strange combination. No wonder that, in this almost chaotic confusion, it should be just the strong and bold spirits who esteemed their own reason as the only anchorage of their striving and their faith.

It is therefore not incomprehensible to us that Shelley, in whom the Pagan ideal of a free humanity and Christian aspiration and all-compassionate love are curiously blended, should show so much agreement with Gnostic doctrines. We can understand also that this teaching, when he first became acquainted with it, must have affected him as a kind of revelation and impelled him to give it poetical form. *The Assassins* and *Laon and Cythna* already represent attempts to clothe the Orphite-Gnostic ideas in poetic dress. But it was only in the Prometheus saga that he attained complete success. This myth indeed in its very substance showed signs of a perfect Gnostic imprint, and his passionate interest must have been excited above all things by the fact that Prometheus' love of humanity was the cause of his revolt against Zeus. At the same time this great tragedy of Æschylus offered him what he had sought in vain in the unplastic phantasies of Ophite cosmogony—a solid frame for his poetical constructions. And if we realise that Shelley had already yielded to the influence of Gnostic ideas, then indeed we can perfectly understand why he seized upon the Prometheus myth and was able to transform it in so daring a fashion.

ERNST SIEMER.

SOME PHASES OF RELIGIOUS ART IN EASTERN ASIA.

LAURENCE BINYON.

BUDDHISM has shown its vitality in nothing more signally than by its capacity for growth and assimilation, its power of adapting itself to the needs and natures of the races into whose life it has passed; and the religious art of Eastern Asia records and expresses every successive phase of Buddhist thought and aspiration.

The progress of the religion from India through Gandhara, Khotan, Turkestan, and China to Japan has left its visible trace in monuments still existing.

The great modifications which Buddhist thought and art underwent were in China and Japan. But very early in its progress out of India the religion was to come into contact, on the north-western borders of India, with surviving traditions of Hellenistic sculpture; and out of this meeting and fusion arose the forms and conventions which dominate Buddhist art to this day.

It was nothing less than the meeting of two ideals, the one of the West, the other of the East.

The significance of this meeting is brought into relief if we go a little further back and contemplate for a moment the man who made this possible, Alexander. What more moving and impressive spectacle can be imagined than that moment when the conqueror from

the West, dazzling in his youth, his beauty, and his valour, still more splendid in his far-seeing mind and superhuman energy of will, burst on that ancient, teeming, meditative world of India? He conquered; but his conquest was of materials only. The Indian mind refused submission; refused even to be impressed. Alexander was piqued; he had never yet experienced defeat, and the Brahmans openly scorned him and his army. To them it seemed that he was spending his strength in vanity; his triumphal march through Asia was to them a meaningless series of incidents, having no end and bringing no profit to the soul. The conqueror, deeply interested, as is manifest, could comprehend their point of view; and he sought to overpower them by displaying not the force of arms and men but the glory of his own Greek world. On the banks of Indus was prepared the spectacle of the Olympic games. To the votaries of contemplation these were but sound and fury. He set before them an Attic stage, and actors moved in the great Athenian drama before an Indian audience. To the Brahmans it was but an imitation of the insignificant and the undesirable. How should the glory of the body in those Greek athletes appeal to one who looked forward with longing for release from the body? Or what ideal for him was to be found in action and conflict? The East did not understand the West, and the West did not understand the East.

Alexander departed; but the civilisation of Hellas was not altogether to relinquish its footing in the East.

It was in the region of Bactria that there arose later a Græco-Roman school of sculptors, the school of Gandhara, which under the kindling influence of

Buddhism was to be transformed, during the early centuries of our era, into a school of Asiatic art.

The sculptures of Gandhara bear unmistakable traces of their Græco-Roman origin. Had it not been for the transforming breath of the Indian religion, these provincial works would have for us a mere archæological significance; but the later Indianised sculpture is of singular interest and in some cases reaches a pathetic beauty. In this later work the Greek element counts for little that is essential. Archæologists, with a natural European predisposition to attribute to anything Greek a paramount importance in the world of art, have exaggerated the power of the Hellenic influence in Gandhara, and have even sought to prove that whatever is of beauty in Asiatic sculpture is due to this vitalising spark from the creative art of the West.

But let us remember Alexander's experience. In the meeting of the Greek and the Indian ideal, the Greek was bound to be conquered and absorbed. Can one imagine that had the sculptors of the Gothic cathedrals been vouchsafed a revelation of the full genius of Greek art, they would have changed their style? Something they might have adopted, but assuredly whatever they took would have been fused under the stress of that strong mood of religious aspiration in which they worked. Even the artists of the Italian Renaissance, for whom that mood was lost, could never wholly capture the radiance and the poise of the mature Greek genius, the charm of which so strongly held them. The human spirit had experienced too much in the ages which had passed between. For men who were striving to express the devotion of Buddhist fervour, the dream of a spiritual peace

attained by renunciation of all those desires and energies that make up the life of action, what satisfaction could there be in the representation of beauty, however godlike, in the human body?

In the type of the Buddha which Gandhara sculpture evolved, there lingers still a trace of the old Apollo out of whom he has been transformed. But the eyes no longer gaze full and triumphant upon the world, the eyelids begin to droop over them; the look becomes rapt and abstract. The smile is no longer proud and life-exulting, but a smile of patience, of a secret profound peace.

On this obscure provincial art, remotely sprung from Greek tradition, the Buddhist idea seized like a flame. It fed on that material and transfused it, troubling its forms with thought, only to enhance and deepen that expression from within of the serene and earth-forgetting spirit.

For the real importance, it seems to me, of the Greek factor, the Greek tradition, lay in this; that it provided Indian idealism with material to work upon,—material which in the normal beauty of its human types, and in its natural expressiveness, added just the element most required for the development of Asian sculpture. The Oriental tendency to begin with an abstract idea and to accept its embodiment in plastic form as a concession, if a necessary concession, to the needs of art, was not favourable to the free development of plastic design. Western art begins at the other end, with a frank sensuous delight and interest in beautiful form, through which it works towards a spiritual conception.

In order to understand the state of the Central Asian regions in the first ten or twelve centuries of

our era, before the Mahommedan invasion, we must remember that there was free and constant communication across the continent from east to west and west to east, and that from India to China by way of Peshawur and Gandhara was a great frequented highroad.

Only in the last few years, however, have we begun to realise how many centres of civilisation flourished in these regions. The expeditions of Dr. Stein, Dr. Grünwedel, Dr. Von Le Coq, and other archæologists, have revealed by their explorations among cities abandoned and covered up by the sands of the desert or left in ruins by invading hordes from the North, monuments of singular interest. The Buddhist art of Khotan, a small kingdom once flourishing on the west of the great desert, has been made familiar to us by the two important works of Dr. Stein. Marvellous finds were also made in Turfan by the German expedition. There, far away to the north-east of Turkestan, we find a population of Christians, Buddhists and Manichæans dwelling together; men apparently of what is called Indo-Scythian race with blue eyes and red hair. Among the manuscripts were writings in two hitherto unknown Indo-European languages, at once a joy and a terror to the philologist. Frescoes of great size and imposing character were found; Manichæan liturgies; illuminated pages that seem to be the precursors of Persian miniature-painting, and buildings adorned with many sculptures. The results of Dr. Stein's last expedition, not yet given to the world, will prove to be even more interesting and important for the study of Buddhist painting.

In all these sites the art that has been revealed

possesses a common base of character. The sculpture is related to the later sculptures of Gandhara, but as we move east is gradually refined on and still further transformed by the powerful æsthetic genius of China, till it reaches its last manifestation in the beautiful early sculpture of Japan.

It is natural to compare all this sculpture, inspired by a common religious ideal, with the sculpture of the middle ages in Europe. There are, indeed, close affinities between the two. But whereas in Europe artists carved the great stone fronts of towering cathedrals with scenes from the Old Testament and the Passion of Christ, with the effigies of saints and kings, in Asia the images of Buddha or of his manifold impersonations, and of his disciples, were hewn for the most part out of living rock.

A river gorge with high sandstone banks will be found honeycombed with monastery cells; and in a great hollowed space in the cliff-side will be carved a colossal seated image of the contemplative Buddha. Professor Chavannes has published in his recent work a number of photographs. The now deserted landscape adds to the impressiveness of these solitary figures. The inspiring thought creating these immense images seems to have been an effort to apprehend the universe as a single unity, and to embody the idea of its vastness in the Buddha, in whom the world-life centres. It may be that the choice of solitary gorges, with the rushing movement of a stream for ever passing away at the feet of the still, majestic image, may have been meant to complete this adumbration of the universe of mind and matter. We seem in these conceptions to come near to the heart of Eastern thought, and Buddhist aspiration. The movement culminated in Japan in the creation of

the colossal Buddha of Nara, now defaced by fires and restorations, the largest bronze statue ever cast in the world.

The idea which these statues embody implies an advanced stage of philosophic thought, a harmonisation of the universe and man to which we find something of a parallel in Greek sculpture, though the terms of expression are so different.

In China, purely national forms of art had in early times found strange and powerful expression for that deep sense of a kind of demonic force in nature which is characteristic of primitive civilisations. In the art of Asia this sense has inspired many and magnificent creations. We are familiar with the winged and human-headed Bulls of Assyrian sculpture, in which a race of great builders and warriors seems to assert its pride in gigantic forces harnessed to the human will: but those fantastic beasts who guard the tombs of the Emperors of the great Tang dynasty, who shall say what thought inspired them? It seems almost as if some non-human power had conceived them, seizing upon human brains and hands to execute its will.

The Chinese monsters seem to carry us back to a fabulous remoteness of time, to the aboriginal life of the earth; and to suggest, with a power no later art has approached, the force of a blind irresistible Nature.

Originally no doubt such images as these were made as part of the worship of a primitive religion of fear. In Tibet, where demon-worship and horrible incantations were developed into an elaborate system, the transition to Buddhism was smoothly effected by the announcement that the many venerated fiends had themselves received enlightenment and were allowed

to retain the lordship of Nature as vassals to the supreme Lord, Buddha. This declaration may have been the diplomatic fiction of an opportunist and conservative priesthood. Yet it disguises, if it also caricatures, a fundamental reality; for faith in love and reason loses grasp of life unless it retains full recognition of the powers of primitive instinct and the imperious forces of nature.

Just as we find demon forms squatting and crouching about the roofs and towers of Gothic cathedrals, so in Turkestan and China we find monstrous figures carved on the façades of rock temples beside the shrined effigies of saints and teachers. But the supreme effort of the artists was to create out of the stony rock images of tenderness and pity. True to its first Indian ideal, yet with added elements absorbed from Greece and from China, the art was seeking to find an ever more perfect image of a religious conception, the impersonal divinity.

In the various types of Avalokitesvara (Kwanyin in Chinese, Kwannon in Japanese), the impersonation of divine compassion, the early sculpture of Japan reached its most triumphant expression.

These and other creations of the Buddhist spirit have in their effect an extraordinary power of impressing their spell of unearthly peace upon the spectator. The long, flowing lines, unbroken in their rhythm, affect the mind through the eye, like the lines of falling water. What Wordsworth calls eye-music, "the soft eye-music of slow-waving boughs," is felt in the flow of those long robes of the Bodhisattvas, which fixed in sculpture or outlined on sombre silk yet seem slowly to fluctuate with an interior life.

The Greek statues are serene, also; but their

serenity, instead of impressing on us who have lost the Greek attitude to life their own peace, is troubling in its beauty; it stirs in us a sense of human possibilities unrealised, of human perfection unattained.

The Chinese genius for rhythm shows itself also in portrait-statues, where a supreme feeling for continuity of line is of signal service in expressing just that sense of life and force intensified by strong control which was of the essence of the characters portrayed. Splendid statues of great Indian teachers, both of Chinese and of native workmanship, are preserved in the temples of Japan.

Among these I may mention the statue of a saint, who is supposed to have passed through the fires of Hell, and who emerges faint and wasted but victorious, grasping a sacred scroll. This is carved in wood. Here there is no dwelling on physical suffering; the body seems almost to be consumed by the spirit within, the spirit which has passed through the flame: it is a spiritual experience which is expressed with ineffaceable intensity.

Buddhist art, in its early periods, devoted much of its energy to portraying scenes in the life of the Buddha. Of these the finest example is the series of reliefs at Borobodhur in Java; reliefs sculptured by Indian artists, and showing a wonderful animation, grace, and sense for beauty in attitude and gesture. There we have something comparable to the reliefs of Western sculpture.

But the peculiar triumph of Buddhist art, the effort in which—at least in China and Japan,—it was more and more to be engrossed, was the effort to concentrate in figures, usually isolated, all that the self-liberated soul of man can conceive of loftiness and

intellectual peace, the peace not of relaxation and repose but of intenser life.

Inevitably, the very success of this endeavour imposed severe limitations. The conception could be approached, and was approached, in various ways; but it hardly admitted of fresh material being added from without.

So we find that Japanese sculpture never reaches again the grandeur of its early prime, the seventh and eighth centuries. Its ideal imposed a static character on the figures, whether religious images or portraits, which are either standing or seated, and retain a great simplicity of contour. All that wealth of motive which the dynamics of natural movement, and shifted balance, and the relation between figures impelled by human emotion, have supplied to the secular sculpture of Europe remained unexplored.

In Japan, as in China, supremacy soon passed from sculpture to painting, an art more truly congenial to the instincts of these peoples.

Of this early religious painting it is impossible to gain any adequate notion by photographs. Painted as they are for the most part on dark silk, still further darkened by the incense-smoke of centuries, the gorgeous though subdued colouring, veined with lines of gold, is an integral part of this effect. Happily it was possible for us to see at the Japan-British Exhibition of 1910 some magnificent examples. Those who saw them could never forget the two companion paintings attributed to Eshin Sozu, the greatest of the religious painters of Japan, who flourished about the time of the Norman Conquest. In this painter's poetic vision, Amida, Lord of the Paradise of the West, appears with a heavenly host upon the glimmering whiteness

of cloud that streams back into the deep blue darkness, and as he appears, celestial attendants play all manner of musical instruments and scatter fragrant blossoms upon the air.

Of all the artists of Europe the one who shows most affinity with such creations as this is the Englishman, William Blake. Had Blake been supported by the strength of a congenial tradition, had he not been clogged and hindered by all the forces of a material age and an alien atmosphere, at once contaminating and tormenting him, he might have wrought visions of this serene, ethereal beauty. He alone of all Europeans has had a like power of drawing beings who float in air as if by the inborn faculty of spiritual nature, who are embodied prayers, embodied raptures.

The Arhats or disciples of Buddha were favourite subjects of art, and often recall St. Jerome and other hermit saints of Christendom; for their haunts were the solitary mountains, and they were often accompanied by a lion or a tiger. Of these rapt, meditative figures, Li Lung-mien, the greatest of the Sung painters of China, was the supreme master and interpreter.

Portraits of saints were also among the masterpieces of Buddhist painting as of Buddhist sculpture. Sometimes these were of extraordinary and impressive life-likeness; but in the ideal portrait of the great religious teacher and artist, Kobo Daishi, as a child, kneeling in prayer upon a lotus,¹ the portrait assumes the character of a vision, seen against the emptiness of night. Kobo Daishi studied for some years in China and in 806 came back to Japan, where he founded a few years later the great monastery on Mount Koya,

¹ Reproduced in the writer's *Painting in the Far East*, pl. vi.

which at one time is said to have contained no less than 90,000 monks. About a hundred temples still exist on the mountain.

Kobo Daishi introduced from China the doctrine of the Shingon or True Word, and the Shingon sect became paramount in Buddhism for the next few centuries. The doctrine emphasised the conception of a divine order pervading the world and human society; so that life became a great and complex ritual, and no action however humble was without its ceremonial significance, as performed in the presence of the Gods. Great importance was attached to the repetition of mystic words, by which the worshipper induced an inner ecstasy until he at last attained the power of actually seeing the real form of that particular Bodhisattva or impersonation of the Divine Spirit to whose guardianship he had been dedicated. It is not surprising therefore that in the Shingon sect painting was enthusiastically cultivated; it was part of the training of every monk. Kobo Daishi has himself recorded that the Chinese prelate under whom he studied taught that the secrets of the Shingon doctrine could not be expressed without the aid of painting; and Kobo brought back sixteen artists from China to spread the new enlightenment.

Bodhisattvas who now became specially prominent in painting are Monju (Manjusri) riding upon the lion, who stands for the power of the written word and its interpretation; Fugen (Samantabhadra) the power of ritual; Jizo, the mild pilgrim to the underworld, who goes to intercede for the souls of little children; and Fudo the immovable, a demonic figure surrounded by leaping flames, the power who binds or cuts out the earthly passions of men. Something positive and

militant in these conceptions indicates the character of this phase of Buddhist faith. The saint was now conceived of as a kind of spiritual hero, armed with dominion over the material world. Kobo Daishi himself is credited with working great miracles, and the exercise of magic was not discountenanced. In time indeed the magical side of this mysticism came to be more and more predominant; and at the same time the elaboration of ritual degenerated into meaningless formalism.

The time was ripe therefore for a new stirring. And the sect of Buddhism which by the 15th century became triumphant was the sect of Zen, Dhyana or contemplation, which had inspired much of Chinese art under the Sung dynasty, and which was now to create a whole new school of artists in Japan.

It was in fact a kind of Renaissance; only, here, artistic effort was associated and fused with an effort towards spiritual liberation, such as inspired some of the earlier champions of the Reformation in Europe.

You may be surprised to find paintings without any obvious religious character or symbolism, paintings of mists and mountains or simply a branch of bamboo or blossoming plum, included in the category of religious art. Yet this is typical of Zen painting. Sometimes you will find a set of three pictures, a kind of triptych, the centre-piece of which is a Buddha or a Kwannon, while those at the side represent a mountain or waterfall or a bird upon a bough. But the favourite subjects of the Zen priests, who were so often painters, were what would be with us mere nature studies, but with them are much more *than* that.

For the Zen ideal was the casting off of everything that could become mere form and habit, a dead crust on the living energy of the spirit. Rites and ceremonies were of no account, even the written word was discarded in teaching, that no too literal interpretation or numbing repetition should bind or imprison the growing mind. The young disciple was bidden rather to win enlightenment by the contemplation of nature. The Zen teachers inculcated what Wordsworth called a wise passiveness, and would have approved that poet's cry, "One impulse from a vernal wood may teach you more of man . . . than all the sages." And just as man was to realise himself by going out into nature, so religion was to become purer and intenser by being dissolved into life.

Just at the opening of the 15th century the Shogun Ashikaga Yoshimitsu retired to the Golden Pavilion, having abdicated rule in favour of his young son. The pavilion, a charming example of the grace and refinement of Japanese architecture, stands at the foot of the hills near Kyoto, on the shores of a little lake, surrounded by old trees. Some seventy years later another Shogun of the same great house of Ashikaga was to build another retreat, called the Silver Pavilion, and surround himself, like his predecessor, with a chosen company of artists, poets, and philosophers.

We may be reminded, perhaps, of the abdication and retirement of the Emperor Charles V. It is true that the atmosphere of the Golden and the Silver Pavilions was penetrated with a religious spirit; the Shoguns themselves and their favourite artists were all enrolled in the priesthood of the Zen sect. But here there was no gloomy tinge of satiety or remorse; it was not so much weariness of power and rule as a

conscious self-liberation that this retreat from the world expressed. The contrast between the palaces of the Italian Renaissance, externally so spacious, magnificent, and adorned, and this modest pavilion, with its secluded pensive aspect, solitary among woods and waters, tells us much.

Simple and modest in exterior, the pavilion was adorned within with paintings, still existing on the walls, by the first masters of the day. So, too, swords of the finest workmanship were hidden in scabbards of the plainest design. This continual reference to the interior spirit belongs intimately to the character of the thought of the time. But with this dwelling on the inner life there is associated, not, as we might perhaps expect, an indifference to external nature, but a desire to include the life of nature in the life of the human spirit and at the same time to merge identity in the universal existence. So we find this retreat of the artist prince set in the heart of the woods, and with its slim pillars seeming to associate itself with the slim boles of the growing trees; and the water is left untamed in its native wildness.

But you are not to conceive of this retired circle of painters, poets, and philosophers, as a group of solemn æsthetes, too refined for ordinary life. On the contrary, the lightness of their art, its swift and happy strokes, find a counterpart in a prevailing gaiety of mood. If serious and lofty thoughts belonged to their inner life, mundane existence presented itself as a fine comedy.

For instance there is a classic picture by Masanobu, founder of the great Kano school, which has lasted from the fifteenth century to this day. It represents two merry Chinese hermits of the mountains, Kanzan

and Jitoku, regarded by the world, on account of their wild eccentric ways, as mad, but greatly honoured by the votaries of the Zen sect. They are always represented as two ragged boys, eternally youthful, and laughing at the pompous anxieties of mankind. We see here how deeply the doctrines of the old sage Lao-tzū had impregnated and given fresh colour and vitality to the thought of Zen Buddhism. Spiritual freedom, fluidity, abounding sympathy with every form of life, human and non-human, these were the great ideals of Lao-tzū: and what keener weapon against the stupid cares of the world and evils of existence than the clear victorious laughter of a free soul? A charming, gay unworldliness was the secret of this temper, into which for the time the mind of Japan had emerged from the ornate religiosity and elaborate ritual of earlier sects of Buddhism. It aimed at entire intellectual freedom, courage, and clear-sightedness, purged from sentimentality and literalism alike.

But behind this sunny exterior there was a fibre of severity. The determination to be free within, to be scrupulous in casting off everything that belongs to mere routine and convention, never to let the things of the world engross and enmesh or even sully the true life of the mind,—such a determination is not found in relaxed or impatient natures. The desolation of civil war and incessant commotion and disaster had driven the Zen philosophy deep into the soul of Japan. And now in more peaceful times it bore fruit, issuing as a controlling influence over thought and action and impressing itself even on everyday manners and habits.

I have already hinted at a certain analogy between the mood of the Zen teachers and the mood of the early Reformers in Europe. And the Zen enthusiasts

could even be iconoclastic on occasion. A picture by Motonobu, the son of Masanobu, represents a Zen priest kicking over a vase held in especial reverence and called the Vase of Purity, while his companions look on awe-struck with admiration of the audacious act. Stories are also told of Zen priests who, when they had reached enlightenment, cast the sacred images into the fire.

We seem to have travelled far from the Buddhist art of hieratic figures, gorgeous in their solemn colours, impressive in their grand repose, and dimmed only by the incense-smoke of centuries of worship. The Zen artists painted Buddha and his disciples too, but in a different spirit and with a different method. Instead of the glorified Buddha upon the lotus throne we see Sakyamuni struggling with the problems of existence, a man among men. We are reminded of Rembrandt and his human treatment of the Gospel stories, and his method of drawing and etching is also singularly akin to the ink-sketches of these masters.

Behind all the art of Ashikaga lies the firmly grasped conception, a conception which I think we too often lose sight of, that art is in essence a communication between mind and mind, a communication of ideas and emotions fused into a single mood and impossible to be expressed through language. Through a true work of art the spectator enters into the mind of the artist, and through that again into the depth and space, the boundless horizons of the universal life. Until this chain of relations is completed the painting is in a sense non-existent or only half-existent. Only in the minds of us who contemplate it does it assume perfect life; only in us the thought of the artist flowers; we ourselves are to be his masterpiece.

Hence the constant emphasis laid by Zen philosophers on the importance for the spectator of preparing himself for the contemplation of a work of art by becoming empty to receive the fulness of the impression, by sweeping from the mind all extraneous distractions. The thought of the artist is to enter like a guest into a room made ready for his welcome. I may illustrate these views by a saying of Coleridge's: "The power of poetry is by a single word perhaps to instil that energy into the mind which compels the imagination to produce the picture."

With such conceptions in full flow, we can understand how this Zen art became more and more an effort to suppress material and dissolve it in idea; to communicate by suggestion the elusive and the indescribable. The one thing necessary for the work of art was that it should bring with it the fertilising seed to come to blossom in the beholder's mind. A secret never wholly told; feelings and intuitions that come to us, we know not from what source, in certain moods and certain places; that momentary fulness of life that seems like the recovery of a lost harmony between man and nature; the something felt, but invisible, which as an old Taoist poet of China sings, is like the fragrant air of spring, softly swelling the silk robe into long curves, or like the note of the bamboo flute, whose sweetness we would fain make our own: this is the inspiration of Ashikaga painters.

It might be thought that in such an art the personality of the painter and the technical beauty of his execution would count for little. But if we consider, we shall see that for success in conveying these delicate intimations the personality of the painter was, on the contrary, all-important. The artist

can never mask himself behind his work. What he is appears in it. So we find Japanese critics vindicating the slightness of these ink-sketches, by the lofty mood and tone of the master's spirit behind them.

But the unique interest of this Zen art is, as I have already suggested, the complete fusion of the artistic and the religious temper. Many of the noblest masterpieces of Europe have been of religious inspiration. But the work of men like Fra Angelico is to be compared rather with that of the early Buddhist painters. In both cases art was the happy and devout servant of religion, following the prescribed formula and ritual of tradition; but perhaps in Japan, as in Europe, some of the most popular religious painters were men of no real spirituality of mind, who supplied the Church, as they supplied princely patrons, with the pictures demanded of them.

What distinguishes the Zen artists of Sung and Ashikaga is that the religious idea was no longer confined to religion, conceived as something apart from and antithetical to mundane subjects, but that it had gone out to impregnate and fuse itself with life and nature, so that a white narcissus half hidden among rocks, a bird making a branch quiver with its first song, or crimson maple leaves floating down through the misty air, or reeds trembling in a wind that comes out of boundless space, or the look of remote peaks beyond the clouds, could become, no less than forms of deity or angel, an expression of the divine idea. The soul of man had passed out into nature, to identify itself with those sources of power which only reveal themselves to a wise passiveness of mood, to possess and be possessed by the spirit which transforms the world.

LAURENCE BINYON.

FAMILIAR PHRASES IN THE ZOROASTRIAN GĀTHĀS.

KENNETH SYLVAN GUTHRIE, A.M., M.D., PH.D.

Who does not believe that "God at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets"? Vital interest can therefore not be lacking in such prophetic utterances as the Gāthās or Hymns of Zarathushtra, which have the first right to be considered his, if any portion of the Avesta can make that claim. These Gāthās contain incidental touches which sound so very familiar to us, that they may well command our attention in a leisure hour.

Certainly the greater number of these incidental touches cannot be considered in the light of direct influences of either the Old or New Testament, because they are so remote in time and place, and because many of them form no more than commonplaces of religious sentiment. Yet may they wake an echo in our hearts, cheering us by the thought that God has not left Himself without at least indirect witnesses to the utmost ends of the earth. Such at least was the faith of Justin Martyr when he wrote: "And those who lived according to reason are Christians, even though accounted atheists, such as among the Greeks, Sokrates and Herakleitos, and those who resemble them."

I. ESCHATOLOGICAL ECHOES.

The Judgment.

In this connection it may not be without point to refer to Herakleitus's 25th fragment, which shows that in 500 B.C., at Ephesus, the Gāthic judgment by fire (*Yasna* 313. 19; 344; 434; 476; 519) was not unknown :

"For the fire coming upon [the earth] will judge and seize all things."

This judgment, the great crisis, 'maētha,' 'vicitha,' 'māh,' whether interpreted as referring to the earthly 'sacred wars,' or to the 'end of the age,' is an undeniable element in the teaching of the Gāthās. It is variously represented as occurring by spirit and fire with molten metal, or as a bridge of sifting, with Sraosha as Sifter, while the Preparer, Zarathushtra himself, will stand with Sraosha (46.17) to vindicate his words (31.19) and lead the faithful into Heaven (46.10).

Regeneration.

Connected with the judgment by fire is regeneration (cp. *John* 33). In 485 we find the word 'aipi-zath' meaning literally 'again-birth.' It has been frequently attempted to minimise the force of this expression, but without much success, if the plain meaning of the words is not openly denied. The context however demands it, for in the next verse we hear of the birth of the 'first life' :

"Armaiti, with good deeds, perfects for mortal men an 'again-birth,' good dwelling, enduringness and vitality; and for cattle she produced plants at the birth of the first life."

Whatever doctrinal distinctions we may please to associate therewith, 'regeneration' is the quite literal rendering of 'aipi-zath.'

The Second Life.

Zarathushtra taught a second life. For what else can we conclude from his doctrine of regeneration, or from his opposition to Grehma because, by his teaching, he destroys the second life (45₁)? So also the Karapans (46₁₁) destroy the (second) life of men through evil deeds; for if this does not mean 'second' life it would mean wholesale murder, which is absurd.

"I entreat thee, O Ahura, to grant me both lives, both that of the body and of the mind; . . . with the felicity with which Mazdāh, through Asha, supports [those to whom] Mazdāh gives the two lives for their comfort" (28₂).

The Resurrection.

The notion of a resurrection also was very probably current in the Zoroastrian religion. Söderblom (p. 244) has brought together the external evidence such as that of Æneas of Gaza. Diogenes Laërtius (*Int.* 2) asserts that the Magi kept up a regular succession from the time of Zoroaster, which he puts at 6000 years before Xerxes, under the names of Ostanēs, and Astrampsychos, and Gobryas and Pazatas, until the destruction of the Persian empire by Alexander. Plutarch (*De Is. et Os.* 46, 47) quotes Theopompus, the historian of Philip of Macedon, as to dualism, and the final struggle, when, after alternate periods of 3000 years, Hades shall fail, and men shall be happy, neither requiring food, nor constructing shelter. Herodotus

(362) mentions (about 400 B.C.) that Prexaspeo, the executor of Smerdis, said: "If the dead rise up again, expect that Astyages the Mede will rise up against you; but if it is now as formerly, nothing new can spring up for you from him."

A number of passages from the Pahlavi Huzvarešh glosses and versions have been claimed to refer to the resurrection (285; 302, 7, 10; 314; 3310; 346, 14; 489). Perhaps the most striking is (307): "And Armatay conferred on the bodies persistence and firmness so that he by thy retributions through the metal may become the first of them." Most of the other passages, however, contain no literal reference to the resurrection on properly objective translation.

The Gospel.

The word 'hu-meretay' (in 3110) has by all later tradition been interpreted as 'good news' or 'evangel.' But Jackson thinks it should be translated 'good marks' or record at the judgment.

The Unpardonable Sin.

When 'hu-meretay' was taken to mean 'gospel,' it appeared that the following quotation signified that the nomad should not be admitted to its blessings, even should he desire them. But Professor Jackson points out that this would conflict with the strong proselytising tendency of the Zarathustrian religion. It seems therefore safer to interpret the passage (3110) as follows:

"Then [the cow] chose for herself among the two [possible lords, the herdsman or nomad] the herdsman who would fatten her;

" [Namely] the Ashaist who feels that it is his mission to see to it that all things that belong to Vohu Manah prosper and who-in-return-is-prospered-by him ;

" [Whereas] the nomad shall not get a share of Vohu Manah's favourable report [at the judgment, as in verse 14, not 'gospel'] even though he should urge for it [so long as he will not herd cattle]."

The Second Coming.

We are also struck by a 'second coming,' not however of the second person of the divinity, but of the first, as in 43s. 6 :

" A bad compensation for the bad, and a good compensation for the good,

" [Which is to occur], with thy skill, at the last crisis of creation ;

" At which crisis come thou, O Mazdāh, with Spenta Mainyu, Xshathra, and Vohu Manah."

The Preparer.

We also hear of a Preparer. 'Rād' means to prepare, to get ready ; hence 'rāda' means the 'preparing one,' corresponding somewhat to the Taxōn of *The Assumption of Moses*, and reminding us of John's message to " Prepare the paths of the Lord " (*Mt.* 33).

Yasna 46₁₇ is uncertain, but has all the appearance of admonishing the faithful to sing praises to the Preparer who will stand with Sraosha at the judgment. However this may be, Zarathushtra prays : " Grant, thou greatest ruler, a hearing to the Preparer with the Word " (287). The kine lament that so impotent a Preparer is appointed for them (299). " Let the 'Preparers' wish for the compensations " (457). Whoever

prepares the world for Zarathushtra (46₁₃) shall receive great rewards.

The Saviour.

The Gāthās moreover have the idea of a Helper or Saviour. The word 'saoshyant' is the present participle of the verb 'sao,' to 'profit,' 'gain'; hence it means literally the 'profiting one.' It is applied in the singular to Zarathushtra (45₁₁; 48₉; 53₂), and in the plural to his helpers (34₁₃; 46₃; 48₁₂).

There is also the word 'saregan' (29₃), of uncertain derivation, used by Asha, in conversation with the shaper of the kine, in reference to there being no 'helper' for the cow. Whoever will take sides with Zarathushtra will be the Saviour's friend, brother, or father (45₁₁).

"The daevas [spirits of the Saviours] are walking along Asha's path to their rewards" (34₁₃).

II. GNOSTIC ECHOES.

The Æon or Age.

In close connection with the 'second coming' is the idea of the 'age,' in Greek 'aiōn,' and Semitic 'ōlam,' which may well start a short series of extremely curious Gnostic echoes. The Gāthic divinity, Ahura or the Lord Mazdāh (and we also have the plural Ahuras, reminding us of Elohim), was the 'mindful' or 'memorable,' hence knowing one. The Gnostics also founded their systems on the idea of knowledge.

We have for 'age' or 'eternity' the word 'yav,' and its dative 'yavōi,' which is used adverbially in the sense of 'ever.' It may frequently be translated for 'all eternity' (49₈; 46₁₁; [41₂; 40₂;] 53₄), or may

mean 'always' (49₁; 43₁₃). So we read in 49₈: "While both of us wish to be thy messengers for ever in the age." Or in 53₄: "May Ahura Mazdāh grant thee [the fruit of Vohu Manah] for all eternity." Or again, in 28₈: "And for whomsoever thou wouldest grant Asha (Justice) for all the age of Vohu Manah (Good Disposition)."

The Plērōma or Fulness.

For Fulness or Plērōma, the corresponding Avestan word is 'būr' as in 31₂₁: "From the resources of his innate glory Ahura Mazdāh shall grant sustained communion and fulness of Health and Immortality."

The Mysteries.

There is also a 'guzra-sangha' or secret teaching, reminding us of the Mysteries of the Kingdom, as in *Yasna* 48₃:

"[The Knower knows] bounteous secrets, which are expressed [in] the doctrine."

The right path is not always the most obvious (31₂). Possibly also the word 'maya' may mean 'mysteries.' Thus (43₂, Mills):

"O Ahura Mazdāh, reveal all those mysteries which thou givest through Asha."

The Word and the Prophet.

'Mathra,' the 'word,' forms 'mathran,' the 'worder,' or prophet (from Gk. 'phēmi,' to say) utterer.

(a) Such 'mathras' are directly connected with the gnostic or spiritual Knower (45₃; 51₈; 31₆; 28₅; 43₁₄); (b) 'mathra' appears as a divine word of (magic) efficiency (31₁₈; 43₁₄; 44₁₄; 45₃; 31₆; 29₇); (c) as a word

of promise (44₁₇; 28₅); (*d*) as the word of a prophet (50₆).

Its result is choice of the cause of Ahura Mazdāh (28₅) and communion with Ahura Mazdāh (44₁₇). It provides food for the cattle (29₇); it reveals [a mystery] about Haurvatat and Ameretat and about Vohu Manah (31₆). It is to be 'worked' or practised as Ahura Mazdāh considers and declares it should be (45₃). It has the power to smite down the Druj (44₁₄), and arouses those who scorn Ahura Mazdāh's teachings (43₁₄). In short, it is a magic utterance of the 'mathran' (41₅; 50_{5,6}; 32₁₃; 28₇; 51₈), or prophet, who seeks a hearing (28₇); it is his word which will be sought by the evil in hell (32₁₃); it is the utterance of the prophet (51₈) who rejoices at the gift of the spirit to the missionaries.

The Gnostic.

The Gnostic is the 'vidvāo' (past participle of 'vaēd,' to know), the 'knower,' and the expression is applied even to the divinity (48₃): "The Knower, who is one like Thee." So we read (28₅): "When shall I behold Thee, as a knower?" Or (34₉): "Those who drive away Armaiti, prized by the Knower." Or (48₃): "Tell me, O Ahura, for Thou indeed art the Knower." Or again (51₈): "Tell me, O Mazdāh, for the knower should be told." In another place it is said: "Let the Knower (Mazdāh) speak to me the knower." (Cp. also 45₈ and 48₂.)

The Antichrist.

In the Gāthās we find several opponents to divinities. For instance, Angra Mainyu to Spenta Mainyu; Aka Manah to Vohu Manah; to Ar-matay (Docile,

Devoted Thought) we have Tare-matay (334), who in *Yasna* 60₅ became her direct opponent, meaning 'Thought going beyond'; again, to Tushna-matay (Silent Thought) we have opposed the Paira-matay-ists (32₃) whose name means thinking-up or forward.

The Lie.

In 2 *Thess.* 11₉₋₁₂, the great apostasy consists in trusting in the Lie. In the Gāthās the Lie is the Druj (32₃), enumerated along with the proud opponents, 'Paira-matay.'

III. PICTURESQUE CHANCE ECHOES.

Since human nature is the same all the world over, and in all ages, we should be more surprised if we did not find coincidences of emotional expression, than when we do. With considerable interest we may trace in the Gāthās picturesque images with which we have grown very familiar.

Family-Extension.

When we remember: "Whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister and mother" (*Mt.* 12₄₆₋₅₀), we cannot fail to be struck by:

"Whoever therefore in the future scorns the daēvas and the men who scorn him [Zarathushtra], and all others except whoever is devoted to him, shall be considered by the bounteous individuality of Zarathushtra, who is saviour and master of the house, as his friend, brother or father, O Ahura Mazdāh."

Dives and Lazarus.

Nor can we avoid thinking of the Parable of Dives and Lazarus when we read (32₁₃):

"Through which Xshathra-power [of the above Asha, Justice] Grehma will be degraded to hell, the dwelling of the Worst Mind, [wherein dwell] the destroyers of this life; and [then], O Mazdāh, he will complain, being moved by a desire for the message of thy Prophet, who then however will keep him from beholding Asha (Justice)." Or again (53₈): "[On the contrary let the malefactors through whom are effected] murder and bloody deed, let them all be abandoned, and cry upwards in vain."

The Reward of Apostles.

Another picturesque coincidence is that of the Galilean Apostles' very human and comprehensible cry: "Behold, we have forsaken all and followed thee; what shall we have therefor?" (*Mt.* 19₂₇₋₂₉). If the Apostles of the Lord did not hesitate to ask this question, can we find fault with Zarathushtra for not being insensible to personal reward? "The saviour would like to know how his compensation should be [given] to him" (48₉); he would know also, of lesser things, when he shall receive the reward promised him, of ten mares and stallions and one camel, together with Haurvatat and Ameretat (44₁₈).

The Loss of One's Own Soul.

"Thou fool! This night shall thy soul be required of thee; then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?" (*Lk.* 12₂₀). Not very unlike the

thought in these inspired words are those of the Gāthist:

“The Karapans, through their political power join
the Kavays,

“To destroy the [second] life of men through evil
deeds;

“[Fools! Whereas] their own souls and spirits
will terrify them,

“When they shall come to the Sifter’s bridge of
judgment;

“As companions they will be admitted to the
Home of the Druj for ever” (46₁₁).

Ears to Hear.

“He that hath ears to hear, let him hear,” cried
the Utterer of the Parables of the Kingdom (*Mt.* 11₁₅);
the strong Singer of the Gāthās cries:

“Listen with your ears to the best [information];
behold with [your] sight, and with [your] mind” (30₂).

Was, Is, and Shall Be.

The expression of eternity, ‘was, is, and shall be,’
common in all lands, is found also in the Gāthās, as
for instance (29₄): “The Lord knows all the plans
achieved in the past, and [to be] in the future, and it
is he who decides about the present ones; it is what-
ever he wills that happens to us.” (Cp. also 33₁₀; 57₂₂.)

The First and Last.

We are reminded of the Alpha and Omega (*Rev.*
22₁₃), when we read in 31₈: “Then Zarathushtra
understood that Mazdāh was both the first and youngest
of creation.”

The Poor.

Zarathushtra seems to have been poor himself; he prays for ten mares and a camel (44₁₈), and he ascribes his failures to his poverty in flocks (46₂). No doubt this caused his sympathy with the poor, for whom he prays (53₉):

“What Lord will destroy the Drujist and establish the Kingdom by which, O Mazdāh, Thou wilt give to the justly living poor that better [part] ?”

And again (34₅): “Have You the power to protect your poor ?”

Whosoever Will.

“Whosoever will,” cries the Revelator (22₇). Compare this with *Yasna* 43, which opens with the salutatory: “Success to me, to you, and to whosoever will”; while *Yasna* 30 begins in a style somewhat reminding us of the Sermon on the Mount:

“But thus, O [souls] desirous [of hearing], I will utter (1) those things worthy of being remembered by the expert-knower; (2) the praises for Ahura, and (3) hymns [worthy] of Vohu Manah, and (4) things well remembered by the aid of Asha. Listen with your ears to the best [information]; behold with [your] sight, and with [your] mind;

“Man by man, each for his own person, distinguishing between both confessions, before the great crisis. Consider again !”

Come Quickly !

In the last verse but one of the Gāthās, Zarathushtra invokes peace on the believers' villages, peace

which is to be produced by the slaughter of the enemy, adding "and may it come soon!" Compare this with the great cry for the coming of the Prince of Peace: "Even so, Lord Jesus, come quickly!" (*Rev.* 22^{17, 20}).

Pity on the Misled Crowds.

As Jesus felt compassion for the misled crowds (*Mt.* 9³⁶) which the Jews hindered Him from calling to Himself, so Zarathushtra opens one of his immortal hymns with a poignant expression of his grief:

"Ever has Bendva hindered me [and proved himself the] greater [of us two], when I, O Mazdāh, was trying-to-satisfy the misled [crowds] through Asha (Justice)."

IV. MINOR ECHOES.

Angel or Apostle.

The word 'dūta' (¹⁶⁸) which comes from 'dav,' to send off, should strictly represent 'apostle' (Gk. 'apostellō'). But 'dūtya' (²⁰⁴) means 'message,' which would represent the Greek 'aggelía,' while 'aggelos,' the Greek for 'messenger,' is the English 'angel.' So both shades of meaning fall together.

'Fraēshta' is derived from 'fra' and 'aēsh,' or 'off' and to 'get-into-hasty-motion'; it would thus be more closely rendered 'emissary' or 'apostle,' not 'angel'; while 'vat,' to 'announce,' which would exactly represent 'aggelos,' is only used in the passive about an event, and not of the function of a person. Perhaps then it would be wiser to render these words into English by the less familiar 'messenger.'

"May we be thy messengers, to hold off those who hostilely deceive thee" (32¹ [¹⁶⁸]).

"The message of thy prophet, who will keep them from beholding Asha" (32₁₃ [204]).

"As we [Frashaoshtra and Zarathushtra] wish to be thy messengers for-ever-in-the-age" (49s [73s]).

The Token.

Again we may notice 'daxshta,' meaning a 'token,' 'pledge,' or 'earnest,' and compare it with 2 Cor. 1₂₂; 5₉; Eph. 1₁₄. Thus:

"And do thou, O Mazdāh, within [the nature of] both contending parties set satisfaction as a token [of the accuracy of my prophecy of the judgment by]

"The metal, molten through thy red fire [which as a sifter] shall

"Harm the Drujist, but profit the Ashaist" (51s).

The Spiritual Israel.

It was suggested by Herodotus that the Magi were a tribe. No doubt they were at first; but the threat of Zarathushtra to the newly married couple (537) that if they ever abandoned the Magian cause they would cry 'Woe!' at the end of life, suggests that it had become already a religious organisation which could be left at will.

The Robe of Heaven.

The Most Bounteous Spirit wears the adamantine heavens as a robe (30s). "As a vesture shalt thou fold them up," sings the writer of *The Epistle to the Hebrews* (1₁₂).

The Mediation.

It is well known that in the Gāthās Ahura Mazdāh never does anything directly, but only through some one of the other Ahuras, as agent. So for instance in 33₁₂, Zarathushtra prays that Ahura Mazdāh may grant him through Armaiti, vitality; through Spenta Mainyu, strength; through Ada, retribution; through Asha, might; and through Vohu Manah, compensation.

The Divine Inheritance.

The Gāthās, as well as the New Testament (*Eph.* 1₁₄, ff.), promise man a divine inheritance ('raēxenah') and epoch of judgment, of rewards or punishments (30₁₁). So also, of Haurvatat and Ameretat (38₁₀). "Can they be faithful who through their teachings turn into sorrow sure inheritances for Vohu Manah?" (34₇) asks the sorrowing prophet, reminding us of Elijah, who thought himself left the only faithful soul (1 *Kings* 19₁₀).

The Giving of the Spirit.

Zarathushtra would have the new settlers act as missionaries (50₃). Nor is he jealous of them, any more than Elijah was jealous of Elisha's double portion of the spirit, or Moses of the elders of the congregation when Jahvè spoke unto them also. "The prophet rejoices through the word which is told the expert knower" (51₈).

Foolish and Wise Virgins.

"I will tell you how to sift the clever from the foolish" (46₁₅).

"By uttering praises of the Preparer who will stand for them together with obedience,

"Who will sift the clever from the foolish" (46₁₇).

This sundering of the wise from the foolish reminds us in a distant way of the Parable of the Wise and Foolish Virgins.

The Faithful.

The word 'aredrā' means 'trustworthy' or 'faithful' (48₈; 50_{4, 8}); it is applied both to men and God.

"Are they faithful to Thee, O Ahura Mazdāh, who, though they know of Vohu Manah, turn the difficulties of traditionally inherited doctrine to their own advantage?" (34₇).

"[Zarathushtra] who is faithful like Thee, O Mazdāh" (43₃).

"Who is the faithful one, who first taught" (46₉)?

"O Frashaoshtra, go thou with the faithful to where we both desire to be with the Beloved" (46₁₆).

"Will thy realm please the faithful [believers]" (48₈)?

"Zarathushtra hears the faithful entering their new homes singing with joy" (50₄).

"Zarathushtra will encompass Asha with the reverence of the faithful" (50₈).

"God is faithful" (1 Cor. 19), Paul does not hesitate to say, nor does the Gāthist.

Faith and Works.

Not less in Zarathushtra's day than in the days of Paul and James, were human hearts torn with the ever recurring question of faith and works. The Gāthist, no doubt in some moment of despair, cried:

"Is the message I am about to proclaim genuine? Does Armaiti (Loving Devotion) support Asha (Justice) through deeds " (446)?

The End Known to God.

The "end of the Lord" (*Jas.* 5.11) is the end of human actions, known to, and brought about by, the Lord.

"The knower is not to commit any of these deeds of violence, whose [fatal] end, thou, O Ahura Mazdāh, best knowest " (327).

The Better Part.

The word ('vahyō') 'better' is in the Gāthās frequently used absolutely in a way which it is difficult to translate in any way other than the 'better part.' For instance:

"O Maidyaimangha! Zarathushtra, who has given his daughter Chisti, to this Yamaspa, and who as having known through his spirit the [first] life, is again wishing [the second], says that thou [hast] the better [part] of life, having [practised] the decrees of Mazdāh through thy deeds " (51.9).

The Beloved, 'David.'

There is very little love, apparently, in the Gāthās, but we have the word 'ushtā,' meaning 'at will' (from 'var'), used as an exclamation: Success to you! hail! (33.10; 43.1; 41.4; 51.16; 51.8; 30.11), which in 46.16 appears as follows to mean the 'desired,' the 'beloved':

"O Frashaoshtra Hvogva, go thou with the faithful to where we both desire to be, with those who are beloved (or desired)."

Jeshurun.

There is in the Gāthās a strange similarity between the name and office of Geūsh Urvan, the Soul of the Kine, the representative of the whole bovine creation, and the representative of Israel, Jeshurun (*Dt.* 32₁₅; 33_{5, 26}; *Is.* 44₂) who "waxed fat and kicked"—inevitably suggesting a bovine creature. The resemblance goes further. Jeshurun is said to belong to the Lord, and in *Yasna* 29 the kine come to the divinities with a complaint demanding protection, and ending with a profession of devotion. As Jeshurun is the chosen of the Lord, so Geūsh Urvan represents in the midst of human violence the chosen, accepted nature of pious devotion. The lateness of the books in which Jeshurun appears, suggests that not impossibly the name might have become familiar to the Jews when the Persian Cyrus freed them from captivity; and the Jews' friendliness to his religion might easily be inferred from their calling Cyrus the Anointed or Messiah of the Lord. This occurs in *Is.* 45₁, very near the Jeshurun reference *Is.* 44₁.

No other reasonable derivation has ever been attempted; Cheyne's arbitrary and mechanical juggling of words is the counsel of despair, and purely individual and fanciful. Arbitrary interpretations, such as the 'Straight' by Aquila, Symmachus, and Theodotion, do not give the least explanation of why the 'Just' or 'Straight' one should wax fat or kick. The above suggestion therefore deserves at least thoughtful consideration.

We may close this hasty review of echoes that happen to be familiar to us, with a literary similarity that is all the more striking from the fact, that from

its very nature it can be no more than a coincident expression of human nature guided by instincts more or less divine. For we must not fail to note that, though the Gāthic hymn to which we refer is beautiful, it cannot hope to pose as a rival to the sublimity of the mystic utterance into connection with which we bring it.

Yasna 33 (except the first three verses, which complete the subject of *Yasna* 32), contains a high-priestly prayer which reminds us not only as a whole, but even in its structure, of the parting prayer of Jesus in *John* 17. We are forced, however, to make one transposition, before we can get an entirely similar outline of prayer :

First, for self-glorification (Y. 33₄₋₇ ; J. 17₁₋₈).

Second, for protection of his followers (Y. 33₁₁₋₁₄ ; J. 17₉₋₁₉).

Third, for universal conversion (Y. 33₈₋₁₀ ; J. 17₂₀₋₂₆).

The Gāthic prayer then closes with a touching eucharistic oblation of the Gāthist's own being :

"As oblation, Zarathushtra would bring the life of his own body, the first fruits of his good thoughts, deeds and utterances, his obedience, and whatever power be his, [to offer them] to the mindful Mazdāh and to the justice [of] Asha !"

KENNETH SYLVAN GUTHRIE.

SPIRITUAL REALITY IN PROGRESSIVE BUDDHISM.

G. R. S. MEAD, B.A.

I HAVE of late been struck by the remarkable similarity between the main trend of thought in a recent phase of Occidental philosophy and a certain remarkable tendency of doctrine in the many-centuried development of one great form of an Oriental religion.

On the one hand, we have Bergson, in the West, leading the way with a series of important publications whose chief object is to establish the thesis that Reality must be sought for essentially in movement, life, spirit, in brief in a perpetual becoming, and that, too, by means of an insight or intuition superior to the range of the practical intellect. While, on the other, we have Suzuki, from the Far East, bringing his treatise on what he calls Progressive or Catholic Buddhism,¹ to an end in the remarkable formula 'Nirvāṇa is Saṃsāra,'—in other words 'Reality is the Ever-becoming.'

As Bergson's point of view has already been made sufficiently familiar to readers of *THE QUEST*,² I shall confine myself to a consideration of this striking formula, which so conveniently brings to focus the

¹ Daisetz Teitaro Suzuki, *Outlines of Mahāyāna Buddhism* (London, 1907).

² See 'The Intuitionism of Henri Bergson,' by W. R. Boyce Gibson, in the January number, and 'Bergson's "Time and Free-Will,"' by E. D. Fawcett, in the April number and also the review of *Creative Evolution* in the present issue.

vast complex of doctrine lying within the area of Mahāyāna Buddhism,—that is of the Buddhism of the Great Vehicle, which, originating and developing on Indian soil, subsequently spread far and wide to China, Japan and Tibet, where it has undergone a still more luxuriant development, constituting the Eastern and Northern expansions of the Dharma or Gospel of the Buddha.

It should, however, be noted that whereas Bergson has so far confined himself to the purely scientific and philosophical treatment of his thesis, the Eastern view is mainly rooted in religious and ethical considerations.

At first sight the declaration that Nirvāṇa is Samsāra seems to be a direct negation of every idea that we, in the West, have been popularly accustomed to associate with the nature of what is supposed to be the goal and consummation of all Buddhist effort. So far from Nirvāṇa being Samsāra, it is precisely the very thing, we have been generally given to believe, that stands in strictest contradiction over against it, as freedom to bondage. Samsāra¹ is the perpetual Flux of Existence, the Ocean of Ever-becoming, or Stream of ceaseless transmigration or transformation; it is the Greek Genesis or Generation, or state of Birth-and-death, to which the religio-philosophers opposed Regeneration or the entrance into the state of Spiritual Life or Immortality.

As to Nirvāṇa, however, we have been asked by most of our Western authorities carefully to refrain from associating with it any positive notion; when

¹ S. (from *sam-srī*, to revolve, go round) is the Buddhist technical term for transmigration, the perpetual round or circuit of mundane existence, or preferably cosmic existence, for it includes all worlds and states of existence other than Nirvāṇa.

some small protest was raised against the first reports of the Pāliists, who insisted that it meant nothing but complete extinction, we were reluctantly permitted to believe that at best it was the stirless calm of utter absorption into the 'Changeless' Absolute. In any case, whatever it might be in itself, Nirvāṇa was certainly *not* Saṃsāra, for the whole effort of the striver for emancipation was to free himself absolutely from this Saṃsāra and so to bring existence therein utterly to an end.

Indeed, in the West, the vast majority have been only too pleased to avail themselves of the permission of the hair-splitting intellectualism of the speculative schools of the Buddhists themselves, to characterise Nirvāṇa as utter Voidness, or at best to follow the Abstractionists and equate it with the presumed solitary, contentless and purely transcendent Absolute of the most extreme form of the later systematised Vedānta of Brāhmanism. In any case we have been asked to take it as a certainty that Nirvāṇa cannot possibly be a consummation in any way comparable with any notion of desirable Reality we may possess in the West, where the doctrine of illusionism is abhorred of all but a handful of theorists who are generally regarded as completely out of touch with the warm, palpitating life of the world of concrete reality, and where every notion of Deity that passes beyond the concept of a Personal Being, is looked on instinctively with the gravest suspicion by all religionists, when not angrily rejected as an empty conceit of the pride of intellect divorced from all understanding of the nature of moral needs.

The formula we are to consider, therefore, is a direct challenge to our ingrained prejudices on the

subject of Nirvāṇa. And the interest in the enquiry is all the greater, when we find that this view has not been forced out in the East as a reaction to the stimulus of Occidental criticism; for Buddhism seems to be as insensible to external pressure of this kind as is any other great religion (once it has passed its formative stage) to what it regards as the onslaughts of the enemy. On the contrary, it is the natural development within its own soil from an original seed of doctrine that has always been the most admirable feature of Buddhist propaganda,—namely, the moral element of universal love or compassion.

Even if we were competent to do so, limitations of space would preclude any attempt to outline the historical evolution of the doctrine of Nirvāṇa; for it is bound up with the whole question of the origin and development of Buddhism itself,—in other words with a subject as vast and complex as the history of the beginnings and evolution of Christianity; and not only so, but whereas in the case of the latter we have had and have hosts of admirably equipped scholars minutely inspecting every document and scrap of evidence, in the case of the former we have only a very small band of competent workers who are endeavouring to find their way and set up standards of value in a vast literature, of many periods and in many languages, of which no small portion is unknown, and only a comparatively insignificant part of the known is translated.

From the earliest times on Indian soil, and as it spread far and wide to many lands throughout the centuries, Buddhism gave birth to endless schools and sub-schools; indeed, so strongly marked are the developments and divergences, especially in the cen-

turies of its later expansion, that we might almost say we had to deal with different religions instead of with a single faith. As to the history of its origins and early expansion moreover, we should never forget that we are far worse off in the matter of internal documents and external evidence than is the case in Christianity (for we have to allow for some three centuries of oral tradition on the one hand and of a complete lack of epigraphic monuments prior to Asoka), and therefore we are left in great uncertainty as to whether later developments may not be traceable to far earlier features than the extant documents can enable us to trace with chronological precision.

The view of Buddhist origins and early development that has hitherto dominated Western research, is based exclusively on the extant Pāli sources, which are held to represent the most authentic tradition; but this view has been called into question of late chiefly by the valuable work done by Professor L. de la Vallée Poussin, of Gand, on the Sanskrit tradition, which he contends is by no means so lightly to be set aside. Buddhist propaganda on the soil of India was carried on in two languages; in the Pāli vernacular, which Professor T. W. Rhys Davids claims to have been a popular 'literary' language as well, and in Sanskrit, the language of culture and religion. Though we cannot be certain, it is highly probable that Sanskrit, the language of learning and theology, was used almost at once as a potent medium for spreading the doctrine of the Dharma among the learned in India, and that in such circles the development of doctrine was most active.

Whatever the historical facts may be with regard to the initial stages of development, we find later on

that the Pāli and Sanskrit traditions are broadly characterised by divergent tendencies. Broadly speaking, the Pāli tradition in its various schools presents us with a form of Buddhism of a soberer complexion, with a predominating tendency to present the doctrine somewhat in the form of a rationalistic ethic ; whereas the Sanskrit, with its still more numerous divisions, is far more adaptable and more catholic in its sympathies ; it is of a far more syncretic and gnostic nature, eagerly embracing and transforming and developing the rich religious heritage of the past.

On the one hand, we have in the Pāli tradition, though it also shows every sign of considerable development of doctrine, a view that looked back to Gotama as a wise and holy teacher, a sage who discovered the cause of sorrow and taught the simplest moral means whereby freedom from sorrow could be won ; on the other hand, while there are indications of the same tendency also in the Pāli, the Sanskrit tradition from the beginning regarded the Buddha not only as a heavenly being, but as the manifestation of a Wisdom which transcended that of the highest gods,—as indeed the consummation of the promise of the ages and the most perfect incarnation of the all-embracing Principle of Salvation.

It is hardly necessary to point out that we have here very similar tendencies to those we find in the development of Christian doctrine. On the one hand, we have the ' Liberal,' largely rationalistic view that concentrates itself on what it regards as the historic Jesus and his original teachings, and the ' Catholic,' supernatural view that is absorbed in the contemplation of the birth of a world-religion which summed up the best in the past and transformed it, under the

abiding Presence of the Christ Principle, the Living Logos, the Illuminating Power and Saving Spirit of Supremest Deity.

It is generally believed that these two tendencies are the main characteristics of Hinayāna and Mahāyāna Buddhism respectively—that is of the Little and the Great Vehicles. No really satisfactory explanation, however, has as yet been given of the origin of those terms; if the less worthy has been assigned to the followers of the Pāli tradition, it is of course not with their consent, for they boast themselves to be the handers-on of the purer tradition. The Mahāyānists, however, contend that, so far from this being the case, the Pāli traditionalists are the followers of the letter and not of the spirit of the Dharma, and are rightly stigmatised as falling away from the true original which was ever and always the Great Vehicle of Salvation. In any case the claim of the most distinguished representatives of the Mahāyāna doctrine to-day is that their tradition and development represent Catholic and Progressive Buddhism, whereas Hinayānism is stagnant and reactionary.

Like Christianity, Buddhism did not suddenly appear from heaven in the midst of a totally unprepared world; it was the outcome of forces already in existence, which had indeed been working in various modes of expression for centuries previously. The essence of its spirit and doctrine was a blend of two elements that required to be kept in perfect balance if its progress was not to become 'extra-vagant' from the middle path of safety, and its development fail of its promised fruitage. These two elements were the mutually complementary energies of the whole spirit of the religion which was characterised as the Bodhi-

dharma, or the Truth (Dharma) that bestows the omniscience of Perfect Enlightenment (Bodhi). This supreme spiritual illumination could be realised only through the perfect union of Wisdom (Prajñā) and Love (Karūṇā)—Wisdom, not knowledge of phenomenal things and secondary causes; Love or Compassion for all that lives and breathes, and not of chosen individuals as apart from the rest, or of the brethren only.

In very similar fashion, if not in similar circumstances, but with very different outcome, we have the two elements of Agapē and Gnōsis inworking in Christianity in the beginnings.

But what was the nature of this Pra-jñā or Gnōsis, or perhaps better Epi-gnōsis? Here we must at once dismiss the prejudice (as we must also in the case of Christianity, though with the transparent exception of certain extravagances) that it was simply intellectualism blending and systematising pre-existing traditions, or even rationalising the data of religion, or that it was simply a knowledge of magical processes or recipes for overcoming the terrors of the invisible world, or obtaining control over animate nature. It was essentially a *gnōsis sotērias*, or a moral and spiritual wisdom that ensures salvation.

Gotama lived in an age when the highest religious culture centred itself in the practice of profound meditation and of perfecting the powers of the contemplative mind; it was by means of the practice of Yoga, that is of Union of the individual with the universal Spirit, that Gotama is said to have reached that supreme illumination in which he realised the nature of the causes of existence and obtained the certainty of the means whereby true freedom could be won.

From the start, therefore, Buddhism was a religion of gnōsis, which looked to right contemplation as a sure means of attaining certitude as to the ultimate nature of things. For this it had the authority of Gotama himself; it formed an integral part of the original teaching. It is otherwise in Christianity, which fixes its chief hopes on prayer as the highest means, owing to its fundamental belief that Deity is Personal Being. In all the great crises of the 'Life,' as handed on in the Gospels, Jesus is said to have prayed; nowhere in the N.T. Canon do we meet with any authority for contemplation, and thus we find ourselves here on a preponderatingly Semitic rather than on an Aryan basis. Nevertheless there were many schools of contemplatives in those days, and contemplation and prayer have been subsequently accommodated in many forms of Christian mysticism.

In this respect the method of the Buddha carried on the practice of the seers of the Upanishads, those marvellous products of the early schools of Indian contemplatives, who taught that the highest end was the realisation of the identity of the individual with the supreme Self. It was a firm conviction of the followers of this stern self-discipline and profound self-realisation that man was essentially higher than the gods, and that he could reach to a degree of union that transcended all separate existence.

Rightly considered, it is a doctrine of magnificent hope, and on Indian soil was carried out to its logical consequence in the domain of theology, in a way that is without parallel in the West, except to a certain extent in certain forms of religio-philosophy and of gnōsis in the early centuries.

It is well known that some of the syncretic

schools of the Gnōsis placed the Demiurgic or Formative Power of the phenomenal world in subordination to the Supreme Omniscient Deity. The Saving Power, it was taught, proceeded from the Supreme to free mankind from the dominion of this World-Fabricating Power (the Fashioner of Bodies and Source of Egoism) by inspiration of the vital spiritual Gnōsis which they conceived of as a Gnōsis of Salvation. This was of course regarded by the Orthodox, under the influence of Jewish monotheism, as the extreme of heresy. But the idea is a developed form of Old Aryan (Irāno-Persian) tradition, to which also the later and more highly developed conception in Indo-Aryan tradition in some fashion ultimately goes back.

Some forms of the Western syncretic Gnōsis hand on the elements of an ancient myth in which the Demiurge is represented as in ignorance boasting himself to be the Supreme. But when once man appears in the world-process, he refuses to admit this boasted supremacy, and immediately turns to his own true spiritual source and origin and worships the Supreme. Thereon the Demiurge and his subordinates, who are all regarded as the sons of the universal Mother, that is of Nature alone, are informed of their error by their Mother, who now assumes her true form of Divine Wisdom. In a more developed phase of the doctrine, it is the Saviour himself who teaches the gods the Gnōsis of the Supreme and mystery of the Divine Love.

In Buddhism also we find ourselves moving within a very similar circle of ideas. There is abundance of evidence of all kinds, but the two quotations¹ that follow, from books of the Pāli canon, may help to make

¹ See L. de la Vallée Poussin's art. 'Atheism (Buddhist),' in Hastings' *Encyclopædia of Religion*, vol. ii. (Edinburgh, 1909).

the idea clearer for readers who are unacquainted with Buddhist literature.

In Indian tradition Brahmā, as distinguished from Brahman, the Universal Supreme Deity, is the Demiurgic Power of a world-phase. In one of the suttas, or discourses, the Buddha, the supremely Enlightened One, explains :

How Brahmā, being born at the beginning of a world-age, in the midst of the heaven prepared for him by his *karma*, unconscious of his previous existences, and witnessing the birth of the other gods whom he wished to have as companions, imagines that he is in truth "The Supreme One, the Lord of all, the Creator, the Ancient of days, the Father of all that are and are to be." "These other beings are of my creation. And why is that so? Awhile ago I thought, 'Would that they might come!' And on my mental aspiration behold the beings came."¹

Here we are face to face with a fundamental difference between Indo-Aryan and Semitic thought. Reality stands not only beyond the phenomenal world, but also beyond its Thinker.

Brahmā is great, revered by all the gods, but he is inferior to the Buddha. Men may become gods, but gods cannot become Buddhas without first becoming men. Not only may man rise to the dignity and enjoy the blissful state of a Brahmā, and become the Demiurgic Thinker of a world-phase, but he may also transcend this loftiest height in phenomenal existence and become a Buddha or rather Buddha, and so be consciously at-one with the Supreme Truth and Reality.

The following popular story from another of the suttas will further illustrate the topic. A certain monk, being disturbed over a cosmological problem, is

¹ *Brahmajālasutta*, ch. ii. (Rhys Davids, *Dialogues of the Buddha*. Lond., 1899, p. 30).

said to have traversed the celestial spaces, in order to consult their denizens on this knotty point. The gods refer him to Brahmā.

"He is more potent and more glorious than we. He will know it."

"Where then is that great Brahmā now?"

"We know not where great Brahmā is, nor why Brahmā is, nor whence. But when the signs of his coming appear, when the light ariseth, and the glory shineth, then will he be manifest."

Soon after this Brahmā became manifest, and the monk drew near and put his question:

"Where do the four great elements cease, leaving no trace behind?"

Thereon Brahmā took the questioner apart and answered:

"These gods, my retinue, hold me to be such that there is nothing I cannot see, I have not realised. Therefore I gave no answer in their presence. But I do not know where the four elements cease. Therefore return to the Buddha, and accept the answer according as he shall make reply."¹

The answer is presumably that they cease in the One Element, the substantial substrate of Nirvāṇic consciousness. As is well known, one of the cardinal doctrines of Buddhism is that the fundamentally false notion of the separated 'I' is the root of all sorrow and the last limit that shuts man away from Reality. It is on this ground mainly that Buddhism, which by no means denies the sublimity of states of existence in which the 'I' notion is retained, nevertheless refuses to believe in the possibility of absolute freedom from every taint of sorrow and ignorance until this final fetter is utterly removed. It therefore refuses to admit that Personal Being, in the sense of egoity or

¹ *Kevaddhasutta* (ib., p. 280).

self-hood, is the ultimate Reality, and accordingly denies the reality of the self (ātman) in any form of separation. We have no intention of dwelling on this point further than to note that there already existed in the days of the Buddha a doctrine of the self that, for all practical purposes and in all essentials, covered the same ground; in those days, however, it was stated in positive terms of great simplicity free from all the subsequent refinements that gave rise to the age-long controversy of the scholastics.

This doctrine may be conveniently illustrated by the quotation of a wisdom-story from one of the oldest Upaniṣhads, which hands on the teaching of Prajāpati, the All-father, concerning the Supreme.

The Self (ātman) which is free from sin, free from old age, from death and grief, from hunger and thirst, whose wishes are true, whose counsels are true,—That is to be investigated, That is to be understood.

These words of All-father were heard by the gods and demons, who sent their respective monarchs to Prajāpati to learn the wisdom of the true Self. He first told them to look at themselves as mirrored in the surface of the water, where they behold themselves exactly reproduced. "We see this our entire self" they said. The 'Venerable Master' replied: "Well, that is the Self." They went away satisfied. The chief of the demons remained satisfied; but after a time Indra, the chief of the gods, returned in doubt:

O venerable master, just as this Self is well adorned when the body is well adorned, well dressed when the body is well dressed, well cleaned when the body is well cleaned, even so the Self will be blind when the body is blind, lame when the body is lame, crippled when the body is crippled, and, in fact, will perish as soon as the body perishes; therefore I see no consolation in this doctrine.

Then Prajāpati told Indra that "he who moves about happy in dreams is the Self." The king of the gods went away, but soon returned again :

Venerable master, it is true that the Self is not blind when the body is blind, nor lame when it is lame, it is true that it is not affected by the infirmities of the body ; it is not killed when the body is murdered, it is not lamed when it is lamed, but it is as if it were killed, as if it were vexed, as if it suffered pain, as if it wept—in this I see no consolation.

Thereupon Prajāpati took him on to the next stage : " When a man is in deep sleep, at perfect rest, seeing no dreams, that is the Self." But Indra was not satisfied even with this :

Venerable master, in that way he does not know himself, does not know ' I am this,' nor does he know anything that exists. He is gone to annihilation, I see no consolation in this.

Thereon the Teacher, after leading the pupil from the bodily Self, to the conscious individual Self in dreams, and then to the unconscious individual Self in deep sleep, is constrained to reveal the truth :

O mighty Indra, this body indeed is possessed by Death. It is the abode of that immortal, incorporeal Self. Possessed is the incorporated Self by pleasure and pain ; for, because it is incorporated, there is no escape from pleasure and pain. But the incorporeal Self is touched neither by pleasure nor by pain. Bodiless are winds, clouds, lightning and thunder ; and as these, being hidden in the heavenly ether, rise from it, and approaching the highest light, appear in their own-form, thus does that serene being, arising from this body, approaching the highest light (the knowledge of Self), appear in its own-form.¹

In connection with the subsequent strenuous denial of the Self or Ātman (the anattā² theory) by

¹ *Chhândogya Upanishad*, viii. 7. Deussen's Trans., as quoted in his art. 'Ātman,' in *Hastings' Dict. of Relig.*, vol. ii.

² (Sk.) Ātmā = attā (Pāli) ; an-attā = non-self.

Buddhist controversialists, it is of interest to record that in their own tradition, the four attributes of Nirvāṇa are given as: (1) eternal, (2) blissful, (3) self-acting (ātman), (4) pure.¹ Here it is to be noted that supreme Reality itself is characterised by the very attribute (ātman²) which is elsewhere said to be the deepest root of all illusion. It is all a quarrel over the meanings of words. The Ātman of the Upaniṣhads is *not* Ahaṁ-kāra or the I-making faculty, as the Buddhists insist, mainly from *odium theologicum*; it is the Self, the true wholeness of the being.

In any case the Pra-jñā or Gnōsis of Buddhism, precisely as the Parā Vidyā, or Highest Knowledge of Brāhmanism, was the realisation of the Supreme Reality, whether that Reality be called Nirvāṇa or Brahman.³

The chief objection, however, which is brought against both doctrines in the West, is that this Reality is conceived of as at best a static Absolute, as a something set over against the swirling complex or flux of existence which constitutes the phenomenal world; and it must be admitted that many schools of both these great traditions of the East give us some reason to come to this conclusion. The life-process is not the real, they contend. This contention is fundamentally based upon a fact of experience familiar to all contemplatives who are capable of transcending the normal limitations of physical sense. The concrete physical for them in such states, becomes as the unsubstantial fabric of dreams.

It is, however, by no means certain that we can

¹ Suzuki, *op. cit.*, p. 348.

² Ātman is the crude form; ātmā, the nominative case.

³ In the *Bhagavad Gītā* it is repeatedly referred to as Brahma-nirvāṇa.

so easily dispose of the conception of Reality of these two great religio-philosophies by dubbing it a static Absolute. Both contend that there *is* Reality, and that if it be attained to, all is real. The nature of it, however, they say, cannot be described; for once one with it, it needs no description, and any attempt to describe it at once takes us out of it. In it all oppositions and all categories cease as such—time and space and causality and the rest, as we know them. These are all due to our clinging to separate existence.

It would certainly be denied by the best representatives of both traditions that this Real is the monotonous sameness of pure oneness or anything of the kind. Nor would they admit that it was a state in which all is eternally determined; for to all such objections the Vedāntist would answer, as of yore, 'No, No!' and refuse to prolong the controversy. His sole postulate is that *his* Reality is the supremely desirable Reality, in that when you get there every possible need is utterly satisfied. The Buddhist also, in spite of the endless controversies as to the nature of Nirvāṇa, would probably fall back on the simple statement that Nirvāṇa *is*; that is, that it is the Reality which even the Buddha, with all his practical omniscience, found to be completely satisfactory.

Now we have already seen that the Prajñā or Gnōsis of Buddhism, sublime as is its ideal of perfect spiritual knowledge, was but one wing, so to say, of the Great Bird or Vehicle of the Bodhi, or Supreme Enlightenment,—the Heavenly Dove of Buddhism. The other wing of the Holy Spirit, of the Law of Truth, or Vital Reality, is Love (Karunā (Sk.)=(Gk.) Agapē). Without the unceasing pouring forth of unstinted Compassion on all creatures, there can be

no true realisation of Bodhi. To preach this doctrine, Mahā-Karūṇā, the All-embracing Spirit of Compassion, incarnates on earth in the person of a Buddha. There is no necessity for such an incarnation other than the self-motive of Immeasurable Love. One who has freed himself from the necessity of rebirth or transmigration into any possible state of existence, is no longer called upon by any law of necessity to return to earth, or indeed to stay in any heaven; he is free; he has entered into the Reality.

But here there crept into the deepest heart of Buddhism a doubt: Is he thus *really* free? Is he truly noble (*ariya*) who enters what, when once the sublime ideal had been felt, was called the Nirvāṇa 'of the eye'—the only seeming Real after all? For the Nirvāṇa 'of the heart' imperatively demands the renunciation of all bliss for self so long as a single sentient creature suffers; bliss unshared is no true bliss. Hence arose the doctrine of the Great Vow¹—the Supreme Renunciation of the true Buddha,—that he will never enter Nirvāṇa till every sentient creature has been saved from ignorance and sorrow.

Here the empty logomachies of the unilluminated intellect concerning the nature of Nirvāṇa in the abstract come, or ought to come one would think, to an ignominious end. We have no further need of the hair-splitting negationism of scholasticism; we are no longer interested in the formula that infinity equals naught ($\infty = 0$),—that Samsāra is the unreality of existence and Nirvāṇa the reality of non-existence, and

¹ The developments of this grandiose doctrine among the Japanese sects have been most ably dealt with by Dr. J. Estlin Carpenter in the two parts of his paper, 'Religion in the Far East, or Salvation by Faith: A Study in Japanese Buddhism,' in the April and July numbers of *THE QUEST* for 1910.

that both are equally unreal and therefore identical, and all the rest of it. The unsatisfying dualism that sets Nirvāṇa over against Samsāra, the selfish absorption that bids good-bye for ever to existence, fall like withered leaves to the ground; they have no longer any part or lot on the Tree of Life,—the Ever-living Bodhi-tree that overshadows the birth of every Buddha.

Once even the faintest echo of this transcendently sublime ideal of utter renunciation of what had previously been regarded as the highest possible prize that could be won, has been heard in the heart, the value of the prize drops to zero, and the striver for it becomes contemptible. True satisfaction, the only genuine fulfilment (Nirvāṇa-sukha), is the perpetual renunciation of every state of bliss, even the bliss of unity (for indeed the higher such states are the more exclusive do they become), and the throwing in of one's lot with Samsāra and its ignorant, sinning, suffering, struggling multitudes; its joy is to descend to the lowest hell to preach in deeds the good law of compassion, by the power of a saving presence, pure of the slightest tinge of self-interest, and to ascend to the loftiest heaven to impart to its highest denizens a moral wisdom that transcends the subtlest bliss of the most refined and exalted senses, and the keenest intellect of the clearest self-centred mind.

For the contention of the followers of the Mahāyāna is that the Buddha taught first and foremost a moral doctrine, which was summoned up in the most transcendent, and yet most immanent, of the virtues,—Love for all that lives and breathes. The Buddha, they declare, did not put forward the idea of the Nirvāṇa of escape or the fatuous notion of bringing existence to an end; such an absurdity could never

have been the goal of his teaching. On the contrary he taught that Nirvāṇa consisted in the practice of the noble Eight-fold Path, — *i.e.* of right views, right thoughts, right speech, right action, right living, right exertion, right recollection, and right contemplation. It is by this moral practice alone that the bliss of Nirvāṇa is realised as the proper fulfilment or unfolding of human life. And so we find it laid down in the latest summary of the most essential doctrines of the Great Vehicle, as put forward by a believer for the information of the West, that :

Nirvāṇa is not the annihilation of the world and the putting an end to life ; but it is to live in the whirlpool of birth-and-death (Saṃsāra) and yet be above it. . . .

Nirvāṇa, briefly speaking, is a realisation in this life of the all-embracing love and all-knowing intelligence of Dharmakāya. It is the unfolding of the reason of existence, which in the ordinary human life remains more or less eclipsed by the shadow of ignorance and egoism. It does not consist in the mere observance of the moral precepts laid down by Buddha, nor in the blind following of the Eight-fold Path, nor in retirement from the world and absorption in abstract meditation. The Mahāyānist Nirvāṇa is full of energy and activity which issues from the all-embracing love of the Dharmakāya. There is no passivity in it, nor a keeping aloof from the hurly-burly of worldliness. He who is in this Nirvāṇa does not seek rest in the annihilation of human aspirations, does not flinch in the face of endless transmigration. On the contrary, he plunges himself into the ever-rushing current of Saṃsāra and sacrifices himself to save his fellow creatures from being eternally drowned in it.¹

And what is Dharmakāya? It is a synonym of the absolute Reality of Being of the Buddha, as the That in which all things live and move and have their being. Thus Professor M. Anesaki, in an article on Ashvaghosha, who flourished most probably in the

¹ Suzuki, *op. cit.*, pp. 841, 849, 850.

first century A.D. and is thought to have been the first to systematise the doctrine of the three modes of being (trikāya) of the Buddha, writes :

The final end of Buddhist enlightenment consists in the full realisation of this absolute reality [of Tathā-tā, *i.e.* the 'Thatness'],¹ which is the true and highest condition of Buddha-hood. That is the eternal substance of the Truth revealed by Buddha, and is, therefore, the true doctrine and, at the same time, the true body or entity of Buddha, *i.e.* the Dharmakāya. But this absolute, which is unique in its substance, does not remain without manifestation. When it appears to us in its state of bliss, it is the Buddha in enjoyment (Sambhoga). When it is manifested in this world in order to save us personally, it is the Buddha incarnate or in *kenōsis* (Nirmāṇa),² as, for example, Shākyamuni. In order for us to attain the ideal of Enlightenment, it is necessary for us to believe in any of these three aspects of the Buddha's personality, and [so] be saved by his grace.³

The flower of Buddha-hood thus grows in the mire of passion and suffering. Not only so, but the man who has transmuted his own personal passion and suffering into virtue and bliss, has not by any means arrived at supreme Enlightenment. Here comes in the doctrine of 'vicarious atonement' proper; for it is

¹ The Buddha is called Tathā-gata as one who has attained unto union with this Supreme Mystery (Tathā).

² That is to say, as limited by earthly conditions, and therefore said by some, though very improperly, to be 'emptied' (Gk. *kenos*) of the marvellous glory of his manifestation in the subjective states. The 'emptying' (*kenōsis*) is really only an appearance us-wards; it is owing to our blindness of vision. Here we have precisely the same difficulty as has arisen in Christianity and formed the subject of infinite controversy. The term is of course taken over by Prof. Anesaki from Western theology. In it inhere all the subtleties of 'docetism,' or of the doctrine of illusory embodiment, the body of transformation (Nirmāṇa-kāya). Is the physical body of the Buddha, or of the Christ, just like the bodies of normal mankind?—it is asked. The answer is: Yes and no; to us yes, to Him no; for the Buddha or the Christ can assume any body at will and for any time, for the purpose of His manifestation and ministry. The body is as real as any other body; but it is not a body of bondage. The Buddha and the Christ have absolute control over the whole orders of embodiment.

³ Art. 'Aśvaghōṣa,' in Hastings' *Dict. of Relig.*

only by the transmutation of the *impersonal* evil, ignorance and suffering, of the world that the true Buddha-Body grows. Therefore it is said :

All sins transformed into the constituents of Enlightenment!
The vicissitudes of Saṃsāra transformed into the bliss of Nirvāṇa!

All these come from the exercise of the great religious discipline;

Beyond our understanding, indeed, is the mystery of all Buddhas.¹

This brings us to the remarkable formula with which we set forth at the beginning of this paper :

"Yas Kleshas so Bodhi; yas Saṃsāras tad Nirvāṇam."

"What is Sin (or Passion) that is Intelligence (or Enlightenment); what is Birth-and-death (or Transmigration) that is Nirvāṇa."

In illustration of this vital doctrine Suzuki brings forward, in chap. xiii. of his instructive work, a number of quotations from Mahāyāna documents, from which we may select the following :

Saṃsāra is Nirvāṇa, because there is, when viewed from the ultimate nature of the Dharmakāya [the eternal self-realisation of Reality], nothing going out of, or coming into, existence : Nirvāṇa is Saṃsāra, when it is coveted and adhered to. . . .

We know that what is the essence of Birth-and-death that is the essence of Nirvāṇa, and that what is the essence of Nirvāṇa is the essence of Birth-and-death (Saṃsāra). In other words, Nirvāṇa is not to be sought outside of this world, which, though transient, is in reality no more [? other] than Nirvāṇa itself. Because it is contrary to our reason to imagine that there is Nirvāṇa and there is Birth-and-death (Saṃsāra), and that the one lies outside the pale of the other, and, therefore, that we can attain Nirvāṇa only after we have annihilated or escaped the

¹ Quoted from *The Sūtra on the Incomprehensible* by Vasubandha in his *Discourse on Buddha-Essence*. (Japanese Tripitaka, ed. of 1881, fasc. II., p. 81). See Suzuki, *op. cit.*, p. 357.

world of Birth-and-death. If we are not hampered by our confused subjectivity,¹ this our worldly life is an activity of Nirvāṇa itself.²

So also we find the great Buddhist sage Nāgārjuna, in the *Mādhyamika Shāstra*, declaring :

Samsāra is in no way to be distinguished from Nirvāṇa ;

Nirvāṇa is in no way to be distinguished from Samsāra.

The sphere of Nirvāṇa is the sphere of Samsāra ;

Not the slightest distinction exists between them.

Above all things the Dharma of the Buddha is the Doctrine of the Middle Path (*Mādhyā-Mārga*), which steers a safe course between all extremes and all opposites, in a balanced union of the constituents of duality, whereby everything is made whole by its natural complement. Thus in *The Shrimala Sūtra* we read :

Those who see only the transitoriness of existence are called Nihilists ; and those who see only the eternality of Nirvāṇa are called Eternalists. Both views are incorrect.

And on this Vasubandha, in his *Discourse on Buddha-Essence*, comments :

Therefore, the Dharmakāya of the Tathā-gata is free from both extremes, and on that account it is called the Great Eternal Perfection. When viewed from the absolute standpoint of Suchness [or Thatness, Tathā-tā], the logical distinction between Nirvāṇa and Samsāra cannot in reality be maintained, and hereby we enter upon the realm of Non-duality.

¹ This is Suzuki's rendering of 'smṛiti.' In a note to his translation of Ashvaghosha's *Discourse on the Awakening of Faith in the Mahāyāna* (London, Kegan Paul, 1900), he writes (p. 56) : "The term is usually rendered by recollection or memory, but Ashvaghosha uses it apparently in a different sense. It must mean subjectivity, or the perception of particularity, or that mental activity which is not in accordance with the suchness [tathā-tā] of things ; if otherwise, the whole drift of the present Discourse [Sutta] becomes totally unintelligible. *Smṛiti* is in some degree obviously synonymous with *avidyā* (ignorance) which is more general and more primordial than the former. Ignorance appears first and when it starts the world-process, 'subjectivity' is evolved, which in its turn causes particularisation to take place. Particularisation does not annihilate suchness, but it overshadows the light of its perfect spiritual wisdom."

² *Visheshachinta-brahma-pariprichchha Sūtra*, ch. ii. (Chinese trans.).

And hence Wisdom and Compassion, Knowledge and Love, must work together for Perfection. Therefore Devala, the author of *The Discourse on the Great Person* (Mahā Puruṣha), writes :

The wise do not approve loving-kindness without intelligence, nor do they approve intelligence without loving-kindness ; because one without the other prevents us from reaching the highest path. . . .

Those who are afraid of transmigration and seek their own benefits and happiness in final emancipation, are not at all comparable to those Bodhi-sattvas who rejoice when they come to assume a material existence once again, for it affords them another opportunity to benefit others. . . .

Nirvāṇa in truth consists in rejoicing at others' being made happy, and Saṃsāra in not so feeling. He who feels a universal love for his fellow creatures will rejoice in distributing blessings among them and find Nirvāṇa in so doing.

Such quotations could be multiplied ; but enough have been given to illustrate the chief topic of this paper.

It is utterly impossible that a popular religion, or any religion for that matter, can be founded on negativism ; it must give positive satisfaction in some way to spiritual and moral needs, or cease to exist. It is quite true that negationist views are rampant in many speculative forms of Buddhistic intellectualism ; but, as we have seen, they leave the living spirit of the faith untouched, which at its best teaches that Reality is truly realisable only in the world of becoming, in that there is no true bliss save in the joy of the salvation of others.

G. R. S. MEAD.

DANTE AND THE RENAISSANCE.

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WITH his masterly art of condensing great masses of material, Paul Wendland, in his boldly outlined appreciation of 'Hellenistic-Roman culture,' has portrayed the 'temper of the Augustan age.' He emphasises in the first place the influence of Varro's efforts to revive the national religion on the national policy of Augustus. He then shows how a weary and exhausted humanity, filled with an insatiable longing for redemption and re-birth, recognised in Augustus the saviour and redeemer destined, according to the prophecies of the Sibyl, to close the cycle of the ages and to open a new era of salvation.

The aim pursued by the Augustan policy in all fields of action, including that of religion, was the creation of a new basis of Empire, by means of the apparent restoration and revival of the ancient forms and ordinances. The ruined temples are re-built, new shrines are erected for the ancient gods, the priestly offices are filled and in some cases multiplied, old festivals and time-honoured ceremonies are recalled to life. Ideals are sought for in the past, and it is believed that the ancestral virtues can be revived by the restoration of the ancient institutions. These reactionary attempts to reform belief and customs made no profound impression. But the spiritual mood which produced these unsuccessful experiments exercised a beneficial effect and was a political force.

It is necessary merely to retouch in non-essential details this picture of the Augustan period in order to recognise in it the characteristic features of the Italian

Renaissance. The idea of a World-Saviour is the powerful awakener of minds in both these great epochs of culture. An ardent longing for inner re-birth marks both periods. A *vita nova*, replete with the thought of inner renewal and of the "ideal transformation of the community" (Burdach) begins with Augustus, as also it dawns with the great poet-seer of the Mediæval Empire. In both cases a recovered humanity dreams of the dawning era of a re-born and purified mankind and of a universal empire of peace; in both cases a heightened joy in life and action, a marvellous belief in the future, is at work. In both epochs the thought of re-birth, at first confined to its religious and universally human aspect, passes over into the field of politics. Two driving forces were operative at the turning-point of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries: first the prophetic agitation of the time, and then the continuous attention bestowed on the Roman classics.

As the Sibyl awaited from the scion of the Julian Gens a return of the ancient Golden Age of the nation in religion and politics, so now the patriots, Dante and Rienzi, expected that the Emperor of their dreams, whom they strove to assimilate to the ideal figure of Augustus, should renew the Augustan age of universal peace, an age which, according to general opinion, had never been attained before or since, and that he should thus also restore the vanished national glory of Italy. So, as before, the impulse towards inner self-elevation was united with the desire for national regeneration. The never completely interrupted study of the literary treasures of antiquity was also at work in the same direction.

The mighty name of Rome resounded through all

the periods of the Middle Ages. But it was only after the time of Dante that this name attained to spiritual potency. The individual character of the great Italian Renaissance of culture lies in this, that the memory of the vanished glory of Rome dawned on the soul of the century at a moment when a strongly heightened political and religious faith in the future had made the minds of men both able and willing to receive it. Men learnt to understand the exalted mood of the Augustan poets because they were moved by the same vitalising sentiments. Then at last a dim sense of the full greatness of Rome takes possession of the Italian world, and the national enthusiasm for its proud past is awakened. Thus the continuous attention bestowed upon antiquity must be regarded as a factor no less important than the thought of regeneration.

Karl Burdach has the great merit of having emphasised with sufficient energy the significance of the idea of re-birth in the *vita nova* of the Germano-Roman peoples, without undervaluing the influence exercised by antiquity in the development of the new conception of the world. For the learned literary historian the chief characteristic of the Renaissance is the fact that "in it the re-conquest of ancient culture" was "a self-renewal and self-exaltation, a national self-consciousness and self-recognition."¹

¹ Burdach had previously expressed similar ideas. But, so far as I know, they have, quite unjustly, received no consideration in historical circles. In his '*Bericht über Forschungen zum Ursprung der neuhochdeutschen Schriftsprache und des deutschen Humanismus*' (*Abh. d. K. preuss. Akad. d. W.*, 1903, pp. 14 ff.) we read: "What we call the Renaissance springs from a disposition of the minds of men that is difficult to explain, but which suddenly became powerful in the whole world. At the close of the fourteenth century it seized upon the people of Europe like an intoxication which was infectious, like a drunkenness which yet was self-conscious and self-reflective. It would be an error to regard these transports as something new. Ever since the Germanic peoples entered the luminous world of the Mediterranean, there glowed in their hearts an infinite, unquenchable longing for this Paradise. . . . It is rare, however, that a word passes

This conviction forced itself upon him especially during his closer study of Dante.

In subtle elaboration Burdach attempts to define the form which the conception of re-birth assumed in the lofty mind of the poet of the *Commedia*. I must resist the temptation to give an analysis of Burdach's train of thought and restrict myself to giving its most essential results in the author's own words:

Dante believes with Joachim of Flora . . . , with St. Francis, with the Joachimites and the Franciscan and Dominican mystics, in the *renewal* of human souls. Only he no longer looks for it, as they do, exclusively in relation to God. He strives after the new life in the harmony of the beautiful and the heavenly, in that new poetry in which the light of supernatural truth, wisdom and beauty shines forth out of the many-coloured exuberance of phenomena of the world and of men. . . . But like the Joachimites he hopes not only for the *reformatio interioris hominis*, but also for the reformation of the Church, for the speedy vast transformation of the whole earth. . . . Dante's fundamentally religious and Christian nature can only be understood, if we never for an instant forget that his purpose is to purify, heighten, rejuvenate and renew the Christian religion of his time, its ethics, its Church, its State, its art, and its science, by the power of his word, in the regeneration of its true humanity through the adjustment of Christianity with national Roman antiquity. The pinnacle of human history, the earthly Paradise manifested in

the lips of these heroes, with their ardent, restrained passion, a word which might give a glimpse into the innermost incentives of their soul, into the secret, incessant impulse towards southern beauty and splendour. . . . But at that time [that of Charles IV.] this restrained enthusiasm finds utterance. It begins to be conscious of itself. Words are now found for the deep feeling which grows through and with them and strikes prodigious roots over wide areas. The culture of Italy begins; a spring of life in the world-movement which we call the Renaissance." It is true that Burdach says (p. 42) that the revival of classical antiquity exercised no decisive influence in the evolution of the "world-dominion of Italian culture," but I believe that he has had occasion to modify this judgment in accordance with his later researches. The following sentence is hardly tenable in its rather one-sided decisiveness: "To regard and to represent *Old-Roman* antiquity as a *national*, an *Italian* past—this was the source of the new style, this was the root of the great Renaissance, which was to rejuvenate the world."

that history, is, according to him, the period when Augustus ended a century of civil war by establishing the Universal Empire of peace, and when, through the birth of Christ, the new Universal Church arose. Dante has often expressed this idea. It is the pivot of his historical thought and of his hopes of reform. Through this Dante becomes the teacher of Petrarch and Rienzi. Through this he becomes the creator of what we call the Renaissance. Through this also he sows the seed of those national church efforts for reform, which were most powerfully realised by Wiclif, Huss, Luther and Zwingli.

In the chain of Burdach's demonstration, the soundness of which we shall not now examine, the weakest link is not represented by his allusion to the relations between *The Divine Comedy* and the Proserpine-mystery. It appears to him by no means a mere accident that Matilda, who, gathering flowers by herself, meets the Poet in the Earthly Paradise, should be compared by him with Proserpine. The mystical meaning of the two springs, Lethe and Eunoë, in the Earthly Paradise of Dante, which corresponds so perfectly to their significance in the Mystery-literature, makes Burdach assume that the Florentine made use of ancient sources. "The manner in which Dante made acquaintance with these Orphic motives still remains obscure." But the writer thinks it probable that

A Mediæval or Patristic manuscript afforded him some distinct knowledge of these things. However that may be, Dante in this work blends, with fullest consciousness, Christian and Mystery-images, in order to make conceivable the indescribable transformation and renewal of man.

The learned literary historian is here following paths which I had trodden simultaneously with him. But I should like to go a step further than he goes. Without unduly anticipating more extensive researches,

this article will show whither this path will lead me. I would, however, expressly state that I shall here confine myself simply to corroborating, by new arguments, Burdach's thesis of the relations between *The Divine Comedy* and the ancient Mystery-faith.

Pope Innocent III. once wrote a remarkable *Oratio de Sanctis* (Migne, *Curs. Pat. Lat.* 217, 510). He starts by mentioning the ancient festival of carrying lights in honour of Proserpine at the beginning of February and the adoption by the Christians of this invincibly tenacious custom. Then come the following words:

*Ob hoc quoque in Purificatione Virginis cereos accensos portamus, ut purificati per gratiam, cum accensis lampadibus quasi prudentes virgines ad nuptias ingredi mereamur.*¹

The connection with the ancient Mystery-festival is evident. In both cases the same ceremony, in both cases purification, in both regeneration through the sacred marriage!—Where are the intermediate links in this chain of tradition? We do not know enough about the living streams of religious traditions which flow beneath the hard surface of rigid Mediæval faith; but it is certain that in secret they were constantly drawn on. Dante's immortal world-poem is also connected with this tradition. The same thoughts to which Innocent gave expression are also found in Dante, only in the latter case the relation to the fundamental ideas of the ancient Mystery-symbolism is still more evident.

The first guiding thought of the Mysteries and of Dante's poem, the purification of the soul in its journey through the realms of the under-world and through the spheres of the planets and of the heaven of fixed

¹ "For this cause also we carry lighted tapers on the Feast of the Purification of the Virgin, so that purified through grace we may be worthy to be admitted to the marriage with lamps lighted as prudent virgins."

stars, was familiar to the Middle Ages. In early times we find visions in which the sufferings and the joys of the other-world are depicted in the crudest colours. These rude descriptions are widely removed from the lofty grandeur of Dante's pictures. The latter bear more resemblance to the representation of journeys to the other-world in the group of poems chosen by Marie Gothein as the subject of the researches to which I have already made reference.¹

Franz Xaver Kraus had previously noticed the curious analogies between the last Cantos of the *Purgatorio* and the *Tesoretto* of Dante's teacher and friend Brunetto Latini.

It is certainly very remarkable (says Kraus) how the author tells of his mission to Alfonso of Castille, then hears on his way back of the banishment of his faction (the Guelphs) from Florence, loses his way in his grief over the former glory of Florence, and finds himself in a desolate wood. When he comes to his senses, he sees a mountain in the midst of a grandiose and animated world which comes into being and vanishes at the command of a gigantic female form, who reveals herself as Nature and then passes on to the powers of the human soul, the four temperaments, the five senses of man, the four elements, the seven planets, the Ocean and the voyages beyond the Pillars of Hercules. This woman then instructs Brunetto to ride out of the wood turning to the right, where he would find not only Philosophy and the four Virtues but also the God of Love. So it all happens, but the delight of earthly love lures him from the path, so that Ovid has again to enlighten him about the good and the evil of love; whereupon he does penance and turns again to God. He confesses his sins and then, desiring the Knowledge of the Seven Arts, he rides back into the wood, until at last, in the early morning, he reaches the summit of Mount Olympus.

We must at once notice that Latini did not here

¹ See Prof. Kampers' article 'The Messianic Emperor' in the last number.
—Ed.

give simply free rein to his fancy. We must look for his model in the poems which begin with the poetic work of Bernardus Silvestris and culminate in the *Anticlaudianus* of Alanus ab Insulis. In Bernardus' poem *De Mundi Universitate*, the Goddess Natura appears as the highest "helper and counsellor of Nous, as the administrator of Law in the universe," to whom corresponds Urania, the ruler in the realm of the stars. In Alanus the picture of Natura is once more brought closer to its prototype, Proserpine. In his poem *De Planctu Naturæ*, she wears the cosmic dress already so familiar to us,¹ which she originally wove for her mother as a bridal vesture. In his *Anticlaudianus* Alanus directly puts his Goddess Natura in the place of Claudian's Proserpine. She dwells alone in eternal Spring. "She is the Queen of the world, she stands in the midst of creation as the guardian of Law; all becoming and passing-away is her work, the eternal change of the individual, the continuity of the species." Yet another wanderer through the fields of heaven in search of truth and happiness attracted the sympathy of his time: the hero of the *Architrenus* of John of Anville. He, too, comes to the Goddess Natura, who instructs him concerning the genesis of the Cosmos. The change, apparent in all these poems, of the allegorical interpretation of the mythical figure of Proserpine into the 'vicharia' of God, as Latini says, is extended still further in later times, especially in the *Roman de la Rose*. Now we must remark that this metamorphosis of Proserpine is not the work of the Mediæval poets. Apuleius centuries earlier makes the Mystēs address the Goddess as: "All-mother Nature, Lady of the Elements, Guide of the Vault of

¹ See the article above referred to.—ED.

Heaven." Thus here also there appears to be a close connection with the ancient symbolism of the Mysteries.

Dante either recognised for himself the figure of Proserpine in the *Natura* of these Mediæval poems, or he was perhaps acquainted, it may be in one of the poems of kindred form, with a setting of the myth which had not departed too widely from the fundamental ideas of the Proserpine-mystery. And yet Dante was no slavish imitator. He only took pleasure in using the already-existing ancient language of allegory to interpret his idea, existing in time and yet so infinitely beyond the limits of time, the idea of the re-birth and self-exaltation of man and of humanity. The relations between the XXVIIIth Canto of the *Purgatorio* and the characteristic features of the ancient myth appear to me so evident that I cannot accept the assumption of parallelism in the formation of the ideas. In both cases we find the heavenly pilgrim, seeking for happiness; in both the virgin, adorned with every charm in the midst of an eternal Spring, is depicted with the colours of antiquity; in both an explanation is given by her of the eternal process of becoming. The typical figure of Proserpine-Natura was of course, like everything else, forthwith raised by Dante to a higher sphere. Even in individual traits he assimilates the picture of his Matilda to that of Proserpine. Perhaps even the allusion to the shuttle in the verse:

*Tratto m'avea nel fiume infino a gola,
E tirandosi me dietro, sen giva
Sopr'esso l'acqua, lieve come spola*¹—

¹ "She (Matilda) had drawn me into the river up to my neck,
And, pulling me after her, went along
Over the water, light as a shuttle." (Lit. Trans. Oakey.)

"Loose not thy hold (she cried), and lo! had dragged me high
As to my neck into the stream; while she
Still as she drew me after, swept along
Swift as a shuttle, bounding o'er the wave." (Cary.)

finds a satisfactory explanation in the myth of the divine weaver, Kore-Proserpine, who weaves for her mother the cosmic robe. It is, however, more significant that Matilda, like Proserpine in a fragment of Pindar, accepts penance for ancient guilt. If we consider the mention of Prosperine in Dante's world-poem from this point of view, we can at once recognise in his eschatology remarkable parallels to the conceptions of a future life as taught in the ancient Mysteries. I will remind the reader only of the teaching in the Mystery-symbolism regarding the passage of the souls through the various heavenly spheres of planets and fixed stars, of the seven degrees through which the initiand has to pass in order, stage by stage, to lay aside the conditions of earthly existence, and of the sign which, according to Tertullian, Mithras makes on the forehead of his warriors. The terraced mountain, on the summit of which are Paradise and the World-Tree, is also to be found in the cycle of this Mystery-faith of the ancients.

But it is not only the mention of the name of Proserpine which leads us back from Dante to the ancient belief of the Mysteries. Matilda's appearance is not a mere episode in the scheme of Dante's poem. It is inseparable from the description of the mystical Tree of Paradise, of its renewed blossoming and of the unveiling of Beatrice beneath it. Dante adopts from the ancient Mystery of re-birth not only the journey of the soul, but also the symbolic representation of the cult-saga of the sacred marriage which was presented to the Mystēs.

Proserpine-Kore weaves a bridal dress for her mother, Δημήτηρ Χθονία (Mother Earth). In the earlier Orphic form it was Zeus himself who prepared this

cosmic robe and cast it over his bride, the Earth, who in this tradition appears as a winged oak-tree. Thus the union of the Father of Heaven with his eternally youthful bride, the Earth, took place under the World-Tree or under the Tree of the Hesperides, which only by means of this sacred marriage resumes anew its fresh greenery and its golden mystic apples. From this myth is derived the old custom of the bride giving apples to her husband on the wedding-night. How eloquent is Dante's verse:

*Quale a veder dei fioretti del melo,
Che del suo pomo gli Angeli fa ghiotti,
E perpetue nozze fa nel cielo.¹*

Two cantos earlier, the procession of the mystical chariot, on which Beatrice is enthroned, is compared with a train of brides. Midway in these bridal cantos the unveiling of Beatrice is found. This ceremony has also an important significance in the Proserpine-myth, and in ancient wedding-rites in general (Eisler). Next the re-budding of the withered tree, under which, be it noted, Beatrice keeps the chariot, represents the second cardinal point of Dante's Mystery in the Earthly Paradise. The fact that this tree was originally the World-Tree, with which we are familiar, is already shown by the eagle and the dragon, which, as Eisler repeatedly points out, are often to be found in the cycle of this myth.

At this point the question again arises: Whence

¹ "As to behold some flowerets of the apple-tree
Which makes the angels greedy for its fruit,
And makes perpetual marriage feast in heaven." (Lit. Trans. Oakey.)

"As to the chosen three
On Tabor's mount, admitted to behold
The blossoming of that fair tree, whose fruit
Is coveted of angels, and doth make
Perpetual feast in heaven." (Cary.)

came to Dante the knowledge of this sacred magical rite of fertility, which for the Mystēs was symbolical of re-birth? I do not know; but it is certain that Dante did not invent this myth, and it is equally certain that it was known to the Mediæval world, and therefore that Dante may also have known it.

In the dialogue between Hermes and his son Tat concerning re-birth it is elucidated that only he who is re-born can attain to the *σωτηρία* (salvation). Re-birth appears as a begetting. The begetter is the Will of God; the re-born becomes the son of God (Reitzenstein). This is the essential idea of the sacred marriage which, as we know, is frequently represented in the ancient Mysteries. In Gnostic literature this thought assumes a curious form. In the prayer of consecration in *The Acts of Thomas*, the Holy Ghost is invoked as the Merciful Mother, the Mother of the Seven Houses, whose Rest is in the Eighth House. The Sophia, dwelling in the 'Ογδόας (the Eight), is the Mother of the seven Archons (or Rulers), whose kingdoms are to be understood by the seven Houses. The soul, as Anz elucidates, must pass through seven Gates, and at each one an Archon bars the way, until the special formula is uttered. Who can fail to think here of the Angels of Dante? Beyond the last fiery passage Grace (the Ogdoas) rules. Dante says of the Wall of Fire (*Purg.* xxvii. 36): "This barrier alone separates thee from Beatrice." Only one who has passed through all the Gates, has the right to share in the feast of joy. "As the compassionate Mother of men, the Holy Ghost, who is sometimes identified with the Sophia, sometimes distinguished from her, grants joy and peace to those who are united with her." This is the wedding-feast of the Sophia (Wisdom), depicted for us in the

Gnostic hymn, which Preuschen has elucidated. The marriage of Christ with Sophia, the bride, is the subject of this poem. According to Preuschen, the meaning of the myth is as follows: The Sophia, who, filled by Primeval Light with the Light-seed, sank down into the depths and took to herself a body out of the chaos of Matter, cannot help man, because she is held fast in the lower regions by the Matter with which she has become entangled; nothing but the Light-nature can help. Kraus previously guessed at some connection between this Gnostic hymn and the figure of Beatrice. That the "beloved of Love Supreme," the "Light-conquered one," as Dante calls her, is indeed painted in Gnostic colours, is what I hope to prove in wider connection. In this place I refrain from deducing the importance which the proof of the connection between the ancient Mystery-faith and the *Divine Comedy* has for the content and the form of the poem itself.

Now we are not obliged to leap from Dante to the Gnostics in tracing back the tradition of the mystical marriage under the World-Tree. There is no lack of intermediate links.

In the Mohammedan legend it is related of the Virgin Mary, after the Annunciation, that

When she felt herself with child, she ran into the field, and she had hardly time to lean against the *withered* trunk of a date-tree before the birth of a son took place. Then she cried: 'Oh! that I were long dead and forgotten, than that the suspicion of unchastity should touch me!' Then Gabriel appeared to her again and said: 'Fear not, Mariam! Lo, the Lord maketh a spring of sweet water well from the earth at thy feet, the tree-trunk against which thou leanest already grows green and fresh dates cover the branches; eat and drink, and when thou hast refreshed thyself, return to thy people. . . . Mariam plucked some dates, which

tasted like fruits of *Paradise*, and drank of the spring, whose water was as milk, and returned with her child on her arm to her family.

In Dante, to the question where Beatrice is, we find the following answer :

Lo ! on the ground

'Neath the fresh leaves she on the root doth lean.

Before acquainting ourselves with the typical Mediæval re-interpretation of the sacred marriage under the tree, we will deal with some later variations of this theme. Even the Tannhäuser legend with its withered staff shows traces of this *mythologēma*. A Scottish version of this saga, handed down in the folk-song of the young Tamlane, relates how a maiden saw near a spring a beautiful palfrey without a rider. She then plucked some red roses, when suddenly a man stood before her and asked her why she was picking roses there without first asking him. She said she was taking a walk on her father's land. Then the knight, who had to spend his life with the faeries and was waiting for deliverance, took her by the hand, led her *under a lime-tree*, and conversed with her there for a long time. It soon became known that she was with child by a knight, who had been deprived of his physical body and limbs by the queen of the faeries, and so turned into a faery (Graesse). Related to this is a verse of a sixteenth century song which has come down to us :

He [her heart's delight] took her by her snow-white hand ;
He led her through the green wood ; He broke then off a branch
for her ; She kissed him on his red mouth, The brave maid.¹

Weinhold also refers to a well-known song :

¹ *Er (ihres herzen eintrost) nam sie bei ihr schneeweissen hand, Er fuert sie durch den grünen Wald, Da brach er ir ein zweig, Sie küsset in auf seinen roten Mund Das wacker mögdelein.*

Come, come, we will under the oak-tree go, He broke off for her a green branch, And made the maiden into a wife. Then laughed the maid so blithely.¹

Two other references of Weinhold's are also important: one to the legal symbol of taking possession of the bride by means of a green branch, the other to the *Chanson de Geste* in which Charlemagne betrothed Herviau to his bride with a flowering olive-branch. To this circle of ideas belong also the may-tree and the fir as the trees of love and of marriage.

All these ramifications of the primitive mythical theme are, however, of less interest than the mystical wedding in the visions of two nuns. Curious relations exist between the trains of thought in the world-poem of a man of genius and the abstruse visions of Mechtild of Magdeburg and of the younger Mechtild of Hackeborn, so curious that Wilhelm Preger, probably quite erroneously, believes one of these nuns to have been the prototype of Dante's Matilda. In the revelations of the first Mechtild we read how the Saviour says to the soul:

And I wait for thee in the Orchard of Love
And I pluck for thee sweet union's flower
And I make for thee there a bed
Of the desiresome grass of holy knowledge . . .
There I make to bend for thee the highest tree of my holy triplicity,
So pluck'st thou thence the apples, green, white, red, of my gentle
humanity.²

¹ *Komm, komm, wir woll'n unter die Eiche geh'n, Er brach ihr ab einen grünen Zweig, Und machte das Mädel zu einem Weib. Da lachte das Mädel so sehr.*

² *Und ich warten din in dem bomgarten der minne
Und briche dir die blume der suessen einunge
Und machen dir da ein bette
Von dem lustlichen grasse der heiligen bekantheit. . . .
Und da neigen ich dir den hohsten bom miner heiligen drivaltikeit
So brichest du dens die gruenen, wissen, roten oepfel miner sanftigen
menschheit.*

In correspondence with the inversion of the love of God in the poem of the Magdeburg nun, where the soul comes to the waiting Christ, while in the myth the God drew near to the yearning Earth, it is the Saviour who offers Mechtild the apples, whereas in the ancient wedding-ritual the bride presents them to the bridegroom. Related to this mystical picture of the elder visionary, is another painted by the younger. The Virgin Mary leads the nun into a pleasure-garden of beautiful trees, which is thus described :

There was also there a joyous tree, most worthy of desire, like purest crystal, with leaves of gold, on every leaf was worked a golden ring, its fruit snow-white, most sweet and mild, the symbol of the bright pure nature of the Lord, which strives to share itself with all. This tree then opened and the Lord went in and knit the soul unto himself in such close union that the Psalmist's word appeared to be fulfilled : I have said, Ye are Gods.

That is the re-birth by divine begetting, the sonship of God which is also known in the ancient Mysteries. According to Apuleius the *Mystēs*, after his re-birth, is invested with the heavenly robe and worshipped as God.

This mystical love of God is extraordinarily interesting. A parallel development of the same theme, first in myth and later in mysticism, is excluded. There must be a chain of intermediate links between this Christian love of God and that Pagan magic of fertility.

In conclusion I hope that this slight sketch has brought together a sufficiency of support to show that the fundamental ideas of the Mystery-symbolism of antiquity were also known in the Middle Ages, and that, at the beginning of the *vita nova* of the Germano-Roman peoples, the prophet of the new age, Dante

Alighieri, was drawing from the well of this stream of thought, when he makes the mystery of re-birth arise in majestic pictures before the eyes of a century that sighed for redemption.

FRANZ KAMPERS.

THE COSMIC THEORY OF THE THIRD BODY.

PROFESSOR A. W. BICKERTON.

WE are told that during the decay of Egyptian civilisation vicious specialisation became so rampant that it was considered criminal for the ear-expert to touch the throat, so that a simple case of pharyngeal deafness, the consequence of a slight cold, required two medical experts to deal with it.

Modern science has not yet soared to that expert height, but it is getting there fast; the eminent specialist is great in a single branch of science, and not unfrequently knows little else. Hence the search for natural law is thought so slightly of that most new correlations are neglected. The exquisitely simple and clearly described theory of Mendel was missed for over a third of a century. All through the history of modern science the same delay has attended the acceptance of every great natural law. Yet broad thinkers of the calibre of the late Simon Newcomb look on correlations as actually the very land-marks of human progress.

An oversight has been made in the study of stellar collisions. On the face of it, it does not look

important, not more so than shunting a train intended to go North onto a Southern line. By pulling a wrong mental switch the progress of astronomy has been seriously retarded for over a score of years.

We all know that swiftly grazing flint and steel produces a glowing spark without greatly heating the bulk of the material. The same thermodynamic fact must almost certainly accompany cosmic grazes, whether they be of planets, or suns, of nebulae, or of vast cosmic systems. Observed celestial phenomena show that such a cosmic spark actually is struck off by grazing suns.

The speed of a solar graze must be so immense, the energy so stupendous, that the bulk of the flying suns inevitably go on. The portions that actually meet being torn away, they arrest each other's motion and thus produce a huge cosmic spark. This third body so formed is a veritable Siegfried of the heavens. Bodies of this character have many times the energy of any other bodies of the same mass in the entire cosmos.

These third bodies possess extraordinary dynamical possibilities. They spin; they are explosively hot; they possess a power to capture, and they sort their elements according to their atomic weight. They have other remarkable characters. Their light-curves are abnormal, and they form a unique and characteristic series of spectra. The energy of this third body is so great that it largely dissipates, and because it is an explosion it is a sensational event.

A pair of similar dead suns completely colliding would possess ten times the total thermal energy of the third body that would have been formed, supposing instead of completely colliding they had grazed and

had had one-tenth struck off from each. But the stabilities of the two new bodies are entirely unlike. A pair of similar coalescing dead suns would become a vivid star that would shine for many scores of millions of years. The gravitating attraction of the mass would hold it together. It would be a permanent addition to the heavenly host, a true star. Not so the third body, it would be so small a mass that the enormous temperature would cause it to explode. It is a flash of light, not a lamp. In one case we have a permanent lamp lit to last for ages; in the other case one-tenth of the energy flashes off explosively and produces an evanescent but intensely brilliant, temporary star.

We have an excellent analogy in petrol and dynamite. A ton of petrol possesses ten times the energy of a ton of dynamite. Ignite a tank containing a ton of petrol and it may blaze for many days. Detonate a ton of dynamite and you have a sensational and paragraph-producing flash of extreme and transitory brilliancy. Such then is the contrast of character between a complete and partial impact. The lesser event is the more sensational.

Astonishingly sensational to those who understand them, are those amazing apparitions, temporary stars. A number of men have been drawn to astronomy by the attractive wonder of those ephemeral phenomena.

Think of a brilliant body, formed suddenly in the heavens, ten, or even a hundred thousand times the intensity of the sun, and then in a few weeks or months it has dissipated itself into space and is lost to sight. What other event than an explosion of the third star produced by grazing impact can account for such a prodigious, such an inconceivable phenomenon?

It has been suggested that it is the passage of a dead sun into a nebula. Father Sidgreaves of Stonyhurst, the eminent observer of these stars, who has given us the very best and most complete series of spectrograms I have ever seen of Nova Persei, the brilliant new star of the new century, asks "How could such a phenomenon occur so suddenly?" A clever writer suggests that the entry of a dead sun into so diffused a body as a nebula is like a battleship colliding with a fog.

Is such a sudden explosion as we have been studying a temporary star? Over thirty years ago the physical properties of this third body were deduced in very minute detail; twenty years afterwards, the light-curve of Nova Persei was plotted and its wonderful series of spectra was photographed. There is absolute correspondence between the curve and the series of spectra of Nova Persei and those deductions that were made so long before. The correspondence is so complete that Gifford says: "It has had many of its predictions verified in a manner as striking even as the predictions of Mendelieff, based on the periodic law."

But you will ask: Does the theory of new stars matter so much? And the answer is: The theory of new stars is but one of many scores of solutions that the same fundamental conception gives us in all the fields of astronomical research. The two torn suns become variable stars, and the capturing power of the third body must often make them into a pair, that is a double star. The middle body sorts its atoms and gives such stupendous velocities to hydrogen that it must escape from our Galactic System altogether. And the number of these atoms of light gases that must be expelled from systems, must be so enormous

that those which reach the empty parts of space, must tend to lay the foundations of new cosmic systems, to replace those that have become *effete* by the dissipations of their energy.

The character and structure and singular contrasts of the great cosmic system of which our giant earth is but as a constituent speck of cosmic dust, show by the most striking evidence, that it was formed by the interpenetration of two previously existing cosmic systems.

In long ages past these two systems approached one another, began to collide and form a central, explosively hot third body that was walled in all round by the advancing hosts of the members of the two systems, but was free to blow itself out in the directions of the two poles. The material so expelled forms the caps of nebulae that by hundreds of thousands clothe the two poles of the celestial sphere. They give evidence of that stupendous and explosively hot furnace that once formed the centre of the Milky Way system. A similar glowing mass still forms the centre of the great Nebula of Andromeda. The furnace burnt itself out and the lessened attraction allowed the centrifugal force of the two systems to expand its stars into the giant double spiral that we call the Galaxy.

Thus the theory of the third body tells us also of the mode of origin and of the evolution of our universe. We are thus justified in assuming that the system of which we are a part, was once made up of two previously existing systems. Hence we are justified in assuming there may be many such, if not an infinity.

As we trace these complex agencies that the theory of the third body has revealed to us, we find agencies that not only dissipate energy but others that

elevate it; agencies that not merely aggregate matter, but also re-distribute it. Taken all together we see that Lord Kelvin in coming to his deduction of the dissipation of energy and that of eternal death which logically flows from it, overlooked many factors, and that when we study the influence of these factors we find that the beautiful ideal that has inspired the philosophic thought of the ages, is scientifically true, and that the scheme of creation in which we exist, shows no evidence of a beginning or expectation of an end, a cosmic whole infinite and immortal.

A. W. BICKERTON.

PAGANISM—GREEK AND IRISH.

STANDISH O'GRADY.

LAEGARA, son of Nial, King of Ireland, swore by Sun and Wind that he would never again seek to exact the Boromean rent—violent extortion of their wealth and property—from the men of Leinster.

He violated his oath, and, at the head of a great host all intent, like himself, upon the exaction and division of that plunder, marched southwards from Tara.

But, on the banks of the Liffey, the Sun and Wind, whose names he had taken in vain, and whose divinities he had outraged, met him and slew him in the midst of his marching host, whose battle-axes and swords were powerless to defend him on that occasion—met him and slew him, and went upon their way.

His people brought back their slain king to Tara and interred him there, and made a great lamentation over him.

I know the spot where his angry gods met and slew the King of Ireland. It is the angle made by the meeting of the Liffey and the Rye. Here, the Liffey, rushing out of the west over a bank of great boulders, stills his perturbed spirit as he moves forward to meet the gentle Rye, coming down quietly out of the North through a lovely winding glen. Here the Sun and the Wind met and slew the impious king. Thenceforward it was a tabu—in Gaelic, a *geis*—for any King of Ireland to sleep “with head declined” in that fatal angle. Edmund Spenser, the great English Poet, was here, in

his time, three hundred years ago, and gazed with his bright poetical eyes on the Liffey tumbling white over those boulders, and, afterwards, flowing forward, quietly, between green pastures to meet his gentle consort. Out of what Spenser saw then, and felt then, he made a line for his great poem, a line for all time :

The royal Liffey tumbling down the lea.

Had Spenser known that bardic tale, it would surely have inspired an additional silver-sounding stanza of the *Faery Queen*.

I may add that the Rye means the 'King's River' (Abhain Righe), and that the Liffey, earlier in his career, is joined by another 'King's River,' "tumbling down" out of the Wicklow Mountains.

Laegara, who flourished about 430 A.D., was the last Pagan and the first Baptised King of Ireland. He was the son of Nial of the Nine Hostages, Imperator of a great Scotio-Irish, Sootic-Caledonian and Pictish Confederacy, which broke down Roman civilisation in Britain. Of that stirring warrior, I recall some historical bardic verses, perhaps worth insertion :

A challenge of battle between Corc and Nial,
Whether near or far distant.
Fierce the tramp on every shore
Of Nial, the son of Eocha Moymodoin.

When we used to go with Nial upon our forays,
Yellow as the flowering blossom of the Sovarchy¹
Were the bright tresses that flowed from the head
Over the broad shoulder of my hero.

He has been identified, correctly I think, with a British Pretender to the Roman Empire, the date of whose death coincides with that of Nial.

His son and successor, Laegara, was, unlike his

¹ St. John's wort.

father, dark-complexioned, nor had he the same spread of body or of mind as his ambitious and far-journeying sire. Like many a man conscious of not doing well abroad he was resolved to be at least master in his own house, and to assert all his purely Irish regalities with a high hand, especially that very profitable Boromean tribute; and was apparently an angry, stubborn, determined, and rather stupid man.

That Boromean tribute was indeed most profitable, whenever it could be exacted—for the Leinstermen never paid it without a battle. It consisted of 6,000 cows (whence the name, cow-tribute—*bo-roma*); ditto swine; ditto mantles; ditto swords; also slaves, 6,000 fine boys and good girls. The King of Ireland was extremely happy when he recovered the Boroma; but he did not recover it very often; and never without a battle; we were never at any time very fond of paying rent. Indeed the Boroma was never anything but sheer violence, tyranny, and brute force.

St. Patrick preached to the King of Ireland at Tara; on which occasion the illustrious apostle worked several astonishing miracles.

Also he explained to the King of Ireland that his great Empire-sacking sire, and all his ancestors and forerunners, Finn and his famous hunters, the Heroes of the Red Branch, and the sons of Milesius: in short every one whom the Pagan man had been accustomed to love and admire, were now one and all in Hell!

"Show me Hell, and I will believe," said the Pagan man.

"I will," said Patrick.

An ice-cold wind blew out of the North, chilling the King to the bone.

"What is it?" cried the frightened King, shivering like a poplar leaf.

"The cold breath of Hell," said the Saint. "The gates are now opened."

"I see a dense mist towards the North," said the King; "it is filled with noise, tumult and confusion. I hear shoutings there, and see flashings that come and go like the glittering of the weapons and armiture of armed men."

"They are the damned," replied Patrick.

Then the damned, the Pagan Irish, swept past Tara; but one of them, the greatest and most famous, checked his rushing steeds, and, from his chariot, preached a convincing sermon to the frightened Monarch.

Though a very angry, stubborn, and stupid man, King Laegara was not proof against proofs like this.

The new religion conquered Europe in different ways. Charlemagne had to hang stubborn Pagan Saxons, some four thousand of them at a time. The saintly King Olaf battle-axed a multitude of his Thaness and Bonders before the rest could be got to understand. Paul had to quote Pagan poetry at the Intellectuals of Athens. Other Irish saints—and this must not be forgotten—converted Pagan Kings and Peoples by just quietly separating themselves from them, going out into remote and wild places, and there, quietly, repeating the life of their God.

King Laegara was, in this manner, converted; and allowed himself to be baptised at a little well which I was shown once on the westward slope of the hill of Tara.

But it is hard to drive Paganism out of one who has drunk it in with his mother's milk, has been fed with it, clothed with it, has been breathing it, like the vital air, ever since the day he first stood upon his feet and astonished the household.

Smitten to death by the unseen shafts of his angry gods, Laegara, King of Ireland, gave a charge to his Captains; natural enough, no doubt, but not quite what one would expect from the first Christian King of Ireland.

"Bury me," said Laegara to his comrades, as the angry gods, looking back upon their victim, passed on, with bows unstrung, and hearts somewhat, just a little, appeased:

"Bury me in the south rampart of the great Rath at Tara; erect, in my armour; my shield on my breast, my war-mace in my hand; my spears upright, beside me, up on the right hand; and with my face set south against the Leinster men, so that, in the great day of the Resurrection, I may fight one more fierce last battle with my arch enemy, with Dunlaing, son of Enna, High King of the Lagenians. He burned the women's quarters in Tara, and all that were there. Bury me in that manner, dear comrades."

Thus spoke the first Christian King of Ireland.

Grim, honest, whole-hearted old Pagan! You were at least no Hypocrite. That speech sounds as honest as the baying of a hound, or the scream of an eagle; as natural as the roar of a waterfall. How comes it—it is worth enquiring—that Hypocrisy is not, and never was, a vice of Paganism, while it has always flourished under Europe's professed Religion? The Pagan has always been very much in earnest about his religion. Take a great historic instance of this extreme religious seriousness of the Pagan:

When the Persians under Datis and Artaphernes invaded Greece and landed at Marathon, the Athenians, before marching to meet them, despatched their swiftest runner to Sparta to summon the Spartans to their aid. The fate of all free Hellas was at the moment trembling in the balance; and all knew it.

The Spartans knew it. The fate of Europe was trembling, then, in the balance.

"We cannot," replied the Spartans. "It is contrary to our Religion to go upon a campaign before the moon is full."

What an answer, what an attitude, and at such a crisis! They put their Religion before everything else. They were right. Men ought to put their Religion before everything else. They knew all just as well as the swift runner from Athens could tell them. They knew that if the Northern Greeks were conquered, they of the Peloponnesus were doomed.

They knew, too, being an extremely intelligent Nation, almost the most intelligent of the Earth, that they, the Spartans, as the leading Nation of the Peloponnesus, could bring to that War some one hundred thousand men, the best kind of men that ever were, and sweep the Persians to perdition. But they would not stir. It was contrary to their Religion.

It is indeed extremely difficult for us to sympathise with or understand such superstitious folly as this. Here was a great and very intelligent Nation deliberately courting National destruction at the hands of a hated and despised, though world-conquering foreign power, rather than disobey that strange religious tabu about not marching before the moon was full.

On the other hand, these awfully brave Spartan people had a reverential feeling towards Nature, which feeling, owing to their lack of knowledge, found expression in foolish rules and national customs, like not marching while the moon was not full.

Another bit of Spartan history illustrating the same simplicity and sincerity, and naïve childlike trust in divine protective powers :

The Phocians, about to wage war on the Ætolians, sent to their allies, the Spartans, asking them for military assistance.

"We cannot afford you an army on this occasion," replied the Spartans, "but we will lend you Castor and Pollux for the campaign!"

The divine Twins—our Gemini of the Zodiac—might be trusted to fight well, not only for their chosen people, but for the allies of their chosen people. That promise of assistance meant a real self-sacrifice on the part of the Spartans. The Spartan man would feel lonely and bereft while his two Gods were far away, in North Greece, fighting the battles of his Phocian allies. But such feelings were universal.

Before the great sea-battle of Salamis the assembled Greeks, confronted by the huge Persian fleet, despatched a swift Trireme to Ægina to bring to their assistance the two Heroes, Ajax and Teucer. They are only Heroes in Homer; but they were the local Gods of the Island of Ægina. The Trireme, with the two Æginetan Gods on board, returned just in time to take her place in the order of battle. Her coming was welcomed by a heaven-ascending shout of joy from the whole of the Greek fleet. The simplicity and sincerity of the Hellenic mind in this age, when the Hellene was at his noblest, are, I think, very touching; associated as that naïve religious sincerity was with so much domestic and political virtue, and with an astonishing degree of intellect and a beautiful heroic modesty. As to the latter grand quality recall the inscribed tablet standing above the tomb of Leonidas and his 300 Spartans at Thermopylæ:

O Stranger, tell the Spartans that we are here, having obeyed their laws.

Or, again, that over the Corinthian heroes who fell at Salamis. The inscribed stone has been lately discovered. See how there is not in it **one** boastful word :

O Stranger, the Island of Salamis holds us **now** who once dwelt in the City of Corinth between her waters.

That is between the two seas of the **Isthmus**. In our own Irish heroic Age we were not **without** that manly modesty which many vainly imagine to be a quite feminine attribute. Of the greatest of our **Heroes** some ancient bard sang :

He spake not a vaunting word
Nor boasted he at all,
Though marvellous were his deeds.

I may add here that in my own representation of this Hero, I drew the keynote of his character from these lines.¹

Another example of that strange Greek simplicity and sincerity—this time recalling their unique and quite unsurpassed love of pure uncorrupted Nature.

That very swift runner whom the Athenians despatched to Sparta before the battle of Marathon, an awfully swift runner, was named Philippides—it means Son of Man who loved Horses. His journey led him through primitive Arcadia, a land of mountains, glens, and forests, of goat-abounding, heathery highlands. As Philippides ran through a lonely Arcadian glen he suddenly heard himself called by name 'Philippides !'

Philippides stood, panting, and looked all around. He saw nothing but trees, rocks, fern, and heather ; heard nothing but the roar of the mountain streams.

See In the Gates of the North (Sealy, Bryers & Walker, Dublin).

Philippides, a stranger in this strange wild region, was alarmed. A religious awe, such as we all feel, a little, in such remote, wild, lonely, and beautiful places where Nature is quite uncorrupted and undefiled, stole over his Hellenic mind. Again he heard the voice calling. It said :

"Philippides, bid the Athenians honour me, and I shall give them the victory over the Persians. They honour many gods but have forgotten me."

"Who art thou?" said Philippides.

"I am Pan," answered the voice. "The wild places of the Earth are mine."

When Philippides announced that potent and marvellous Arcadian experience of his to the Athenians, then in Camp at Marathon, they at once erected an altar to Pan. They were encamped at the time in an intricate mountainous and forestine region. Upon the altar they burned a kid, and cakes of flour and honey, and poured out libations of wine, while their trained singers, chosen youths, danced round the altar and sang loud hymns in honour of the wild God. And Pan heard them, and was pleased; and he came down out of his native Arcadia into their camp; and in the ensuing battles he roared with his wildly-echoing voice against the Persians; and sent a disastrous panic terror through the great Persian host! And ever after, the beautiful Athenians, though a quite agricultural and Imperial and a maritime people, never failed to worship duly the wild god of the wild places of the earth. They made him one of their national Gods, and provided for him a house on the south side of the Pnyx; which was probably visited by St. Paul when five hundred years later he wandered round Athens, observing and considering.

We smile, I hope kindly and indulgently, at the legend, but must feel that, under all its strange forms and modes of expression, there is something eternally true and right in such a feeling. The wild places of the earth, the mountains, and mountain glens and forests, the unploughed, unpolluted highlands ought to be dear and sacred always, though we will not slay poor little kids in honour of the genii of such places.

Shelley was wrong, misled by a false etymology, when he wrote in *Adonais* :

And universal Pan, 'twas said, was there.

Modern scholarship finds that the name has nothing to do with the word signifying 'All.' It means feeder or grazier. Pan was the divine goat-herd worshipped by Arcadians, shepherds and goat-herds. Is not the God of Europe a shepherd?

We have seen the sincerity and devotedness of Greek Pagan men, how at a supreme crisis, with national extinction and slavery before them, the Spartans would not march a furlong, nor budge an inch out of Sparta, while the Moon was crescent, not yet at her full—fearing to incur the wrath of the bright Queen of the Night; also, generally, the absolute trust in and devotion to their gods, of Hellenic men, before the philosophers and savants began to loosen the foundations of their faith. How then came our Irish Heathen King to defy, and so flagrantly, the divinities of Sun and Wind? Well, his new religious instructor, a man out of sympathy with Nature, had taught him that the Sun and the Wind were not gods at all, and the self-willed Monarch—mad for his Boromean tribute I dare say—half believed him. Three religions, in fact, were, just then, competing and conflicting in Ireland, and King

Laegara did not, as well as I can understand, believe frankly in any of them. He was not Pagan enough—the savants would say animistic enough—to feel the divineness of the Nature that surrounded him. He was not Heroic enough, not Man enough, to understand that—Gods or no Gods—a man and a King ought to stand by his pledged word. He was not Christian enough to know that the new God coming then into Ireland was not a warrior, and that, to him, rapine, spoliation and murder were abominable.

Now the Bardic historians who told this tale of the death of the last Pagan Irish King were partly right and partly wrong. They were right in believing that the Sun and Wind are divine realities, and that, if insulted and offended, they can and will kill. They were wrong in imagining them as superhuman men, and affected by vulgar human emotions; wrath at injury; a thirst for vengeance; a sense of honour; and so forth.

But they had the root of the matter in them—those old Irish Bardic historians. The Sun and the Wind are divine beings, and those who insult them will be killed; surely. They insult the Sun who live away from and out of his Light; they insult the Wind who pollute it, and breathe the Air which they have polluted. Look around and consider. See all the great and proud Nations of the Earth, how they deliberately insult the innocent pure Air and the divine Light. And, if you look again, you will see that they are being slain; slain more slowly, indeed, but quite as effectually as was the last Pagan Irish King in that little angle made by the junction of the Liffey and the Rye.

Yes; the Sun and the Wind are divine; and they

will kill, not wrathfully, like man, but, inevitably, fatefully, like mighty Gods. The Sun and Wind will kill the men and the nations that insult them. They will kill them and pass upon their way, leaving their carcasses to be interred by the nations who have not yet insulted them, or in the same degree.

England has insulted the Sun and Wind, the Light and the Air; and England is going to be destroyed surely. The Sun will shine over the place that was London and the pure wind blow feeding the grass and flowers that will cover the ruins of Liverpool.

Man, in his madness, can insult Nature, for a while, and with apparent impunity; but only for a while, and *not* for a long while.

Boys and Girls of Ireland and of Britain, and you mature Men and Women who are charged with the care of the young Boys and Girls, will you trust me?

The first grand and great commandment of Nature, that is of your whole Being, is this (I am only translating what Nature, what your whole Being says):

“Live in my beautiful Light. I have made the Light for you, and I have made you for the Light. I am Nature, the universal Mother. I love you all, only I cannot bring you out of this trouble that you have brought upon yourselves. So long as you despise my beautiful Light I cannot help you. Live in my Light, and all will be well. If you do I shall help you. I shall bear you on to the fulfilment of your glorious Destiny. I am the Eternal Mother. I am speaking to you out of Ireland, out of the mouth of a man who loves me.”

That is my message from the Universal Mother; and not to you only, Boys and Girls of the Britannic Isles, but to all the Boys and Girls anywhere, and to

all the mature who are taking care of our Boys and Girls and our Children.

You will find a Revolution wrapped up in this plain-looking and evidently true statement as to the manner of life for which great Nature intended you.

You will see that what is good and right for you must be good and right for all. You will therefore refuse to use your power—and property of all kinds is power—to compel others to live in the dark, in the dusk and in the shade, while you live in the Light, in the Air, out on the beautiful unpolluted Earth.

If you understand, you will seek the earliest opportunity of withdrawing yourselves from all complicity in the great exploitation of Man by Man now engirdling the whole Earth, which by a euphemism is called Civilisation !

STANDISH O'GRADY.

THE PASSING OF MAJOR P.

WELLESLEY TUDOR-POLE.

To the January and April numbers of *THE QUEST*, Mr. E. E. Fournier d'Albe contributed two illuminating articles on the 'Negative Evidence for Survival' of life after the dissolution of the physical body. He sums up his case by saying that "death is the cessation, not of life, but of our communication with it."

Now the question arises as to whether there is any necessity for this communication to cease? If we take it for granted that there is no negative evidence against the possibility of survival, is it possible to discover any positive evidence for survival? At the outset of any attempt to investigate the conditions of life immediately following physical death, the student is faced with almost overwhelming difficulties. What would appear to be first-hand and positive evidence to the investigator himself, becomes of necessity second-hand and therefore almost valueless to those who attempt to follow his researches. In other words, the individual can prove the continuation of life beyond physical death only by his own personal experience; the experiences related to him by his fellows cannot be considered by him as either final or conclusive. This fact raises a barrier that cannot easily be broken down, and greatly complicates all research-work into the regions that lie just on the other side of physical death.

After all the crucial question is: Can you or I actually obtain first-hand evidence of such survival? For who has not watched beside a death-bed the gradual passing away of life from the body, and speculated on the after-death conditions of that life?

The province of the present writer, however, is not to construct a theoretical thesis or to enter into an argument in favour of survival or otherwise, but rather to give an account in as simple language as possible, of certain experiences that recently fell to his lot. The scientific explanation of the phenomena to be described pertains to a future generation; at present no one can presume to dogmatise. But surely the time has come for attempting in some measure to grapple in a positive and reasonable manner with this great problem?

The writer was recently brought into close touch with the case of a soldier and officer who in the prime of life was struck down by a fatal disease, and the following description of his 'passing-over' is taken from notes made by the writer at the time. He felt in close touch with the dying man for several weeks both preceding and following the actual passing-away.

The writer cannot attempt to explain how or why the following experiences came to him. Whether they were telepathic or otherwise, it is impossible for him to say. They are simply set down in the exact order in which they were 'seen' or 'heard.'

Before going further it should be stated that the Editor of THE QUEST has in his possession full details of the case, Major P.'s name, the address of the house in which he died, and so far as is practicable has satisfied himself as to the *bona fides* of these experiences.

If the notes that follow are not an actual first-hand account of the passing-away of life from the physical body, what are they? Hallucination? Yes, possibly, but after all that is simply a label and not an explanation in itself. In any case the writer has set down exactly what he believes actually did take place, both just before and just after the physical dissolution of Major P., and readers are left to form their own conclusions. The notes naturally fall into two divisions:

(i.) A descriptive account of the phenomena, observed by the present writer, during Major P.'s passing-away.

(ii.) Experiences purporting to be those of the dying man himself, and, so far as was possible to ascertain them, what seemed to be his sensations after he had actually passed out of his physical body.

I.

Major P. had been ill for several months, but was in full possession of his faculties until a few days before death, when repeated injections of morphia produced a state of coma. The following account is set down from the writer's rough notes which, as stated above, were made at the time, that is *within a few hours of the actual events themselves*.

March 22, 3 p.m. Death seems very close at hand, and there is no apparent sign of consciousness. Directly above the dying man I can see a shadowy form that hovers in a horizontal position about two feet above the bed. This form is attached to the physical body on the bed by two transparent elastic cords. One of them appears to be attached to the solar plexus, and

the other to the brain. As I watch this form it grows more distinct in outline, until I can see that it is an exact counterpart, so far as form is concerned, of the body on the bed. I can see what look like spiral currents passing up through these two cords, and as the physical body grows more lifeless, the form hovering above seems to become more vital.

3.15 p.m. Two figures have now appeared, and stand one on either side of the bed against the wall. They are tall and radiant, but these forms seem to my vision to be of some finer form of 'matter' than the 'double' that is hovering above the bed.

3.40 p.m. This 'double' has become still more distinct, and I can see that the 'cords' are still attached to Major P.'s body, and the currents referred to above have now gathered a considerable upward momentum. The life-force is steadily ebbing out of the body, and is apparently passing into the form above.

3.55 p.m. The two figures stoop down over the bed, and seem to break off the 'cords' at points close to the physical body. Immediately I see that the form or double rises about two feet from its original position, but remains horizontal and at this same moment Major P.'s heart stops beating.¹

So far as I can see, Major P.'s 'life-currents' have been drawn out from his body, and have passed up through these two luminous cords, into the 'double' or subtle body that has just been described. This form is still hovering above the bed, but the life within it shows no sign of outward consciousness.

4.30 p.m. I can no longer see the two figures that

¹ For several hours before this, there had been no apparent consciousness or outward sign of life.

were present both before and at the moment of death, but what I take to be the 'soul' of the dead man seems to be asleep within its new garment, and is totally dissociated from the body on the bed.

5.30 p.m. Dissolution of the material body has already begun. I can still see the 'new' body in the death-chamber, but it is no longer quite so distinct in outline. It appears to be asleep.¹

No further notes were recorded until about 10 a.m. on March 23.

March 23, 10 a.m. There seems to be some disturbance in the conditions around Major P., but he does not wake to a realisation of his new state of 'consciousness.'

12 midday. The sleeping form is drawn back toward earth-conditions, and becomes more 'opaque' in appearance. A sort of 'fluctuation,' an ebb and flow is going on, but I cannot explain in detail what I mean by these terms as applied to a purely non-physical phenomenon.

4 p.m. I can see two great luminous 'wings' outstretched over Major P.'s sleeping form, and they appear to be providing protection against some possible danger.

7 p.m. I can no longer see Major P. either in the death-chamber or out of it, but I am quite conscious of his 'existence' and am fully aware, in some remarkable manner, of the conditions by which he now appears to be surrounded. For instance, I am fully convinced that the form in which he now finds himself has become more luminous (while it still

¹ For the sake of convenience, from this point onwards, the term Major P. is to be taken as referring, not to the dead body, but to the life within what might be called the 'ethereal' body that has just been described.

resembles in outline the physical body he has just left); but I cannot prove to myself or to anyone else, from what source this conviction has reached me.

March 24, 8 a.m. Major P. seems to be drawn back, until he again appears as actually present in the house and in the death-chamber itself. His form is still 'lying' in an apparently reclining posture.

4 p.m. The 'wings' are still there and full of light and colour, rose and violet, clear orange and royal blue;—they seem to prevent the approach of evil influences and also to protect from the loving but inevitably mistaken desire of those left behind that he should return to them.

7 p.m. Another figure is watching and waiting near Major P., who is not yet fully awake, and it seems to be that of a friend, who died some time ago. He will, I feel, be useful in explaining the new conditions of life to the new arrival.

It is curious that I cannot communicate with this figure.

March 25, 2.30 a.m. There are signs of waking. The 'guardians' (the two 'figures') return; there is movement of the form and probably there will soon be semi-consciousness. I am fully aware of all this, although, physically speaking, I can no longer 'see' anything.

6.30 a.m. Movement and impulsive semi-unconscious response to 'thought-waves' from this side. Prayer and protecting thought are now invaluable.

10 a.m. A state of quiescent semi-consciousness. No memory of illness or death, but a hazy sensation of lying asleep in bed at home. There is no curiosity, very little memory, only rest and peace, and a curiously subtle feeling of *security*.

12 midday. Slight memory returns, and with it a vision of the home. A slight feeling of distress, probably due to one of his loved ones great grief and suffering. Now for the first time curiosity and speculation begin to assert themselves, but more sleep follows. An awakening to fuller consciousness seems imminent and the breathlessness of first impressions is in the air.

3 p.m. More complete consciousness, and an anxiety to use and to understand new powers and possibilities.

For the first time conscious volition and movement are noted. Then a sudden wave of memory relating to earth-life matters, and as suddenly as a flash, the wave is gone, leaving no apparent trace. Whilst it lasted it was possible for the writer to arrest certain impressions that related to those on earth. They took the form of messages to his own family, and being of a private and personal nature are not inserted here.

4 p.m. More sleep follows, but Major P. is getting accustomed to his new 'garment' and surroundings, and although all memory of the past is wiped out, temporarily at least, yet perhaps it is more merciful so, because otherwise the memories of earth-life might draw the soul back to earth-conditions, and make progress and development very difficult. Probably memory will return, but in a more subtle and less crude form, and he may be unconsciously (or otherwise) allowed to help his people in their great grief and loneliness. But it is unlikely, and not very wise, that there should be any definite or direct messages, nor should these be asked for, because nothing can be gained on either side by drawing the soul back to earth-conditions.

7 p.m. The 'guardians' are still there. Also the other watcher, referred to above, is trying gradually to get response and recognition. It is becoming difficult to 'sense' the conditions around the newly awakened soul, and still more difficult adequately to describe them in an intelligible manner.

There seems to be no memory of the earth-life, nor of the body left behind, and the soul, whose passing-over we have been trying to describe, has no knowledge of its own body's funeral, nor of earth-conditions generally.

The foregoing notes will probably appear more intelligible when considered in relation to the experience that is given under the second heading.

As explained earlier, the following account is based upon the dying man's own experiences and sensations so far as it was possible to gather them, and is given exactly as 'received.'

The account is chaotic, vague and somewhat hysterical, but is this to be wondered at under the circumstances? Who could give a careful analysis and controlled description of such for them stupendous happenings?

II.

I have been laid up a long time, and am becoming indifferent to matters of material moment that used to be of such absorbing interest to me. The pain of illness is at times acute, and on the whole I rather look forward to dying, even if it should only give me restful sleep. I have no idea of what dying means, but as the days go on, I seem to be standing in a doorway, open, and on the side toward which I am still facing, all the symbols and events of my life are portrayed.

I can see myself as a child, as a boy, as a man, and it is as if I were watching myself on a stage, when suddenly all the threads of the past gradually gather themselves together and shoot past me as one whole through the doorway in which I am standing, and into the Beyond.

What Beyond? I turn round to look, and as I do so, an overpowering sensation takes hold of me that I am about to sever my connection with so-called earth-life. Yet I am still I, and still, physically speaking, in bed, and surrounded by those I know and love, and quite conscious of pain and movement; although only dreamily interested in the remarks that are being made.

If the Doctor tells me I shall live, it will make me smile, for am I not myself standing on the threshold of real life? How can he talk of life and death like that, when he cannot know what I know? And so I turn almost with relief, and with my back to the past, face through the doorway, toward a strange country of Light and Life. Why have the threads of my life rushed past and left me still standing on the threshold? Why do I seem powerless to take a step forward into that strange and varied land that looks so interesting, so near and yet so far away?¹

Now I see . . . myself; but can that be myself?² That form lying there asleep among the trees and by the moss-grown stream in that fair land? I am distant still, and far from that self that looks so restful; sleeping, yet so much alive. I stand waiting and wondering upon the threshold, and see

¹ The threads of life referred to may have shown themselves thus to the dying man, because his life-force was passing out of his physical body into his new body, *via* the luminous cords or channels referred to earlier. These cords evidently appeared to him as a door, a long way distant.

² This must refer to the body or form into which he is about to pass.

those threads from the past shoot by me and through me into the future, until they seem to focus upon that distant form, which is myself, yet not myself. What is this mystery? And still I am in bed, and they have injected something, and I am being forcibly held down. If they only knew, and would let me go! I can be of more service there to them all, when once the wrench of apparent parting is over.

Their voices sound faint, and the room recedes. I am in bed, yes, yet I am also in that doorway; on that threshold, nearly ready, nearly

Why it is as if I were in pieces! No not that, but rather as if I were extracting the real 'me' from the unreal 'me'; yet not that either, but as if I were rushing through myself and through myself; and through running water, rushing air, and is it really me? I *must* find the door, I must, I must, I must! for it is the only door for me, the only *safe* entrance to the Beyond, to that country where I can rejoin myself.

Yes, I will go; yes I will give up earth-life or whatever it is that I have just been through. Have I been on earth? What earth? Why I cannot remember. . . . There is the doorway, right ahead, and I am travelling fast, rushing towards it; the one and only door for me; the safest and the only one. . .

Am I there? It is so dim, and there is the sound of rushing waters, and I only wish and pray for rest and sleep, and peace (N.B.—*At this point physical 'death' took place.*)

* * * *

('Received' some hours later.)

The rushing waters are still about me, but I am *still!*

Thank God for that! To rest and listen, and no longer to be afraid, to feel *safe*; it is wonderful. I cannot see the door, my door, but I *know* I am on the right side of it now,¹ and that it is closed behind me. What door? Where am I? What was I before I found myself? What must be my real self, lying so quietly here; with flowers and green around me, and great strong trees, and sunlight diffused into many colours everywhere?² The air is not air; it is colour, but *such colour*; and it keeps changing as I lie and watch it, . . . changing until I can no longer fathom its mysterious beauty.

I have slept again; I am where I am, yet I am everywhere! I am myself; yet I am a self that is far greater and wider than what I called, and thought, and felt to be myself.

I am still, yet I am swiftly moving, yet am I neither, yet am I both. The sensation grows of the Past whirling itself away into itself; and yet it is here where it never was, because there is no Past.

It is stupendous; yet it is humiliation. For how dare I stir all the wonderful mechanism in and around me into motion and activity? Who was I? Where was I? Where am I? Are these part of me? These symbols that I see before me in countless shades and lights, and colour-forms, swiftly merging themselves from one great vibrating whirl into the vortex of the next?

Are these my lives, my life, myself? . . .
What mystery is this? . . . Every time I feel, or

¹ This probably refers to the snapping of the earth-cords; these cords evidently play an important part at the time of death.

² It is interesting to note that Major P. described this scene to his nurse some days before death and quite unknown to the present writer, who only heard of the fact after these notes had been set down for some time.

think, I quiver intensely, and my surroundings change, and I lose myself, and lose my surroundings, and stir up all kinds of colour, forms, signs and symbols. Why do I travel when I think? Cannot I think and remain myself and still? Am I yet sure that this is myself? I see, but cannot understand these things that seem alive and flash things at me. Is it speech, or the reflection of my thought, or the thought of others? God grant me rest and peace, and knowledge What is this? What are these flashes? Is it a sudden answer to my prayer? For I seem to *know* now who I am, or rather who it is who controls this sort of mechanism to which I belong, which vibrates and flashes, lives and moves, and evidently is a part of me. Now I see more, and understand more, and am no longer so entirely lost within the bosom of my own extensive being.

If I rest again and wait and watch, it will be easier, and then I will move, or rather, as I see it, make those other things move to me, for I am *here*, and all there is can evidently be *here* for me.

But I will sleep first, and wait and watch, and all will then come my way, and I shall become all things.

* * * *

Here the fragment ended, and it became impossible to secure any further 'communication.'

WELLESLEY TUDOR-POLE.

CALL ME NOT BACK.

I.

CALL me not back, O Love, when I am dead :
Call me not back with witchcraft of thy will :
Far beyond thought my spirit will have fled :—
Call it not back lest it obey thee still.

II.

Dear is the haunting music of thy voice ;
And dear the sunlight of thy tresses brown :—
From Heaven itself (spare me the cruel choice)
For love of these my soul might flutter down.

III.

Oh, of thy mercy let me wander hence :—
Fair are thine outward charms : but fairer far
The mystic beauty, veiled from mortal sense,
That makes thy voice a song, thy face a star.

IV.

Long have I loved the symbols of thy grace,
And loved them best for what they left untold ;
But *thou* art lovelier than thine own sweet face,
And brighter than thy waves of burnished gold.

V.

Where dost *thou* dwell, for thither would I go ?
Ah, not on earth, but in some world of light :—
Guided by death perchance my soul will know,
And, knowing, seek *thee* with aspiring flight.

VI.

Or, haply, rapt into some inward state
Where dreams are real and what is wished is won,
Reaping what life has sown, my soul will wait
Till dreams are o'er and the new life begun.

VII.

Reaping what life has sown—O guerdon blest
(For love by deeper love alone is crowned)
To lie in rapture on love's moonlit breast,
To melt into the loved one's life profound.

VIII.

Ten thousand years will pass—if years they be—
Will pass too quickly while I dream love's dream ;
For what is time to spirits floating free
On the broad bosom of love's gliding stream ?

IX.

And when, at Fate's behest, I wake at last
To toil on earth, to laugh, to weep again—
Dense be the darkness that enshrouds the Past,
Deep be the draught of Lethe that I drain.

EDMOND HOLMES.

THE RHYTHM OF ROME.

ROME lives and moves in music.

All the walls

Of all the city harmonise the past,
Blent with the pulsing present. Pincio's heights
And heights Janiculan answer heights
Capitoline and Aventine. There leaps—
From fountain lips that laugh aloud and sing—
The same glad story of a past that lives,
O'er running water, ceaseless, rhythmical.

Rome's horses' feet strike music from her stones,
Making her very roads melodious
With modern movement over ancient ways.

Cleft Pagan statues hoary with romance
Form part of Christian temples. Hymns arise
Out of men's hearts and through men's tongues to-day
In unison with hymns that rose to heaven
Chaunted by singers centuries ago ;
Filled with eternal hope in man, divine ;
For they who chaunted, they who sing, alike
Live by the life that lives from age to age.

Shrouding the figure of a carven Christ
Incense arises now, as incense rose
In adoration o'er the self-same shrine
Built in homage to a Pagan saint ;
And we who worship at this shrine, breathe, *fresh*,
Nature's eternal air ; we, who are blessed
By the perpetual presence of the sweet
And gracious souls whose lasting love
Uplifts our life above the clouds of earth.

ERIC HAMMOND.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

CREATIVE EVOLUTION.

By Henri Bergson, Member of the Institute, Professor at the Collège de France. Authorised Translation by Arthur Mitchell, Ph.D. London (Macmillan), 1911.

THE general tendency of Bergson's philosophy should by now be so familiar to readers of *THE QUEST* that a reviewer of the just published and excellent translation of his brilliant and arresting *magnum opus* (and may the Gods grant us a *majus* and a *maximum* to follow!) may be permitted here to plunge into the middle of things without further preliminaries. It is a great pleasure to me to add my mite of sincerest appreciation to the general praise of the author of this stimulating impulse towards the invention of a truly living philosophy, an *élan vital* indeed, so persuasively set forth with practised method by a master of style whose lectures I once, nigh on a quarter of a century ago, had the good fortune to 'keep.'

If I understand Bergson aright, he looks to what the mystics would call the 'sacred marriage' of the intellect and the intuition for the birth of a regenerate understanding of reality. In order the better to define these necessary mutual complements he sets them over against one another in sharp, sometimes perhaps too sharp, contrast. Now, to follow sympathetically a man's meaning we must allow him to define his own terms; we will therefore refrain from the time-wasting diversion of fighting about words, the emptiest form of logomachy, and let Bergson speak for himself.

Intellect with Bergson stands for the formal and material energy of the mind, as opposed to man's vital and spiritual consciousness—the intuition. "Our intellect . . . is intended . . . to think matter" (Introd. ix.). "Intellectuality and materiality have been constituted, in detail, by reciprocal adaptation" (p. 197). Intellect "runs naturally to space and mathematics, intellectuality and materiality being of the same nature and having been produced in the same way" (p. 231). These and

many other similar considerations lead Bergson to formulate the proposition: "The more consciousness is intellectualised, the more is matter spatialised" (p. 199). It thus follows that "the intellect is characterised by a natural inability to comprehend life" (p. 174). Man, normal man, as distinguished from the rest of the lives known to us, is characterised by his power of fabrication: he is 'demiurgic,' and a maker of tools and machines. This is because his intellect is mechanical and because of the "mechanism of the intellect" (p. 50). He is, as apart from his other and greater characteristic of being a religious animal, essentially *Homo faber*, or Man the artisan. "We are born artisans as we are born geometricians, and indeed we are geometricians only because we are artisans" (p. 47). "Intelligence, considered in what seems to be its original feature, is the faculty of manufacturing artificial objects, especially tools to make tools, and of indefinitely varying the manufacture" (p. 146). Further the intellect is largely arithmetical and geometrical, for "in a general way, measuring is a wholly human operation, which implies that we really or ideally superpose two objects one on another a certain number of times" (p. 280). So then "manufacturing is peculiar to man. It consists of assembling parts of matter which we have cut out in such manner that we can fit them together and obtain from them a common action. The parts are arranged, so to speak, around the action as an ideal centre. To manufacture, therefore, is to work from the periphery to the centre, or, as the philosophers say, from the many to the one. Organisation, on the contrary, works from the centre to the periphery. It begins in a point that is almost a mathematical point, and spreads around this point by concentric waves which go on enlarging" (p. 97). The intellect is thus the instrument of science; it cannot create. It can 'manufacture,' it cannot 'organise.' Therefore science cannot deal with man as the vital microcosmos of the living whole. "We do not question the fundamental identity of inert matter and organised matter. The only question is whether the natural systems which we call living beings must be assimilated to the artificial systems that science cuts out within inert matter, or whether they must not rather be compared to that natural system which is the whole of the universe" (p. 82). Intellect, and therefore science, as we know it, cannot comprehend life. To convey some notion of the nature of life Bergson employs the following symbolism. "A very small element of a curve is very near being a straight line. And the smaller it is, the nearer. In the limit it may be termed a part

of the curve or a part of the straight line, as you please, for in each of its points a curve coincides with a tangent. So likewise 'vitality' is tangent, at any and every point, to physical and chemical forces; but such points are, as a fact, only views taken by a mind which imagines stops at various moments of the movement that generates the curve. In reality life is composed of straight lines" (p. 88).

We may now pass on to the question of ontology. Bergson will have nothing to do with a 'static' absolute in which all is given simultaneously and eternally unchangeable. Though indeed, if we sympathetically enquire into the matter, it is difficult to find any system that preaches a purely 'static' absolute; the epithet is rather one of derision hurled by the empiricist at the naïve mystical philosopher on the one hand or the radical mechanist on the other, who wrongly seeks to depreciate the value of the ever-becoming. Thus Bergson writes: "Radical mechanism implies a metaphysic in which the totality of the real is postulated complete in eternity, and in which the apparent duration of things expresses merely the infirmity of a mind that cannot know everything at once. But duration is something very different from this for our consciousness, that is to say, for that which is most indisputable in our experience. We perceive duration as a stream against which we cannot go. It is the foundation of our being, and, as we feel, the very substance of the world in which we live. It is no use to hold up before our eyes the dazzling prospect of a universal mathematic; we cannot sacrifice experience to the requirement of a system" (p. 41). Bergson's philosophy is thus one "which sees in duration the very stuff of reality" (p. 287). We would venture to suggest that Bergson's Duration is very closely akin to the ancient notion of Chronos, or the living Æon, in its philosophized form, but have no space to develop here the similarity and the difference. For Bergson Duration or "real time, regarded as a flux, or, in other words, as the very mobility of being, escapes the hold of scientific knowledge," that is, of the intellect (p. 355). "Real duration is that in which each form flows out of previous forms, while adding to them something new, and is explained by them as much as it explains them" (pp. 382, 388). Such "time is," thus, "invention or it is nothing" (p. 361). "By following the new conception of time to the end, we shall come to see in time a progressive growth of the absolute, and in the evolution of things a continual invention of forms ever new" (p. 364).

We thus come to Bergson's idea of freedom and of the meaning he ascribes to creative evolution, the special subject of his intensely interesting treatise. "Real duration is that duration which gnaws on things and leaves on them the mark of its tooth" (p. 48). "The more we succeed in making ourselves conscious of our progress in pure duration, the more we feel the different parts of our being enter into one another, and our whole personality concentrates itself in a point, or rather a sharp edge, pressed against the future and cutting into it unceasingly. It is in this that life and action are free" (p. 212)—but free only in the great 'crises' of life, as Bergson elsewhere explains. But to enter into duration we must not think about it, we must install ourselves in it. "We do not think real time. But we live it, because life transcends intellect" (p. 49). "It is no use trying to approach duration; we must install ourselves within it straight away. This is what the intellect generally refuses to do, accustomed as it is to think the moving by means of the immovable" (p. 315). "In place of intellect proper must be substituted the more comprehensive reality of which intellect is only the contraction" (p. 55). What Bergson seems not sufficiently to allow for is that the power of arrestation is fundamentally coequal with the power of flux, that mind and life are coequal partners in the whole. It is true that the power of the limited human intellect is not coequal with the power of the divine life; but is there not a divine intelligence? To continue, however, with our philosopher's contention. "Just because it goes beyond the intellect—the faculty of connecting the same with the same or perceiving and also producing repetitions—this reality is undoubtedly creative, i.e., productive of effects in which it expands and transcends its own being" (p. 55).

And if reality is creative, evolution, vitally considered, is creative activity. "There is no doubt that life is as a whole an evolution, that it is an unceasing transformation" (p. 243). If then "evolution is a creation unceasingly renewed, it creates, as it goes on, not only the forms of life, but the ideas that will enable the intellect to understand it, the terms which will serve to express it. That is to say, its future overflows its present and cannot be sketched out therein in an idea" (p. 108).

God, therefore, cannot be defined by the intellect; conceived as creative He "has nothing of the already made; He is unceasing life, action, freedom" (p. 262). Surely, however, that is but half the reality? Nevertheless we have to thank Bergson for such a

magnificent passage as the following, which admirably states a truth we should never forget: "Life in general is mobility itself; particular manifestations of life accept this mobility reluctantly, and constantly lag behind. It is always going ahead; they want to mark time. Evolution in general would fain go on in a straight line; each special evolution is a sort of circle. Like eddies of dust raised by the wind as it passes, the living turn upon themselves, borne up by the great blast of life. They are therefore relatively stable, and counterfeit immobility so well that we treat each of them as a *thing* rather than as a *progress*, forgetting that the very permanence of their form is only the outline of their movement" (pp. 184, 185). Surely Tyrrell must have had such a passage, indeed the whole thought of the philosopher as to life, in his mind when he wrote his last strangely powerful paper 'Divine Fecundity,' for the first number of *THE QUEST*!

To grasp fully the nature of creative evolution it is necessary that the intellect should be completed or complemented by the intuition. What then is intuition in Bergson's view, and how does it differ from instinct? "Instinct," he writes, "is sympathy. . . . It is to the very inwardness of life that *intuition* leads us,—by intuition I mean instinct that has become disinterested, self-conscious, capable of reflection upon its object and of enlarging it indefinitely" (p. 186). Intuition "introduces us into life's own domain, which is reciprocal interpenetration, endlessly continued creation. But though it thereby transcends intelligence, it is from intelligence that has come the push that has made it rise to the point it has reached. Without intelligence, it would have remained in the form of instinct, riveted to the special object of its practical interest, and turned outward by it into movements of locomotion" (pp. 187, 188). But we should never forget that "intelligence remains the luminous nucleus around which instinct, even enlarged and perfected into intuition, forms only a vague nebulosity" (p. 187). Thus it follows from Bergson's general hypothesis that "science and metaphysics are two opposed although complementary ways of knowing, the first retaining only moments, that is to say, that which does not endure, the second bearing on duration itself" (p. 864).

So much for intellect and intuition, but what of the mystery of consciousness in general? Here again Bergson has something of importance to say. "Throughout the whole extent of the animal kingdom . . . consciousness seems proportionate to the living being's power of choice" (p. 189). "What . . . is

the principle that has only to let go its tension—may we say to *detend*—in order to *extend*, the interruption of the cause here being equivalent to a reversal of the effect? For want of a better word we have called it consciousness. But we do not mean the narrowed consciousness that functions in each of us. Our own consciousness is the consciousness of a certain living being, placed in a certain point of space; and though it does indeed move in the same direction as its principle, it is continually drawn the opposite way, obliged, though it goes forward, to look behind. This retrospective vision is . . . the natural function of the intellect, and consequently of distinct consciousness. In order that our consciousness shall coincide with something of its principle, it must detach itself from the *already-made* and attach itself to the *being-made*. It needs that, turning back on itself and twisting on itself, the faculty of *seeing* should be made to become one with the act of *willing*,—a painful effort which we can make suddenly, doing violence to our nature, but cannot sustain more than a few moments" (pp. 250, 251). His main notion of consciousness is elucidated by the philosopher with the following admirably graphic symbolism: "Consciousness, or supraconsciousness, is the name for the rocket whose extinguished fragments fall back as matter; consciousness, again, is the name for that which subsists of the rocket itself, passing through the fragments and lighting them up into organisms" (p. 275).

This gives us an insight into Bergson's arresting view of matter. "No doubt we make only the first steps in the direction of the extended, even when we let ourselves go as much as we can. But suppose for a moment that *matter* consists in this very movement pushed further, and that physics is simply psychics inverted" (p. 218). We think there is much truth in this brilliant conception and in the contention that "matter is a relaxation of the inextensive into the extensive and, thereby, of liberty into necessity" (p. 217). It is, however, not new, as may be seen from attempts to interpret the ancient cosmogonists and myth-makers in the sense that Bergson suggests when writing: "Physics understands its rôle when it pushes matter in the direction of spaciality; but has metaphysics understood its rôle when it has simply trodden in the steps of physics, in the chimerical hope of going further in the same direction? Should not its own task be, on the contrary, to remount the incline that physics descends, to bring back matter to its origins, and to build up progressively a cosmology which should be, so to speak, a reversed psychology?" (p. 219).

Bergson is an acute critic of many of his predecessors and of course of the pioneers of philosophy. As an instance we may take the following radical criticism: "The cardinal error which, from Aristotle onwards, has vitiated most of the philosophies of nature is to see in vegetative, instinctive and rational life, three successive degrees of the development of one and the same tendency, whereas they are three divergent directions of an activity that has split up as it grew" (p. 142). It is, however, with regret that we notice that Bergson has not done justice to the Platonic doctrine of ideas, but has adopted the almost ineradicable traditional misconception and unjust criticism of Aristotle on this subject which has been perpetuated to the present day. As Prof. J. A. Stewart writes in his *Plato's Doctrine of Ideas* (Oxford, 1909): "It was the experience of one who was a great man of science and connoisseur of scientific method, *and also a great artist*. The Doctrine of Ideas, expressing this double experience, has accordingly its two sides, the methodological *and the aesthetic*. The former side Aristotle misunderstands, and to the latter is entirely blind." (The italics are mine.) This is all the more surprising seeing that Bergson is a deep student of Plotinus; but surely the following passage of that great disciple of Plato gives us just what we find in Bergson's *Duration*, and surely Change itself is a vital Idea, one of the eternal company? The Ideas, aesthetically considered, are living 'entities,' the 'Gods' proper. Thus Plotinus writes:

"Nay, rather, the One God is all [the Gods], for that He falleth not short [of Himself] though all of them are [from Him]; [and] they are all together, yet each again apart in [some kind of] an unextended state, possessing no form perceptible to sense. For, otherwise, one would be in one place, another in another, and [each] be 'each,' and not 'all' in itself, without parts other from the others, and [other] from itself. Nor is each whole a power divided and proportioned according to a measurement of parts; but this [whole] is the all, all power, extending infinitely and infinitely powerful;—nay, so vast is that [divine order or intelligible world] that even its 'parts' are infinite" (*En. V. viii. (cap. ix.), 550 C.D.*).

The term 'intelligible world' is therefore quite inappropriate when used by Bergson in the following otherwise illuminating passage: "Concepts, in fact, are outside each other, like objects in space; and they have the same stability as such objects, on which they have been modelled. Taken together, they constitute an 'intelligible world,' that resembles the world of solids in its

essential characters, but whose elements are lighter, more diaphanous, easier for the intellect to deal with than the image of concrete things: they are not indeed, the perception itself of things, but the representation of the act by which the intellect is fixed upon them " (p. 169).

This may be of Aristotle; but it is not of Plato, or Plotinus, nor of the Trismegistic school.

Setting aside, however, questions of detail, we are at one with Bergson when he writes: "Philosophy can only be an effort to dissolve again into the whole. Intelligence, reabsorbed into its principle, must thus live back again into its genesis. But the enterprise cannot be achieved at one stroke; it is necessarily collective and progressive. It consists in an interchange of impressions which, correcting and adding to each other, will end by expanding the humanity in us and making us even transcend it " (p. 202). And so Bergson ends his extraordinarily stimulating, suggestive and illuminating essay with the weighty words: "Philosophy is not only the turning of the mind homeward, the coincidence of human consciousness with the living principle whence it emanates, a contact with the creative effort: it is the study of becoming in general, it is true evolutionism and consequently the true continuation of science—provided that we understand by this word a set of truths either experienced or demonstrated, and not a certain new scholasticism that has grown up during the latter half of the nineteenth century around the physics of Galileo, as the old scholasticism grew up round Aristotle " (p. 391).

That the English translation always conveys the rare beauty of style of the French original, can hardly be said; but it is very good. Such brilliant *obiter dicta* as the following, fine as they are in English, are finer in the French: "From an immense reservoir of life jets must be gushing out unceasingly, of which each, falling back, is a world " (p. 261); "It is a remarkable fact that fungi, which nature has spread all over the earth in such extraordinary profusion, have not been able to evolve. . . They might be called the abortive children of the vegetable world " (p. 118); and finally, "The route we pursue in time is strewn with the remains of all that we begin to be, and of all that we might have become " (p. 105).

Bergson is already a potent force to be reckoned with, and will, we doubt not, as time goes on, become a great power for good.

G. R. S. M.

THE WAY OF THE SOUL.

A Legend in Line and Verse. By William T. Horton. London (Rider), 1910.

THIS 'Legend' begins with an invocation to Isis-Osiris, Two-in-one; after which, in a series of short verses and drawings, it illustrates the journey of the soul of man through various phases of struggle and temptation till it reaches perfect self-realisation, and finally returns of its own will to accept Fate, and tread the Earth 'as a little child' in perfect purity.

The author's intention appears rather to have been the creation of a certain atmosphere than the expression of any very original ideas. In this he has been to a great extent successful, especially in such verses as those on pp. 45, 49, 69. On p. 21, the use of alliteration is not always pleasant. The drawings are not entirely successful illustrations of the verses. The one on p. 99 fails adequately to convey what is a beautiful idea, and on p. 155, the dragon-like beast is not at all awe-inspiring. On the other hand, there is a sense of dignity and aloofness in Isis-Osiris that is fine, and the picture on p. 51 gives a feeling of spaciousness, and very well expresses the yearning of the soul—in spite of the curious geological formation on which the figure is placed. But the figures as a whole are not correctly enough drawn; symbolism seems to have predominated entirely over anatomy; for instance, the drawing of the hands on pp. 27, 91 is most unpleasant. Mr. Horton has doubtless striven for impersonality in his faces; but he could have achieved this equally through more beautiful types, and these would have conveyed a far greater impression of spirituality than has been attained by making the eyes too big for the heads. Some of the most successful of the drawings are the charming landscapes on pp. 67, 71.

M. L.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

By Edward Scribner Ames, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of Philosophy in the University of Chicago. London (Constable), 1910.

THE readers of THE QUEST should by now be fairly familiar with the industrious output of works on this all-important topic, and some of them be expectant of the appearance of an 'epoch-making' contribution to this embryonic 'science.' We fear, however, that

it is not yet forthcoming. Professor Ames' volume is painstaking, but not illuminating. His whole conception of religious experience centres round his fundamental hypothesis that religion and the social consciousness are one and the same thing, and that this has been so from the very start; by social consciousness he means that which first shows itself in tribal or group concerns. There is of course a social side to religion, and in the highest forms of religion, we may well believe, aspiration should be chiefly or even solely directed to a social consummation, for here alone is it that the ethical element finds legitimate satisfaction; but to seek for the origin of religion in the social consciousness is to neglect the fact that religion is as frequently, nay more frequently, a very personal and individual thing; while to reduce religion to the pedestrian requirements of a reasonable ethic, is to deprive it of its fundamental 'supernatural' power. Religion constitutes man's relation to, or contact with, beings or powers greater than man, and in fine to a Being or Power superior to the universe. The characteristic of genuine religious experience is that it is overpowering, beyond control; this can hardly be said to be the case with the evolution of the normal social consciousness which looks mainly to the material needs of man, his mutual arrangements and accommodations. We, therefore, are not convinced by Professor Ames even when he speaks of 'ideal values' in this connection, as when he writes: "If religion is viewed as participation in the ideal values of the social consciousness, then those who do not share in this social consciousness are non-religious. The psychological criterion of a man's religion is the degree and range of his social consciousness" (p. 856). What may be intended by the peculiar use of the epithet 'psychological' in the last sentence, we cannot pretend to say, but we feel sure that there are many phases of religion which are distinctly not of the nature of 'social consciousness'; we may of course maintain that these are not the highest phases, but we have no right to exclude them and class them as non-religious. In fact one of the commonest phases of religion is the impulse which drives the lover into solitude; he flees from the turmoil of the crowd to find rest in the One. Doubtless it is a partial consummation, but it is a potent religious experience. Personal religion has its drawbacks but so equally has institutional religion, whether hierarchical or congregational. Humanitarianism, though it is excellent, is not everything in religion; the prophet looks first and foremost to God and not to man. It is no question here whether we like it or dislike

it ; it is simply a question of fact. We may seek God in man or God in nature or God in both or God beyond both, and religious experience may attend us on our quest, or be withheld ; or again religious experience may come to us without any seeking whatever, and even when our social consciousness is at a minimum. One grows a little impatient of the books that would deal with religion as though its secret could be wrested from it by cataloguing the outward appearances of some of its phases, and treating it as though it were subject to mechanical laws.

THE ALCHEMY OF THOUGHT.

By L. P. JACKS, M.A., Dean of Manchester College, Oxford.
London (Williams & Norgate), 1910.

THIS collection of fifteen essays, from the pen of the editor of *The Hibbert Journal*, is not only brilliantly written and refreshingly alive in almost every piece, but in the laughter-moving satire 'Devil's Island and the Isles of Omniscience : an Adventure among Abstractions' reaches a quite extraordinary level of excellence. We have not seen anything so good of its kind for a very long time. As a sample of its quality we may quote the following delightful passage :

"In short, the method of our philosophy on Devil's Island was the method of evacuation, and the process of thought consisted simply in sucking the meaning out of things, the things thus treated being then set up, like squeezed oranges, as the only real. The principle was not unlike that of the Vacuum Cleaner, carried, as one might say, to its logical conclusion. To every object of knowledge thought applied its mouthpiece, and sucked away until not only the superincumbent dust, but the stuff of the fabric, the floor on which it rested, nay, even the walls of the containing house, had disappeared into the belly of the monster that was hissing and pounding in the street below. The last act of Thought was to initiate the process of mystical absorption, for it must be noted that in spite of the prevailing idolatry, or perhaps in consequence of it, mysticism occasionally broke out on Devil's Island. This last act can only be described by saying that it consisted in turning the mouthpiece of the Cleaner on yourself and awaiting results in a state of wise passiveness, until your consciousness became absorbed in the eternal sputter of the machine. The end was, of course, that you yourself followed your carpets

and furniture into the belly of your system. Arrived there, you mingled with the universal dust and lost all sense of your separateness from it, while from a spy-hole provided for the purpose you looked forth at intervals on the vacant space once occupied by yourself, and reflected, 'Such was I'" (pp. 150, 151).

Most excellent and wise fooling, and yet in spite of all Professor Jacks is very much closer to the position of the 'mystic' than to that of the 'man in the street'—for your true mystic, instead of being an abstractionist and vacuity fanatic, has the richest content of the universe promised to him for his possession, seeing that the One with whom he seeks union is simultaneously the All; and this is no novelty among the mystics, it goes back demonstrably to Heraclitus, and doubtless was no invention of his, but a tradition of already well-established experience. But the author of *Mad Shepherds* knows this as well as we do, and his campaign against false mysticism is our own. We hope he will not be long before he sallies forth in another adventure on the same quest.

CREATIVE THOUGHT.

By W. F. Barrett, F.R.S. London (Watkins), 1911.

OUR readers will be glad to know that the excellent and deeply suggestive lecture by Prof. Barrett on 'Creative Thought' which was so eagerly followed by the members and guests of the Quest Society and which appeared in the July no. of *THE QUEST* of last year, can now be obtained for the modest sum of 6d.

THE PORCH, VOL. I., NOS. 5-8.

THE more recent numbers of Mr. Watkins' little series of reprints, at the small price of 8d. each, have the following excellent contents: No. 5—'Extracts from the Life and Letters of John G. Gichtel'—the first publisher of the complete works of Jacob Böhme in 1682; No. 6—'The Seven Valleys, by Fariddudin Attar' (c. 1140-1234 A.D.), one of the most distinguished of the Persian Šūfis, an extract from his long mystical poem 'The Quest of the Birds' (i.e. the Šūfi Pilgrims); No. 7—'A Sermon for Whit Sunday by John Tauler'; No. 8—'The Mirror of Simple Souls,' extracts from the XIVth or XVth Century English version of a XIIIth Century French original by an unknown mystic, with an Introduction by Evelyn Underhill. All very excellent indeed and food for slow digestion in the deeps of thought. Mr. Watkins is to be congratulated on his taste in selection.

THE STORY OF NEFREKEPTA.

From a Demotic Papyrus. Put into Verse by Gilbert Murray.
Oxford (The Clarendon Press), 1911.

IN 1900, under the title *Stories of the High Priests of Memphis*, Mr. F. Ll. Griffith published the demotic text, with transliteration, literal translation, and literary version, introduction, notes, etc., of two of the folk-tales of the Khamuas-cycle, the most famous of the Egyptian magical *Märchen*. It was and remains an admirable piece of work. These strange but extraordinarily graphic stories are not only of interest to the student of comparative folk-lore, but the second tale is of uncommon importance to those who seek for parallels to characteristic incidents of the gospel-narratives—in this case the conversation of the Child with the doctors in the Temple at the age of twelve years and the story of Dives and Lazarus. Ever since the publication of this arresting volume we have been deeply interested in its contents; it is therefore with warmth that we welcome Professor Gilbert Murray's graceful rendering into verse of Mr. Griffith's translation of the first tale, the Story of Khamuas and Ne-nefr-ka-Ptah (N ('y)-nfr-k'-Pth). Prof. Murray's version is most skilfully managed and makes a delightful tale. Those who are not already versed in Egyptian magic, will get quite a new thrill in reading it, as we hope many of our readers will do. The thin quarto volume that contains the poem is admirably printed and bound with great taste.

THE ASHES OF A GOD.

Translated from the original Manuscript by F. W. Bain. London
(Methuen), 1911.

AN INCARNATION OF THE SNOW.

Translated from the Original Manuscript by F. W. Bain. London
(Methuen), 2nd ed., 1911.

WE have very great pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to these two small volumes, which are in their special way two gems of the creative imagination. No Western writer has caught the spirit of the Indian story-teller more vividly than Mr. Bain. He is so much like the genuine article that he has deceived in

some cases the very elect, while the general reader is quite at the mercy of his magic. And Mr. Bain's magic is not only a thing of beauty, but flows from a familiarity with the Gods of Ind that is quite astonishing in one of Western birth. Can it be that *punar-janman* (*palin-genesis*, reincarnation) which is the chief theme of Mr. Bain's two stories, has something to do with this *jadoo* of the pen?

Mr. Bain's scholarship is excellent. But surely *trishā* (*A. of G.*, p. 9, n. 1) is a slip for *trishṇā*?

THE BIRTH OF WORLDS AND SYSTEMS.

By Professor A. W. Bickerton. With a Preface by Professor Ernest Rutherford, F.R.S. London (Harper), 1911.

It is well known that in spite of the enormous advance in the accurate observation of stellar phenomena and the indefinite enlargement of our maps of the heavens, we are still without any general hypothesis to correlate this apparently infinite multiplicity. The naïve 'order' of the ancients has given place to a mass of *disjecta membra* of presumably some vast synthesis of which human wit has as yet not the slightest conception. Any hypothesis, then, that holds out hopes of restoring even an element of conceptual order to this vastitude is welcome. In one of the most recent volumes of 'Harper's Library of Living Thought' Prof. Bickerton, for many years Professor of Physics and Chemistry in Canterbury College, University of New Zealand, expounds a theory that he has been urging upon the notice of astronomers for thirty years, and applies it to the complex of stellar phenomena. What that hypothesis is may be seen from his own short paper in the present number of THE QUEST; it is a brilliant conception, a 'remarkable theory,' as no less an authority than Lord Kelvin repeatedly declared, and we hope that its courageous and enthusiastic inventor will return to it at greater length in one of our subsequent issues. To a layman it is fascinating; to orthodox astronomers it has so far been with few exceptions a *bête noire*; to some of the greatest physicists on the contrary it has appeared worthy of the most serious attention. Prof. Bickerton is no dreamer, and it is well to remember that, before going to New Zealand, he was offered a professorship of engineering, in which science he had been thoroughly trained. Whatever may be the final judgment on the 'impact theory,' we are confident that few

readers of *THE QUEST*, if they once take it up, will lay down Prof. Bickerton's vivid story of *The Birth of Worlds and Systems* before turning the last page. It is introduced by Prof. Rutherford, an old pupil, with a few discriminating paragraphs of appreciation.

MYSTICISM.

A Study in the Nature and Development of Man's Spiritual Consciousness. By Evelyn Underhill. London (Methuen), 1911.

THIS is a useful book. It is well written and sympathetic; it is well arranged, and brings together under convenient headings the testimony of high mystics, and shows signs of wide reading. It adds a survey of the main movements of Western (mainly Catholic) mysticism and a sufficient bibliography for the general reader, together with a convenient index. It may be thus recommended, within its limits, as a serviceable *Einleitung*. 'Evelyn Underhill's' claim for mysticism is far-reaching; she writes: "I do not care whether the consciousness be that of artist or musician, striving to catch and fix some aspect of the heavenly light or music, and denying all other aspects of the world in order to devote themselves to this: or of the humble servant of Science, purging his intellect that he may look upon her secrets with innocence of eye: whether the higher reality be perceived in the terms of religion, beauty, suffering; of human love, of goodness, or of truth. However widely these forms of transcendence may seem to differ, the mystic experience is the key to them all. All in their different ways are exhibitions here and now of the Eternal; extensions of man's consciousness which involve calls to heroic endeavour, incentives to the remaking of character about new and higher centres of life. Through each, man may rise to freedom and take his place in the great movement of the universe: may 'understand by dancing that which is done'" (p. 588).

We are not of those who demand the impossible, and our main criticism of the authoress could have been disarmed by her choosing a more correctly descriptive title for her work. She has evidently been in doubt herself as to the appropriateness of the superscription, for the cover bears the title 'Mysticism' and the general page-heading is imprinted 'An Introduction to Mysticism.' Neither title, however, is suitable to her labours. Apart from a few references to three or four only of the host of Muslim mystics, 'Evelyn Underhill' has ignored the East, the home of

mysticism and of countless mystics of the highest attainments. She confines herself to the West, and that also, save for a few appreciative references to Plotinus, to the Christian West. Within this area again she draws almost exclusively from the mystics of Latin Christendom; of the mystics of the Greek Orthodox Church she has nothing to say. Of the mystical or semi-mystic movements of Reformed Christianity she practically makes use of Jacob Böhme only, with brief mention of one or two of his followers. George Foxe and Blake come in for passing notice, while Swedenborg is ignored. As to 'heretical' movements, among which such a wealth of mysticism is found, our authoress disregards them. And yet most of the 'heresies' were engendered by mystics. Christianity itself was a 'heresy' in its beginnings. Indeed orthodoxy is simply the systematisation by later and lesser minds of the revelation of those who in their day were regarded as heretics. In brief our authoress, in spite of her indubitably great sympathy for the mystical life, has strong Catholic leanings, in the narrower ecclesiastical sense of the word, and is not sufficiently catholic in the mystical sense to treat the subject of mysticism as a veritable whole. Perhaps, indeed, there is no one who is really competent to do this; at any rate no one has yet done so, either in the form of introduction or even of prologomena to such an undertaking. Where we must cordially agree with the writer is in her distaste for diagrams and schemes, and in her refusal to admit the competence of the inexperienced to pass judgment on the values of the true mystic consciousness. In her selection of quotations 'Evelyn Underhill' leans more to the exemplification of the immanent and personal than to the transcendent mode; though she sees clearly that full measure includes them both. From some of the excerpts indeed we might almost say that the ecstatic authors were solely in love with being in Love. In dealing with the transcendentalists, again, the writer, for our own taste, spoils many a fine passage of her book by the too-frequent use of that dessicated vocable the 'Absolute.' But on the whole in treating of the mystic nature 'Evelyn Underhill' has we think sane and sound instincts and spiritual taste. Her book, as we have said, is distinctly useful.

THE BRAHMAN'S WISDOM.

Translated from the German of Friedrich Rückert. By Eva M. Martin. London (Rider), 1911.

RÜCKERT'S *Weisheit des Brahmanen* was first published in 1836.

Miss Martin has selected passages from its twelve sections and turned them into graceful verse in various metres. Though Rückert was a student of Eastern literature, it can hardly be said that his poem, as represented by these selections, gives back the genuine atmosphere of Brāhmanic thought and feeling; nevertheless there will be many who will take pleasure in Rückert for himself, quite irrespective of how he has labelled his verse.

THE BUSTĀN OF SĀDI.

Translated from the Persian, with an Introduction, by A. Hart Edwards. London (Murray), 1911.

THIS is yet another of Mr. Cranmer-Byng's and Dr. Kapadia's excellent 'Wisdom of the East' series. The *Bustān*, or *Garden*, of Sheikh Muslih-ud-din Sādi (to give him his full title), who lived to the ripe age of 116 years (1175-1291 A.D.), is one of the twenty-two works of this famous Persian poet and philosopher. Of these works the English reader, as a rule, knows none but the *Gulistān* and at best selections from the *Bustān*. We therefore have to thank Mr. Hart Edwards for setting before us the first comprehensive version of the latter, and congratulate him on his translation and useful introduction, which will thus enable many to become more familiar with the wisdom of Sādi. The translator has accomplished a difficult task with a large measure of success. That Sādi's 'wisdom' is invariably wise can hardly be maintained; there is however much in it which is very pleasant to read, and a large leaven of homely common sense. Sādi, however, does not in his *Bustān* rise to very great heights; he generally keeps to a medium level, while sometimes he falls even to a pitiable depth, as in his views on women. These are at times quite abominable, as when he writes: "If thy wife take the road to the bazaar, beat her, or sit thyself like a woman in thy house. Let her eyes be blind in the presence of strangers; when she goeth from thy house, let it be to the grave. Take a new wife each Spring, O friend, for each year's almanac serves no purpose" (p. 97). On this Mr. Hart Edwards makes no comment. The second paragraph may be intended to be taken allegorically, though we doubt it, owing to what precedes. It would, however, be exceedingly unfair to judge Sādi by such aberrations solely; he has many wise saws for the lover of the gnomie and a deep if imperfect philosophy of life.

THE FORTY QUESTIONS OF THE SOUL.

And the Clavis. By Jacob Boehme. Translated by John Sparrow.
Reissued by C. J. B. With Emendations by D. S. Hehner.
London (Watkins), 1911.

THIS is the third stout volume of the reprint of Sparrow's version of Böhme's works. Mr. Barker continues his high endeavour with unabated enthusiasm and with scrupulous care for exactitude in his reproductions of Sparrow's translations. Mrs. Hehner's careful emendations in the additional notes may for the most part be said to be almost a work of supererogation, so faithful is Sparrow to the original, so that we are again reassured of the excellence of the work that has made Böhme familiar to English readers for so many years and hence of the justification of its reproduction. In the answers to *The Forty Questions* we have Böhme's *De Anima*, so to say. They presuppose and immediately follow on the first three great treatises of the philosopher, *The Aurora*, *The Three Principles* and *The Threefold Life*, the latter two of which Mr. Barker has already republished. Following these we have *The Clavis or Key*, a short but very useful treatise, as it is an exposition of some chief matters and terms in Böhme's writings, and quite indispensable to the student of Boehmiana. It is far more comprehensible than the introduction to *The Forty Questions*, which is among the more difficult of the mystic's expositions. The excellently reproduced plate between pp. 44-45 graphically depicts Böhme's ideas on the nature of the soul, but the thought or vision of the writer is hard to keep pace with. We should advise the tyro to start with *The Key*.

THE GIANTS OF THE EARTH.

A Rhapsody in Five Visions. By Charlotte M. Salwey, M.J.S.
With a Preface by the Rev. Arthur Chambers. London
(Charles Taylor), 1911.

AN attractive little story in which the authoress sets forth the wanderings of a woman in quest of wisdom, love, and truth, who meets on a regenerated Earth the dominating Principles of a former World—the Gold God, the Iron King, the Spirits of Forest, Sea, and Fire—and asks of each a simple boon, which each in turn is unable to grant. The Rev. Arthur Chambers contributes a sympathetic descriptive Preface.

C. E. W.

THE BOOK OF CEREMONIAL MAGIC.

Including the Rites and Mysteries of Goëtic Theurgy, Sorcery and Infernal Necromancy. With Illustrations. By Arthur Edward Waite. London (Rider), 1911.

THIS fat quarto volume is the second and augmented edition of a previously privately printed work. Mr. Waite treats the matter from a purely critical and historical standpoint; with the rickety apologetics of modern amateurs of this obfuscating art he has no sympathy, for he judges, and on the whole rightly, that in sum the entire business, as represented by the documents he discusses, directly or indirectly, is of the Pit and not of the Height. In his well-known style and phraseology Mr. Waite lays bare the false pretensions, absurdities, delusions and vilenesses of the documents he has analysed or partly reproduced. It may be asked *cui bono*, and why help to make accessible to wider circles documents of this nature? Our friend would probably reply that he hopes so to have treated the matter as to let the ragged and grubby crowd condemn themselves out of their own mouths as far as every clean and sane jurymen is concerned. But it may further be asked, is it necessary to-day to bring these sorry shades of the past to trial? It unfortunately is, for we live in an age of 'necromancy' of a most complex and wide-spread character; the 'revivals' of the present hour are of the most curious nature and include ceremonial magic.

Our main disagreement with Mr. Waite is his title. His book deals solely with late mediæval grimoires, etc., of which there is apparently but a small number known. Now the subject of magic is one of the most wide-spread and puzzling that the science of comparative history and psychology can attempt, and it is intimately connected with religion from the earliest times. As yet it has never been systematically and methodically treated as a whole, and we doubt if there is a single living scholar sufficiently well equipped to undertake so stupendous a task. It requires first of all the co-operation of a large body of specialists of quite uncommon linguistic attainments and rigid training in the comparative method, and secondly, and above all, men who have a profound knowledge of extranormal and abnormal psychology. The mediæval magic rituals of which Mr. Waite treats, are apparently the last terms of an indefinite series that goes back as far as we have any record of humanity on this planet. Magic is found

everywhere in the most primitive and savage tribes and in the highest civilisations. It is of all kinds. If the specimens which Mr. Waite handles are to be classed as almost entirely goëtic, and if he can bring this Sorcery into the sharpest contrast by comparison with the ideals and processes of the best in the great religion of the West, it is by no means so certain that the same canon of judgment can be appropriately applied universally; the *raison d'être* of religious and magical ceremony has yet to be explained in a satisfactory fashion, and the distinction will sometimes be found very difficult to draw with any great precision. The vast literature connecting directly or indirectly with magic is appalling, and it is only comparatively of recent years that any serious attempt has been made to treat of a few of its departments. We have the pioneer work of the anthropologists and folklorists, still very chaotic and conjectural. We have also, for instance, the excellent attempts of Leemans, Dieterich, Wessely and Kenyon to grapple with the obscure chaos of the Greek Magical Papyri, and of Campbell Thompson to edit and translate some of the Babylonian texts. Other good work could be mentioned by Assyriologists, Egyptologists, Indianists, Sinologues, Arabists, etc.; but when we think of the vast stores of unedited, and in the West practically unknown, magical literature of the East, both ancient and modern, we see how far we are from even a blurred *circumspectus* of this apparently ineradicable element in human nature. Of course it may be said by the impatient and contemptuous, *ex uno disce omnes*; but those who have taken the trouble to go into the matter even with comparative superficiality, cannot subscribe to so easy a despatch of the business. The student of human nature here finds himself face to face with a profoundly puzzling side of that nature which he cannot afford to dismiss so lightly. The rational in him clamours to come to terms with the irrational, or non-rational; he cannot separate himself from his common nature; he feels that he must some day grapple with it as a whole, that whatever 'magic' may be in its *Wesen*, it is somehow something ineradicably deep down in him, no matter how the normal reason in him, his modern every-day habitual civilised person may look away from it. All this, however, does not mean to say that his moral and spiritual nature is not competent to make a certain judgment on the general nature of the documents that Mr. Waite has collected in his extraordinary volume. As our exponent has dealt with the subject his book is not only curious and instructive but salutary.

FRANCISCAN DAYS OF VIGIL.

A Narrative of Personal Views and Developments. By Richard de Bary (' Brother Angelo '). London (Longmans), 1910.

WE have in this life-story a human document of no little interest to those who have followed the Modernist movement. It is the personal narrative of one who painfully and gradually won his way out of a purely ' mediæval ' environment into the comparative liberty of the Anglican Church. Nurtured in the shut-off atmosphere of a curiously apocalyptic and intensely Ultramontane circle which centred all its hopes on the restoration of the temporal power of the Papacy as the prelude to the consummation of history and the final triumph of the theocracy of the Roman Catholic Church, M. de Bary at an early age passed from this into the equally withdrawn atmosphere of the cloister, there to be worked through the remorseless mill of strictest scholasticism. The book is well written and with restraint; indeed were it not for this restraint it would be somewhat difficult for most of us to believe that such a combination of what Father Tyrrell has called "sterilising and unpropitious circumstances" could exist in England. The process of disentanglement was a very slow one. One of the earlier stages was marked by the perusal of the works of Rosmini and of Vincenzo Gioberti's *Studio della Filosofia*. Mr. de Bary's able summary of the more liberal views of the latter which fall under the condemnation of the Curia, may serve as an indication of the interest of the volume.

"According to Gioberti, a Divine Wisdom entered the mind and soul of all Ancient Nations in the form of their divinely quickened intuition into the Eternal Reason. Thus all ancient mythologies and religions embody figuratively some fundamental intuition into the Eternal Christ. The Word that was made flesh was rather, so, a resurgence of all Ancient Wisdoms in a divine Synthesis, which restored them, unified them, and embodied them in the supreme *Idea Umanata*, the Christ of Palestine. Christ is thus the God of all Thought, Wisdom, Culture of all people of all ages. All newly awakened 'wisdom,' in modern, as in ancient, thinkers, is a preparatory intensification of our human knowledge which will ripen, with fulness of time, into a knowledge of the Eternal Christ. The Church, in bearing the sacred reality of Christ in its midst, thus bears with it the potential God of all human Thought; and thinkers like Spinoza, and Kant, and Hegel

were unwilling prophets of a 'Future Christ,' or, more truly, of a future discovery of a new depth of the primal Wisdom of Things which is Christ, newly, in new depths, again to be revealed."

MAXIMS OF LIFE AND GOVERNMENT.

By Marshall Bruce-Williams. London (Chapman & Hall), 1910.

IN a tiny pocket volume of meditations, the maxims here offered strike a new note among the counselling voices of to-day. The range and leisureliness of the utterances will somewhat pique the reader who assumes in his author some political bias, and demands precise remedies for obvious ills. Mr. Bruce-Williams gently rebuffs him with such sayings as these: "No matter how well a thing is said, its opposite requires saying equally well. . . . When an aristocracy ceases to be able to lead, it has to re-enter society through the ranks of democracy again. This is the circle of life which for ever moves—the wheel of the infinite. The principles of aristocracy and democracy are more hard to establish in the regions of the spiritual and of sex than in those of the economic and political. A true aristocrat is less preservative than creative. A true democrat preserves and sustains."

The author speaks of "planet-civilisations" as needing to include and protect the national genius of all countries; but he wisely says: "Man is first an Individual, then a group man, then a local man, then a national man, then a race man, then a member of humanity. To try to live in the last stage, as modern humanitarians do, is not so unlike trying to lift yourself by your own bootstraps." And further: "The greatest weakness of the western world is that it has not spiritualised its scientific dogmas, laws, and principles. Till it has, the eastern world will not recognise our authority. When it has, the tasks before our statesmen, of producing a world-order, will be simplified."

E. W.

THE NEW GOD AND OTHER ESSAYS.

By Ralph Shirley. London (Rider), 1911.

THE Editor of *The Occult Review* has reprinted a round dozen of his own papers from that journal which he admits have no very obvious connection among themselves, except that they have relation to problems of religion or psychic enquiry. All the papers are readable, though none of them go deeply into the profound

subjects of which they occasionally treat. The two essays on 'Prophecy and Anticipations' merely whet the appetite for a full discussion of this fascinating theme; while those dealing with the Gospels and the early History of Christianity are quite elementary. The President of The Quest Society is cited only once as an authority, but Mr. Shirley seems to have drawn largely on his works in treating of the Gnostics. The Emperor Julian is once again upheld against his Christian detractors and there are some very sane and balanced remarks about Nietzsche's philosophy.

It is a pity that the author has disfigured his book with such terms as 'keep their pecker up,' 'take a back seat,' and so forth. The kind of reader who is attracted by Mr. Shirley's subjects will certainly not be attracted by his slang. As the articles are a reprint, it might have been as well to remove such solecisms as 'these sort of expectations' and 'the least informing of the two.' But the reader who is indifferent to such purely verbal considerations and wishes for an introduction to the most interesting topics of which Mr. Shirley treats cannot do better than take him for a guide.

C. B. W.

THE LION AND DRAGON IN NORTHERN CHINA.

By R. F. Johnston, M.A. (Oxon.), F.R.G.S. With Map and Illustrations. London (Murray), 1910.

IN this volume we are given a readable and instructive account of the port and territory of Weihaiwei by its district officer and magistrate, with special reference to the history, folk-lore, religious practices and social customs of its people, who are one of the most conservative in the empire. Mr. Johnston is evidently fond of the Chinese with whom he has to deal, and writes with marked sympathy and insight. It is frequently a matter of surprise to unofficial residents in China why our officials who have learned the language and studied the customs of the country generally become 'pro-Chinese.' Mr. Johnston tells us that it is because they "have discovered—perhaps much to their own astonishment—how much there is truly admirable and worthy of preservation not only in Chinese art and literature and even religion, but also in the social organisation of the Chinese people. If there is one statement about China that can be made with perfect assurance it is this: that if in the long process of reform she learns to despise and throw aside all the supports she has leaned upon for thousands of years, if she exchange for Western substitutes all her ideals,

her philosophy of life, her ethics, her social system, she may indeed become rich, progressive, powerful in peace and war, perhaps a terror to the nations, but she will have left behind her very much that was good and great, she will have parted with much that was essential to her happiness and even to her self-respect, she will be a stranger to herself " (p. 125).

Even with regard to the superstition on which so much scorn is poured, he is averse from believing that "there is nothing in it," as so many have decided without discrimination or investigation. Some day, he hopes, a better method will prevail, and the 'spiritualism' of China will be thoroughly studied by scientific investigators, when, he adds, "it will be surprising if the results do not form a most valuable addition" to the material collected by the European and American societies for psychical research (p. 175). Such is the tolerant and enlightened spirit in which Mr. Johnston writes his well-illustrated book on the territory of Weihaiwei and its people; it is well worth reading.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE MIND ON THE BODY.

By Paul Dubois. London (Ryder), 1910.

THE main object of this lecture by the Professor of Neuropathology in the University of Berne, is to show the influence of the mind over the body. In order the better to understand this Prof. Dubois first analyses the influence of the body over the mind. He points out that the dependence of the soul upon the body begins in the cradle and finishes only in the grave. Through the facts of heredity and of atavism we enter the world more or less well endowed with a heritage we are obliged to accept. There are people who have memory, others who have imagination, others facility, others perseverance. We fully understand that it is possible for us to cultivate these qualities to a certain extent, or to allow them to become useless from want of practice. We forget too often, however, that it is absolutely the same with moral qualities. We can by means of the mind, by our moral deportment, escape illness, prevent certain inborn functional troubles, and diminish or suppress those which already exist. We are peculiarly vulnerable in two places, our sensibility and our emotionalism, and many examples of corresponding auto-suggestions are adduced. Emotions fatigue, depress and derange; it is necessary to know how to say: "That is nothing. It will pass." It is in self-education that a preservative against nervous diseases

should be found. People should begin in little things, in the good habit of overlooking trifles, and going forward bravely without troubling too much about their own ease. But it is their own ills and not those of others which they should treat with this philosophical disdain.

A. H. W.

THE SUPREME PROBLEM.

An Examination of Historical Christianity from the Standpoint of Human Life and Experience and in the Light of Psychical Phenomena. By J. Godfrey Raupert. London (Simpkin, Marshall), 1910.

THIS book is written from a strictly orthodox Roman Catholic standpoint. Mr. Raupert has already dealt at length in two other works with *Modern Spiritism* and *The Dangers of Spiritualism*, and he devotes the longest chapter in the present volume to the same subject, in the firm conviction that it is fundamentally of the Devil. He is equally uncompromising with regard to 'criticism,' 'modernism' and 'new theology' of every kind, as may be seen from his conclusion: "All these modern tendencies of thought—the exclusively intellectual and critical movement on the one hand, and the occult movement on the other—whatever may be urged in their favour, are beyond doubt effective means by which the mind is kept in a state of doubt and uncertainty respecting Christian truth. They either go to diminish the force of the divine witness in the heart, or they expel that witness from the heart altogether. And it is in this way that the enemy of man attains his end in the modern age" (p. 819). The last sentence characterises the author's 'standpoint' far more accurately than the wording of his sub-title; it is frankly intransigent throughout.

THE RELIGIOUS ATTITUDE AND LIFE IN ISLĀM.

Being the Haskell Lectures on Comparative Religion delivered before the University of Chicago in 1906. By Duncan Black Macdonald, M.A., B.D., Sometime Scholar and Fellow of the University of Glasgow; Professor of Semitic Languages in Hartford Seminary. Chicago (The University of Chicago Press), 1909. English Agents: The Cambridge University Press.

THOUGH these ten extraordinarily instructive lectures of Prof. Macdonald's were published in 1909, it is not too late to urge them

upon the careful attention of readers of *THE QUEST*. We know of no book by a non-Muslim that treats more sympathetically, more understandingly and with finer scholarship of the inner religious life of Islām and especially of the *Wesen* of the Sūfī schools. This excellent introduction should have a lengthy review, instead of the short notice which lack of space imperatively imposes on us. To all who love the spirit of Islāmic religion and of Muslim mysticism in its highest forms, we can say with confidence, read it and study it; it is nothing short of indispensable for the student of comparative religion and the lover of religious experience. Professor Macdonald draws largely on Abū Ḥamid al-Ghazzālī († 1111 A.D.) whom he calls 'the greatest constructive theologian in the Muslim church' (p. 6), and on Ibn Khaldūn († 1406), the historian of Muslim religion, though with marked philosophical leanings. He lets these thinkers mostly speak for themselves in excellent translations from the Arabic. The view of al-Ghazzālī and his school as to the nature of religious life and experience may be seen from the following summary:

"The data of such phenomena of the inner life [the Sūfī 'states'] were for al-Ghazzālī and his school, that is practically for al-Islām after him, the only certain basis for religious faith and knowledge. He never really abandoned his sceptical position as to the results of reason; and, in fact, he tended to ascribe all human knowledge more or less directly to revelation either through prophets or saints. For him, as for Ibn Khaldūn, philosophy was bankrupt, and he retained only so much trust in reason as to enable him dialectically to destroy the possibility of a metaphysical system, on the one hand, and to establish the authority of psychological states, on the other. In the revelations of man's emotional nature, not in the results of his reason, lie fact and certainty; for, on that side, there is a spark in man of the divine nature; but reason is a mere utilitarian drudge, limited to a narrow round, and beyond that to be distrusted. Further, the Sūfis used the word 'states' to indicate also those conditions of joy or sorrow, elation or depression, which descend upon the heart of the devotee in constant change. And as a last development, a 'state,' in the highest sense, is a state of ecstasy when the devotee has passed out of himself, is unconscious of the world, and conscious only of God. But none of these could be controlled by the will; the spirit came and went. As with the Scholar Gypsy, 'it took heaven-sent moments for that skill.' Yet this 'skill' was man's only guide" (pp. 188, 189).

Prof. Macdonald then continues: "That it was unto this last that the church of Islām came, in spite of the crass and, one might say, materialistic monotheism of Muḥammad, is one of the strangest developments in all the history of religion." This shows the Professor's own judgment on the crudities of some of the utterances of the Prophet. No doubt there are many Muslims who would be eager to break a lance with him on the point; they have, however, mostly to fall back upon the shifting ground of 'allegory' in their *apologiæ*.

As to the Šūfi 'states,' however: "The loftiest and most complete of the stages is 'passing away' (*fanā*), when there does not remain to the traveller information concerning anything save Allāh. The object of this school is the beholding of Allāh—the reality—just as though you saw him; the habit of being present with him is called 'beholding' (*mushāhada*), and this takes place through the heart" (p. 260)—not of course the physical, but the mystical 'Heart' or wholeness of the man. Thus one of the commentators explains *Qur.* xviii. 28, "And remember thy Lord when thou forgettest," as follows: "When thou forgettest other than him; then thou forgettest thyself; then thou forgettest thy remembering in thy remembering; then thou forgettest in Allāh's remembering thee, all thy remembering" (*ibid.*). This can fruitfully be compared with the 'states' passed through by the Buddha in the 'Sermon of the Great Decease,' the *Mahāparinibbāna-Sutta*.

There are a thousand other points to mention in these instructive pages, but before we close we cannot refrain from a further note. It is well known that one of the most persistent vulgar libels on Islām is that it teaches that woman has no soul! This has been repeated *ad nauseam* by the ignorance of polemical fanaticism. Prof. Macdonald writes: "All that is said here of men holds of women as well, down to the present day, even, as regards lay membership. There always have been, and still are, women saints in Islām. The distinction of Roman Christendom, that a woman cannot be a priest, does not exist for Islām, as there is neither priest nor layman there. All the Arabic terms, then, which I gave above for ascetics, mendicants, etc., can be put in the feminine, and the mode of life and exercises of the man can be predicated of women as well" (pp. 164, 165).

NOTES.

THE CONFESSION OF THE MANICHÆAN HEARERS.

KIND fate has recently placed in our hands a number of fragments of Manichæan scripture unearthed from ruined buildings in Turkestan. For the first time direct authentic documents of the religion of Māni lie before the eyes of scholars. Among these 'finds' are several large and small fragments of the Confession of the Manichæan laymen or Auditores; two of these fragments are almost complete. Already Prof. W. Radloff of St. Petersburg has published a translation of one of these longer fragments from Turfān, written in the Uighur character (*Proc. Imp. Russ. Acad.*, Aug., 1909). We have now, in the April no. of the *Journal* of the Royal Asiatic Society, the transliteration from the Old Turkish, written in the Manichæan character, of a still more perfect copy, together with a translation and notes, by Dr. A. Von Le Coq of Berlin. The MS. is a book-roll 4in. broad by 14ft. 8in. long, in an excellent state of preservation, being only slightly damaged at the beginning; the lacunæ at the beginning have been partly filled in by Dr. Von Le Coq from other fragments brought back from Turfān by his own expedition. This MS. was found in one of the Buddhist cave temples of the 'Halls of the Thousand Buddhas,' to the south-east of the Tun-huang oasis, and brought to England by Dr. M. A. Stern. The Old Turkish is almost indubitably a direct translation from the original Middle Persian. We have thus before us the most important document of the Manichæan laity. It consists of fifteen articles or counts, each ending with the Middle Persian phrase "*Manastar hirza*" (Our sin remit!).

To give our readers some idea of this extraordinarily interesting '*Bussgebet*' we append Dr. Von Le Coq's translation of the first article from one of his fragments, slightly altering the punctuation and adding a few notes:

"Khormuzta [Hormuzd, Ahura Mazdāh—ED.] the God and the Five-God¹ came descending (from the heavens), with the purity

¹ Biš Tängri, the Primal Light-Man of the Five Members or pure Elements—the "Armour of Sounding Light" of the Hellenistic 'Chaldæan

of all the gods, in order to engage in battle against the Demon ; He [Biš Tängri] battled against the Šmnu-dom¹ inclining to evil deeds, and against the five kinds of Demonry. God and the Demon, Light and Darkness, at that time intermingled. God Khormuzta's Youth,² the Five-God, (and) our souls engaging in combat with Sin and Demonry became ensnared (?) and inter-entangled (?). All the princes of the demons came with the insatiable shameless Envy-Demon (and with) a hundred and forty myriads of (lesser) demons united in [evil?] knowledge (intent), and bereft of understanding and sense. He Himself, the Born and Created (*i.e.* Biš Tängri) forgot (forgetting sent away) the eternal heaven of the Gods and became separated from the Light-Gods.

"Thereafter, my God! if, because the Šmnu intending evil deeds, has led our understanding and our thoughts astray . . . to demoniacal actions, and if, because thereby we have become unwise and void of understanding, we should have sinned and erred against the Foundation and the Root of all bright spirits (namely) against pure bright Azrua the Lord ; [and if thereby] Light and Darkness, God and the Demon, [should have intermingled (?)] ; [if we should have said] . . . is its Foundation and Root ; if we should have said if (some one ?) enlivens (a body), God enlivens ; if (some one) kills, God kills ; if we should have said, the Good *and* the Bad, *all* has been created by God ; if we should have said it is He³ that creates the eternal gods ; if we should have said : Khormuzta the God and the Šmnu are brothers ; my God! if in (our) sinfulness we should have pronounced such tremendous blasphemous words through our having unwittingly become false to God ; and if we should have sinned this unforgivable (unchangeable) sin ; my God! now I [N.], I repent ! I pray, cleansing myself from sin : My sin remit !"

Especially to be remarked is the Manichæan love of the whole animal creation, as when we read in Art. 5 :

"If [misbehaving against] the five kinds of living beings Oracles.' In Art. 8 we read : "Of everything that is upon earth, the Five-God is the Majesty, the (radiant) Colour (?) [? Hvarenō, Glory—Ed.], the Likeness, the Body, the Soul, the Strength, the Light, the Foundation and the Root."

¹ The hosts of Darkness, or of the Šmnu or Arch-Demon.

² The Auditores in Art. 6 are called 'Manichæan youths.'

³ So Von Le Coq ; but the subject is presumably the Šmnu, the Arch-Demon of Darkness, Ahriman, who is also apparently the subject of the preceding clauses.

[man, quadrupeds, birds, fish, and creeping things] . . . ; if somehow we should have beaten or struck (them); if somehow we should have angered or pained (them); if somehow we should have killed (them); and if thus we have ourselves become tormentors to such living and moving beings; now, my God! cleansing ourselves from sin, we pray: Our sin remit!"

The Confession is one of the most complete that has ever been written: scarcely any sin is omitted. Those who composed it show that they were not only strict to the extreme in morality, but even fastidious. Thus when we have a direct document before our eyes, we find that one of the most bitterly detested and slandered and persecuted religions set before itself the ideal of the most scrupulous purity and rigid morality. This most notable Confession ends as follows:

"My God! we are imperfect and sinful! We are tormentors and malcontents! For the sake of the insatiable, shameless, envious Demon, by thoughts, words (and) deeds: seeing with eyes, hearing with ears, speaking with tongues, touching with hands, walking with legs, do we long and unceasingly torment the light of the Five-God,¹ the dry and wet earths,² the five kinds of living beings (and) the five kinds of herbs and trees! (Indeed) we are imperfect and sinful! On account of the ten Commandments³, the seven Alms, the three Seals⁴ do we hold the *name* of Auditores: to *act* their actions we are not able. If, somehow, we should have sinned or erred against the resplendent Gods, against the pure Law, against the Men of God, the Preachers (namely) the pure Elect; if, somehow, we should not have walked (lived) according to the letter (sound) and the meaning of God's spoken (words); if we should have caused discontent in the hearts of the Gods; if we should have been unable to keep the *yimki*,⁵ the fasts, the benedictions, and the commandments according to Law and Ritual; if, somehow, we have been found wanting and unavailing, (then indeed) do we commit sins every month and every day!

"To the resplendent Gods, to the Majesty of the Law, to the

¹ In man, the spiritual spark, the true man within.

² ? the subtle and gross.

³ Against the ten kinds of sin.

⁴ That is, according to Augustine, ordinances containing the whole of the ethics of the faith. Elsewhere (Art. 8), however, four Seals are given; namely, Love, Faith, Fear of God and Wisdom.

⁵ Of these there were seven; but the meaning of the word has so far baffled the philologists.

pure Elect, cleansing ourselves from sin, do we pray: Our sin remit!"

THE EARLIEST-KNOWN GREEK HYMN.

IN 1908 the Italian excavators unearthed at Phaistos in Crete a clay disk, 6.67in. in diameter, stamped on both sides with hitherto unknown ideographic signs, separated into small groups, spiralling in from the edge to the centre. It was evidently the matrix of some object, plausibly conjectured to be for stamping a pair of cymbals, and is thus the earliest known example of printing. This now most famous disk was first discussed by Dr. Evans in his *Scripta Minoa*; subsequently Prof. Hempl, of Stanford University, California, attempted to decipher the signs on the hypothesis that they formed some sort of a syllabary (see *Harper's Magazine*, Jan. 1911). Working on these lines Miss F. Melian Stanwell, of Newnham College, Cambridge, has now provided us, in *The Burlington Magazine* for April, with what seems to be almost a complete decipherment and translation of this precious pre-Homeric document. The forty-five signs consist of common objects and creatures, such as bow, arrow, shield, club, jug, ship, lotus, crocus, fish, cat's head, sheep's head, a woman, a boy, a man running, etc. The clue to decipherment lies in taking each object to represent the first syllable of the name of the object; thus the signs man's head + shield are read as *an-as(a)* (= queen), *an* being the beginning of the root for 'man' in Greek, and *as* of that for shield. Only ten of the signs are now doubtful or slightly doubtful. The result of Miss Stanwell's labours is a notable achievement of the greatest interest and first importance. We have before us a hymn or prayer to a warrior goddess, Mamersa (Mamers is Mars in Old Latin); whether, however, the reading 'Athena,' as an alternative title, is correct or no, is still doubtful. The hymn was sung by women and was evidently accompanied with the clashing of cymbals and a choral dance; it runs as follows (doubtful renderings and Miss Stanwell's conjectural rubrics being italicised):

(Strophe.)

Lady, all hail, deliver !
 Divine one, Queen !
 Now hush !

(Pause.)

Heal, divine one !
 Thou, victorious
 Mamersa !

(Pause.)

Hark to the clash !

Lady, oh hearken !

All hail, holy one !

Now cry aloud :

Halleluia, Goddess !

(Pause.)

Ah, Give ! give !

Blessed one !

Ah ! Thou, Goddess !

To whom the women clash !

Arise, O Goddess !

Ho, Clang !

(Pause.)

Give ear,

O Queen !

(Pause.)

All hail ! Ho ! Clang !

(Pause.)

Holy divine one !

Behold, *beloved !*

Behold, Queen !

(Pause.)

Behold, Warrior, Goddess !

All hail ! Ho ! Clang !

(Pause.)

I honour (thee), *mighty one !*

Queen of the Ways !

Ah, holy Queen !

(Antistrophe.)

Lady, O hearken !

(Pause.)

Cunning one !

Ah, Queen !

(Pause.)

I will sing,

Lady, oh, *thou must* deliver !

Divine one, mighty Queen !

Divine one, *Giver of Rain !*

(Pause.)

Lady, Mistress

Come !

Lady, be gracious !

Goddess, be merciful ! Behold,

Lady, I call on (thee)

With the clash !

(Pause.)

Athena, behold, Warrior !

Help !

Lady, come !

Lady !—Keep silence,

I sacrifice—

Lady, come !

(Pause.)

Athena, behold, Warrior !

Help !

(Pause.)

Lady, come !

(Pause.)

Lady, receive, maiden divine,

Mistress, the spoils !

Oh come !

Lady, hearken !

Draw near !

(Pause.)

Behold, I call !

Lady !—keep silence !

Hearken !

Behold, I call !

THE MYSTICAL DANCING OF THE SŪFIS.

THE subject of religious dancing in general and of its higher mystical forms in particular is deserving of careful study. The readers of THE QUEST may have seen in the October number that the idea of a Sacred Dance was not absent in early Christian tradition and that a far-off echo of it has persisted in ballad form even to our own day. Turning to another great tradition, the religion of Islām, we all know that among the Dervishes dancing constitutes one of the chief forms of their religious exercises, and doubtless this has puzzled greatly even those who have no wish to scoff at what is so foreign to their own customs. The following passages from the twelfth century mystic Al Ghazzālī, a translation of whose *Alchemy of Happiness* has recently appeared in the 'Wisdom of the East' series, may perhaps help us towards a better understanding of the Sūfi point of view.

"We come now to the purely religious use of music and dancing: such is that of the Sufis, who by this means stir up in themselves greater love towards God; and, by means of music, often obtain spiritual visions and ecstasies, their heart becoming in this condition as clean as silver in the flame of a furnace, and attaining a degree of purity which could never be attained by any amount of mere outward austerities. The Sufi then becomes so keenly aware of his relationship to the spiritual world that he loses all consciousness of this world, and often falls down senseless.

"It is not, however, lawful for the aspirant to Sufism to take part in this mystical dancing without the permission of his 'Pir,' or spiritual director. It is related of the Sheikh Abu'l Qasim Girgani that, when one of his disciples requested leave to take part in such a dance, he said, 'Keep a strict fast for three days; then let them cook for you tempting dishes; if, then, you still prefer the "dance," you may take part in it.' The disciple, however, whose heart is not thoroughly purged from earthly desires, though he may have obtained some glimpse of the mystics' path, should be forbidden by his director to take part in such dances, as they will do him more harm than good.

"Those who deny the reality of the ecstasies and other spiritual experiences of the Sufis merely betray their own narrow-mindedness and shallow insight. Some allowance, however, must be made for them, for it is as difficult to believe in the reality of states of which one has no personal experience as it is for a blind

man to understand the pleasure of looking at green grass and running water, or for a child to comprehend the pleasure of exercising sovereignty. A wise man, though he himself may have no experience of these states, will not therefore deny their reality, for what folly can be greater than his who denies the reality of a thing merely because he himself has not experienced it! Of such people it is written in the Koran, 'Those who have not the guidance will say, This is a manifest imposture.' "

We should carefully distinguish use from abuse, and remember that not only the Dervishes generally but also some of the greatest philosophers and saints of Islām have practised 'sacred dancing.' They believed that in this way they would be able to bring into play a complementary side of their nature to that of the intellect, and so fulfill themselves.

DISCUSSIONS.

MAETERLINCK'S SYMBOLISM.

IN thanking the reviewer for his very appreciative notice, in the last number, of my book on *Maeterlinck's Symbolism: The Blue Bird*, may I be allowed to say that I do not share C. E. W.'s opinion that the ending to M. Maeterlinck's play is obscure or difficult of interpretation. On the contrary, it presents no real difficulty, and is one of the master-strokes of this beautiful work.

C. E. W. remarks that the bird which Tytyl yields up to the sick child is lost in the yielding, and that "by the very laws of its nature little Tytyl was entitled to the Bird on his fulfilling for the first time the only condition under which it could be found." But the whole point of the ending of the play is to indicate that Tytyl does not fulfil the condition. As I point out in my book, there are occasions when we half regret our sacrifices; we would like, at one and the same time, the pleasure that comes from giving and the pleasure that comes from possession. Tytyl having given the dove away, apparently begins to wish that it was still his own. He moves as if to get the bird back from the little girl's hands. The girl resists instinctively. And taking advantage of the hesitation in the movements of the children, the dove escapes and flies away.

It is altogether a delightfully human touch. Tytyl in his own childish way has simply attempted to do what many of us are striving after when, in the proverbial phrase, we try to make the most of both worlds, never being whole-heartedly content to lose our souls in order that we may save them.

On the general question of the symbolism of the Blue Bird may I add one word. I am glad to find that C. E. W. accepts my statement that this bird is meant by Maeterlinck to be the symbol of the higher truth, of Celestial Truth. But I infer that he, like many other students of the play, has been puzzled by the very elusive descriptions of the Blue Bird, of the bird of the search, which Maeterlinck gives. The bird of the dream never really comes into the hands of Tytyl and Mytyl at all. At times they think that they have it, only to find that the bird which they may have in their possession or may see is of another colour.

In all this elusiveness as to the colour of the bird and as to the difficulty of acquiring possession of it, Maeterlinck has in mind that absolute truth is in the Divine Spirit alone. Man's apprehensions of that truth can never be other than relative, and they vary according to the changes and transitions of his spiritual state. In times of spiritual exaltation the truth appears to him in aspects which assure him of his higher relationship to the Divine. And when his greater nearness to the Divine is realised, when his consciousness of advancement is more vivid, and the aspect of truth more definite, then it is that the bird which in the figurative teaching of Maeterlinck is chosen as the symbol of truth—a bird of the existence of which he may have intimations, a bird of which he may sometimes have glimpses, but which he never has really in his grasp—appears as blue.

HENRY ROSE.

'THE MODERN CULT OF ST. FRANCIS.'

IN the last number of *THE QUEST* an article on the cult of St. Francis must have arrested the attention of many, for indeed just now he is very much *en evidence*. No doubt this is in a large measure owing to M. Paul Sabatier's delightful book, a volume of intense charm. It did not, however, suit the orthodox views of the Saint's life and teaching; as a matter of fact it was put on the Index. It seems to me that the author of the article in question leaves out one important reason why the Saint is so loved by the unorthodox, or at any rate only touches upon it in quoting 'The

Canticle of the Sun.' This reason is that St. Francis was such a 'Pantheist.' His was a most beautiful form of Pantheism, however, not cold and dreary or hopeless, but burning with a vivifying love of all things. As far as the feeling of one-ness with every manifestation of the living Reality is concerned, we can mention Spinoza and St. Francis in one breath. Those who have studied Spinoza can never look on Nature again with the same eyes; all has then an intensified meaning; but St. Francis adds the magic touch of love, of brotherhood and sisterhood. Again, both these men loved Poverty, but St. Francis throws a halo, a glamour over it, which the stern philosophy of Spinoza does not. With a spreading view of sea and sky clad in summer hues of turquoise blue and chrysoprase green, with silver gulls skimming and yellow sands shining and purple hills around, the Pantheist's thoughts, in reverent adoration, turn to St. Francis, who loved all and called all his brothers and sisters in God. There are many Pantheists of all shades in the present day, though some hardly realise perhaps that this is their state of mind or feeling. It has been disputed whether the last great Poet Laureate was, or was not, a Pantheist. Many are now versed in the Pantheism of Buddhism, of Shintoism and other traditions, all of which help towards this way of feeling or attitude of mind. Reform is not so much at the bottom of this admiration of St. Francis; it is rather this Pantheism of his. Reform in the present day is not based on the Franciscan idea of renunciation for the sake of the spirit—it is not spiritual at all: it is based rather on the principle of obtaining as much equality as is possible for all. We do not admire Poverty, or praise her: on the contrary, the average Anglo-Saxon's great object in life is apparently to attain wealth; and he most undeniably despises Poverty. No. Surely the cult of St. Francis amongst us is due to his spiritual Pantheism, if I may so express it.

V. E. M. FETHERSTONHAUGH-FRAMPTON.

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